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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

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THE nineteenth century was one of supreme importance to Spain; it saw the epoch of her greatest degradation, and it has seen her rise, after sixty years of continuous struggle for light, liberty, and all that a people hold dear, to a position which is bringing her once more to her proper place among the great nations of the world. It is a country of fascinating interest, but one of the most difficult to understand. Perhaps about no other have more absurd fables or such misleading ideas obtained currency; and even at the present moment it seems impossible to break the spell of the old romances.

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B

Writers of to-day, in England and America, continue to repeat the old parrot cries ; they appear to be wholly ignorant of the work that has been done by Spanish critical historians and archæologists. For them Prescott is still an authority on fifteenth-century Spain ; Dahn has said the last word—some thirty-four years ago—on the Visigothic kingdom ; Gayangos is the only historian they know of touching the Saracen occupation, though he wrote before the Revolution of 1868 had let light in through the darkened windows of his country's records, and he was not even allowed to see the Arabic MSS. in the Escorial, because he wrote in English.

It is especially in regard to the earlier times, for instance those of the Moorish invasion and conquest, on which the labours of men like Don Eduardo Saavedra have thrown so much light, that this complaint may with justice be made. But it is also true of later periods ; indeed Spain, which had so much interest for the generation which had lived through the Peninsular War, and for its successor, has been unaccountably neglected by English writers during the last fifty years.

It was a curiously complex character which was manifested by the Spanish people when, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, we find them ground down under their alien rulers, with a feeble, though amiable, king completely in the hands of his contemptible wife and her paramour, Godoy ; the heir to the throne at one moment conspiring against his father, at another grovelling in a feigned repentance and betraying his fellow conspirators, to shield himself, more base and false than it is possible to conceive, and yet the idol of the people, who credited him with every virtue because they saw in him a saviour from the disgrace which overhung the court. The state of ignorance was appalling. For four centuries Spain had been ground under the iron heel of the Inquisition, every impulse to enlightenment trodden under foot, and the grossest superstition not only encouraged but actually enforced under cruel conditions. Such was the country which Charles IV left when he and his ignoble son, in whose favour he had abdicated, became prisoners to Napoleon, and the nation rose, in spite of its treacherous rulers, in defence of country and liberty.

Broadly speaking, the first sixty-eight years of the

nineteenth century in Spain were years of a continuous fight for liberty and light, a fight which often seemed so absolutely hopeless that one stands amazed at the persistence of her sons, who, cajoled, betrayed, murdered, and courted by turns, as the powers of darkness gained the upper hand or were compelled to give way, still held on, fresh fighters closing the ranks as their comrades fell, until at last, in a bloodless revolution, they gained their freedom. Much exaggeration and many grievous mistakes were still to come; but after the trial of one elected monarch and the absurd republic, which made the country for a time the laughing-stock of Europe, the restoration of Alfonso XII, by the choice of his people, brought at last settled government, resulting in an advance in education, commerce, and industry, which give the happiest promise for the future.

A good history of Spain has been very much wanted, and perhaps it would have been difficult to find a man in every way better fitted to undertake the task than the late Mr Butler Clarke, whose work, though published posthumously, has had the benefit of much loving care, in its passage through the press, from some of the many friends who mourn his untimely death. Although his sympathies are strongly conservative, and he carries his English prejudices more than once into the widely differing politics of a country which had for long nothing good to conserve, and whose only hope for life lay in a struggle against absolutism and its accompanying ignorance, his judgments are, with few exceptions, fair and just; and it would be difficult to find within the compass of so small a book a truer picture of the period concerned. We shall, however, call attention to one or two cases in which the author appears to have accepted the views of, probably, personal friends too much affected by the political feuds which are so common in Spain to be fair judges of the characters of those opposed to them.

In a short and naturally somewhat breathless introductory chapter, Mr Butler Clarke covers the ground from the time of Philip V (1700) to the restoration of Ferdinand VII in 1814; but it must be said that the summary, short as it is, is masterly. The Peninsular War, the period of Spanish history best known to English readers, is to a great extent taken as read; but the

author briefly shows the condition to which the people had been reduced by their alien rulers, beginning with Charles I (the Emperor Charles V), who introduced absolutism into the country by doing away with its ancient Cortes and all other guarantees, and substituting his personal decrees, without any consent of the people. He was followed so closely in this policy by his successors that during the whole of the eighteenth century the Cortes of Castile only met six times, and then were only allowed to confirm the personal mandates of the monarch already in force. It is well to remember, in this connexion, that the plea of legitimacy or divine right put forward by Don Carlos and his successors rests solely on such a personal mandate of Philip IV, wherein he attempted to set aside the law of succession, endeared to the people by the memory of three great queens—a mandate never sanctioned by the Cortes, and annulled by Charles IV.

Looking back over the whole history of the country, with the aid of the critical writers of to-day, one is justified in asking whether the extraordinary deterioration in the character of the people, which made them such an easy prey to the tyranny and extortion of the Crown and the Church in the eighteenth century, may not be ascribed to the mixture of races which took place after the completion of the reconquest, when the warlike and independent northern people were amalgamated with the Mozárabes, who had tamely submitted to the Saracens, and had to a great extent intermarried and formed a mixed race, largely impregnated with Arab blood, and that at a time when the Saracens themselves had become degenerate and feeble.

The introduction of the Burgundian Court tradition by Charles I, with its immense and useless crowd of hangers-on, led to shameless corruption, which was barely swept away even in the great revolution; this corruption among the official class has been the worst bane of the country in the nineteenth century, and dies hard even now. 'Here,' says Galdós, perhaps the most popular writer of the day in Spain, and one who knows his countrymen as scarcely any other does, 'the people do not know what an idea is; only the overwhelming sentiments of love for their land and of God can move them.

To speak to them in any other language is to waste words.' It was only when Spain was invaded and her crown annexed that the heart of the people was touched, and they rose as one man and sacrificed all that they possessed to free their beloved land from the hated 'Intruder.' During the disgraceful captivity of Ferdinand VII, ideas among the more cultivated classes had moved more quickly. The Cortes of Cadiz was a loyal attempt to introduce a government somewhat in accordance with the spirit of the age. The constitution of 1812 was not one to arouse admiration in the minds of practical politicians of a later day; but it stood for liberty, and it became as much a rallying-cry to one-half of the nation as 'King and Religion' was to the other. The great revolution had begun which it took nearly sixty years to bring to fruition.

This then was the country to which Ferdinand, 'a master of dissimulation' and a man without a spark of honour, returned. He was to rule over a people already widely differing from that which he had left a few years before, though it is perhaps an overstatement to say that 'old Spain fell with the French invasion, undermined by the reforms of Charles III.' Ferdinand quickly lost the title of 'Well-beloved,' as his people discovered that he broke every promise as soon as made, and kept faith with no one. The wholesale arrest of all the prominent Liberals and the members of the Cortes of Cadiz, and even of the secretaries of State, on the morrow of the day on which he had publicly promised to summon Cortes, and had said, 'I hate and abhor despotism; the intelligence of Europe no longer suffers it,' was only a foretaste of the methods which he intended to pursue. The expatriation of twelve thousand of the 'Josefinos'—those who had accepted Joseph Bonaparte as king—was perhaps not an unpopular step; but his faithful people found that they were actually in a much worse plight than when Godoy had been master, and their liberties were further than ever from being protected.

Perhaps the only thing that could be said in Ferdinand's favour—and it certainly contributed to the more favourable judgment which he has received in later days—is that he never fell under the influence of a favourite. His profound contempt for the adulators and time-servers

who surrounded him was, if possible, greater than that felt for them by his people. He treated them like dogs, giving them tit-bits when he felt inclined, and kicking them aside when his mood changed. Nor was he any better with his ministers; and, though they were only five in number at any one time, no less than thirty came and went in the six years from 1814 to 1820, many of them having been raised from the lowest ranks and being in no way fitted for their posts. It seemed as if, in his sardonic humour, he liked to make official position as contemptible as possible, and himself to cast ridicule on the idea of government of any kind. Meanwhile 'a new generation was growing up, schooled by harsh oppression to a fanaticism in the cause of liberty as exaggerated as that of their opponents in regard to absolutism.' The country was, to all appearance, cowed into quiescence; but the exiles were learning, chiefly in England, what liberty under a settled constitutional government might be.

Between 1814 and 1820 no less than thirteen attempts at revolution took place. That with which the name of Riego is associated (in 1820) was important enough to bring the King, who was as great a coward as a bully, to his knees; and Ferdinand took the oath to observe the constitution, an oath which he had never any intention of keeping, and which he broke as soon as was practicable. It must be confessed that between this period and that of 1824, known as 'The Terror,' when the King was rescued by French bayonets from the hands of his own subjects, he had good reason to complain. It is scarcely a matter for wonder—for the same laws govern all popular revolt against persistent tyranny; and we have an object-lesson before us in Russia to-day—that there was gross exaggeration in the swing of the pendulum, that many and often deplorable mistakes were made. The traditions of self-government, once so marked in the northern kingdom, had been completely lost after the amalgamation with the south; and gradually the party which called itself 'Exaltado,' otherwise the extreme Radicals, anxious to pull down without the least idea of how to build up, had gained the upper hand over the 'Doceañistas' or moderate constitutionalists, the supporters of the constitution of 1812.

Riego is remembered chiefly from the hymn which

bears his name, and, as the Spanish Marseillaise, is still heard in times of popular excitement. He was a poor creature at best; and in the wholesale slaughter with which the King, who had sworn to shed no blood, revenged himself, an abject recantation was a fitting end to a career which had much audacity but little nobleness about it. The reaction was tremendous. The moment that French arms put power into Ferdinand's hands, all the sycophant hangers-on of the Court came forth in haste to avenge their own indignities; and the climax was reached when the lives and liberties of the Spanish people were put into the hands of the butcher Calomarde, who remained Minister of Grace and Justice, in a régime where neither grace nor justice was to be had, until a short time before the death of Ferdinand in 1833. On the other hand, the provocation of the people from 1814 to 1820 had been terrible; and the King was now only supported by the fawning sycophants who fostered his vices and acclaimed his most tyrannous and dishonourable acts for the sake of filling their own pockets. 'Viva Fernando y vamos robando' was the motto ascribed to them by their countrymen with their usual faculty for putting truth into a nutshell.

The part borne by the French during the nineteenth century was not such as to recommend them to a singularly proud and independent people; the outrageous invasion and attempted annexation of the country in 1808, and the wholesale robbery of all the treasures of art as well as of money, which they attempted to carry off when at last driven across the frontier in 1815, had alienated Spanish sympathies. The second invasion in 1823, carried out by 100,000 'sons of St Louis' to save the throne of Spain for the descendants of Henry IV, with the countenance of the Holy Alliance, made them the most loathed of all nations to the patriotic Spaniard; and it was by French bayonets alone that the king was enabled to inaugurate the 'Reign of Terror' which followed on this interference. Ferdinand VII was for long protected from his own subjects by French guards in Spanish pay. To such a pass had the 'Well-beloved' been brought in something like nine years of misrule.

For several years, during 'the Calomardian era,' as it had been called, Spain was little better than a slaughter-

house. In eighteen days 112 executions took place; and with the aid of the ferocious courts-martial, the work of wholesale butchery and proscription went on, in spite of the protests of even the French and Russian ambassadors. The death penalty was inflicted for the most trivial acts. Richard Ford, then living at Seville, speaks in his letters of the horror felt on all sides at the execution there of a lady whose only offence was that a Liberal banner had been found in her house, and that she refused to give up the names of any persons implicated in this heinous offence.

Riego's execution was to be expected; but the official murder of the brave and blameless Juan Martin, 'el Empecinado,' who had shared the Duke of Wellington's triumphal entry into Madrid, filled all Europe with disgust. The worst horrors of the Inquisition paled before the revengeful atrocities of the king and his trusted ministers. Spain, or rather its crown, lost the respect of all civilised nations; she was treated with contempt by all, and openly flouted. Ignorance was once more fostered as precious to the nation; universities and clubs were closed; and some idea of the state of the country may be found in the 'loyal' address from the University of Cervera, which began, 'Far from us the dangerous novelty of thinking!'

At last Ferdinand was forced to take some notice of the remonstrances of his own royalist subjects, backed by the whole of the diplomatic body. He stopped the courts-martial, dismissed the ferocious Minister of War, General Aymondi, and made believe to grant an amnesty, which, however, was easily broken under pretended discoveries of plots and secret societies. But Ferdinand's new phase, somewhat resembling moderation, did not suit the Church. Under the special patronage of the Bishop of Osma was formed 'The Society of the Exterminating Angel,' with branches in every part of Spain. Its objects may be guessed from its name; and, when Ferdinand himself grew tired of slaughter and would have drawn breath, these exterminating fiends began to turn their eyes to Don Carlos, as a 'better Catholic.' Under the leadership of Georges Bessi res, a Frenchman, an ex-republican, they rose against the king in favour of his brother; and Ferdinand had an opportunity, which he thoroughly enjoyed, of shooting down some of his

erstwhile supporters. In Cataluña, while the slaughter had been going on, Don Carlos de España, also a Frenchman, had gone absolutely mad in his cruelties, and had danced with joy before his victims as they were butchered in batches. It is not strange that, when opportunity offered, he paid, by a cruel death at the hands of his guards, for his wholesale murders of innocent people.

From this time the 'Apostólicos,' as they were called, represented bigotry greater than that of Ferdinand—who in fact was never under the thumb of the Church—and an absolutism which went beyond that of 'el Rey Absoluto' himself. It was in fact theocracy rampant, and made no secret of its hope of restoring the 'Holy Office' in all its vigour. Two parties now divided Spain, and to this day may almost be said to divide her—the Church and the nation. So complete was the ascendancy over the mass of the people exercised by the Church and the Crown at the beginning of the century, that the cry with which Ferdinand was acclaimed on his return from his captivity in France was the strange one of 'Viva el Rey! Muere la Nacion!' Surely it is the first time in history that a people has been taught to pray for its own destruction. It was, however, impressed upon the ignorant masses by their clerical leaders that only in the absolute despotism of Church and King could they hope to find salvation. Now even Ferdinand himself was not despot enough for the 'Apostólicos'; and their hopes centred in Don Carlos, who was far more bigoted than his brother, and, so long as Ferdinand had been without children, was heir to the throne.

It must be understood, however, that, in thus speaking of the Church, we mean only the tyranny of theocracy. Spaniards are now, as they have ever been, naturally religious; and the desire of even the most violent anti-clericals is to see their Church purified, not swept away. In no country do the pure, the earnest, and the self-sacrificing priests, of whom there are many, receive more real respect and even admiration from men who, perhaps without acknowledging it, do not receive the doctrines of their Church quite as they are preached to them. It is good (they think) for women and children to believe; and so long as the grossest forms of superstition are not taught them, and the lives of the clergy are not in con-

tradition to the principles of Christianity, the men for the most part, now as ever, support the Church loyally.

Towards the end of his life, Ferdinand tried by some small concessions to conciliate the Liberals. He foresaw the trouble which was likely to arise from his brother's pretensions to the throne if he should not have a son; already, after much vacillation, he had proclaimed his infant daughter, Isabel, then only three years old, as his successor under the regency of her mother. The King's two younger brothers, Don Francisco de Paula and Don Sebastian, duly took the oath of allegiance to their young niece at the magnificent ceremony in the church of San Jerónimo del Prado in June 1833; Don Carlos, who considered himself the rightful heir to the throne, but who may be more truly looked upon as the nominee of the 'Apostólicos' and the 'Exterminating Angel,' refused, and was allowed to retire to Portugal.

With the death of Ferdinand in the following September the storm broke. Cristina, the Queen-mother, was young, beautiful, clever in many ways, and had much personal charm; it was no wonder that the chivalrous sons of Spain gathered round her and her child. She alone of three successive Queens had exercised any influence over the despotic old King, and that in the interests of clemency; she alone had produced heirs to the crown. Although this young Queen—as was only known much later—a very few months after the death of the King, was legally, though privately, married to the sergeant of the guard who had taken her fancy, and bore him six children, the marriage was kept so quiet that very few knew the facts; and this secrecy caused a good deal of scandal to be associated with her name. It does not appear, however, that she was other than a faithful wife to her low-born husband; and none of the deplorable scandals which disgraced the life of her daughter gathered round Cristina's name. The Queen-Regent was thrown perforce into the arms of the Liberals, who had been fighting absolutism since the beginning of the century; and, though she was by no means always pleased with her associates, and made many attempts to choose her friends among the Conservative section of her supporters, she was carried forward, often against her will, until she was eventually forced, by the revolt of the sergeants of the

guard at La Granja, to take the oath, so often taken and broken by her husband, to the Constitution of 1812.

Meanwhile her first minister, Zea Bermudez, to whose firmness at the death of the King she owed her Regency, had given way to Martinez de la Rosa, who is chiefly known as author of the 'Royal Statute,' a form of bastard constitution which satisfied no party; and the rising of La Granja had for its main object to get rid of the objectionable compromise. The eve of the meeting of the Cortes summoned under this statute was stained by one of those mob crimes which have not been frequent in Spain, but which showed the hatred of priestly dictation which already animated the masses. Cholera had broken out in Madrid; and the monks proclaimed it as a judgment from heaven for the sins of the Liberals. The mob, however, frenzied by fear, believed that the friars had poisoned the wells and so caused the plague. The convents were broken into by the rioters and nearly a hundred Jesuits and other Regulars were murdered.

The Cortes had met on July 24, 1834; and its first act had been formally and unanimously to exclude Don Carlos from the throne. Thus began the great struggle which was to steep the country in the blood of her sons, and to horrify the civilised world by its barbarities for so many years. It had its centre in the Basque provinces, with, at times, a portion of Cataluña, Valencia, and Aragon. It was practically brought to a close when Espartero succeeded in convincing the Basques that their beloved *fueros* (special rights) were safer in the hands of the Regency than in those of Don Carlos. For these they had been fighting rather than for the brother of Ferdinand VII. It is unnecessary to go into the details of this disastrous struggle. The names of the leaders on both sides—Zumalacárregui, Cabrera, Merino, Espoz y Mina, and others—became bywords for cruelty and brutality, a brutality so great that the British ambassador intervened and obtained what was known as the 'Elliot Agreement,' by which prisoners of war were to be exempted from wholesale murder. But, if this agreement was observed at all, it was only for a time; and the horrible scenes were continued, perhaps with aggravation. Meanwhile, in the so-called 'Court of Charles V,' jealousy, corruption, and intrigue reigned as absolutely as they had

ever done in that of his brother ; and a good object-lesson was given to the rest of Spain of what might be expected should Don Carlos succeed. It was during this civil war that we first hear of Espartero and Mendizábal, who afterwards became so famous. The first was the brilliant soldier who brought the war to an end, and became the most popular man in Spain, and eventually Regent ; the second, after having made some reputation on the London Stock Exchange as a financier, formed the notion that he could withdraw his country from its disastrous financial condition by confiscating the enormous wealth of the Church. It was in the Cortes of 1834 that the *Exaltados* and a body of deputies of more or less uncertain politics, except that they were Liberals, took the name of '*Progresistas*,' which became very prominent in later times, the other side being known as '*Moderados*'; but, as Antonio Gallenga, than whom there has been no better-informed critic, says, 'there was about as much moderation in one party as there was liberalism in the other.'

Into the history of the ever-shifting Ministries, with their vacillating policies, it is impossible to enter. The Royal Statute was disliked by all ; and the Constitution of 1812 became again the excuse for plots and risings all over the country. The Queen-Regent's relations with the low-born man, whom few knew to be her husband, placed her in the false position which later led to her resignation. She was at all times fond of power and of place ; she must have lost both had her marriage been made public ; she preferred the sacrifice of her reputation. At this time, when the revolt of the sergeants (1836) had made her practically a prisoner in the hands of her own guard, Quesada, a convert from Liberalism (perhaps rather from jealousy than from any more worthy motive), and a firm defender of the Regent, paid, by a horrible death at the hands of a Madrid mob, for the hatred he had earned. George Borrow gives a thrilling description of his holding back the mob in the Puerta del Sol by his magnificent courage alone ; perhaps, had he not subsequently fled and attempted to hide himself, the final tragedy might have been avoided. The success of this rebellion put absolute power into the hands of the *Progresistas*, and led to the Constitution of 1837—a measure that has earned the approbation of subsequent politicians,

not excepting Cánovas del Castillo himself. At this period was formed the Quadruple Alliance between England, France, Spain, and Portugal; its object was to support the Liberal monarchies of the two latter countries against Don Carlos of Spain and Dom Miguel of Portugal, both of them absolutists. The domestic politics of Spain during the next twenty years may be summed up as one long war to the knife between the partisans of Espartero and Narvaez.

To these two men we may apply an excellent remark made by Mr Butler Clarke in summing up the character of Ferdinand VII. After pointing out that it is now as necessary to be on guard against the traditionalists, who would make Ferdinand appear the unselfish and well-nigh heroic defender of the ancient institutions of Spain, as against the Liberals, who paint him as an 'inhuman monster,' he goes on to say: 'Yet so plainly is the man's character written in his acts that mistake seems impossible, and even this short paragraph superfluous.' If this sentence, as it stands, be applied to the two men who practically ruled Spain during the twenty years after 1837, the reader will obtain a truer conception of their respective characters and of their places in the history of their country than by taking on trust the strangely inconsistent labels which this author attaches to the rival leaders. It is difficult to see why the excuses and apologies made for the wholesale brutalities of Narvaez are not equally applicable to Calomarde; and, from the first mention of his rivalry with Espartero, when Narvaez was convicted of rebellion and of treachery after his attempt to seize Madrid, the narrative of his deeds in the pages of this book is entirely at variance with the praises which the author heaps on him. This attitude is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that for Espartero—a man who has always had the respect, and generally the admiration, of all but his most rabid political enemies, for his transparent honesty and patriotism, who retired, as did Amadeo, sick of the self-seeking and corruption of politicians, and who refused to be either military dictator or king, when either office was in his hand—Mr Butler Clarke has nothing but contempt. He almost seems to grudge him his incorruptibility, and never loses an opportunity of casting ridicule upon him with a persistence

nearly akin to prejudice. The recorded acts of the two men are sufficient to define, without the necessity of comment, the characters under which their names will go down to posterity.

Undoubtedly the most epoch-making event of this period was the action of Toreno's Ministry in making war upon the Church by expelling the Jesuits and confiscating the property of the society in 1835. Mendizábal, a Basque, was Toreno's Finance Minister. The ideal of Mendizábal was 'material prosperity and commercial activity'; his bugbear was the clergy. 'He saw Spain bleeding to death for lack of money . . . while the vast estates of the Church lay idle, seemingly within his grasp.' Accordingly he tried to grasp them, but with only partial success at the time; to this burning question, in fact, he owed his fall. Confiscation is an ugly word; and, though at times like these it may be the true and only policy, it naturally arouses the strongest opposition, not only from the rigid Conservative, but also from many men of Liberal tendencies. Eventually good came from the breaking-up of the monasteries and the letting-in of light to the dark places; but there were many years of friction and much wounding of honest consciences before the advantages could be seen.

The Constitution of 1837, though somewhat of a compromise, was favourably received by all parties. With its advent, and with Espartero at the head of the Government, began the long party war between the Progressistas and the Moderados, or rather between Espartero and Narvaez, the former no statesman, as events proved, and lacking in civil life the great qualities which had made him such a splendid soldier, but conspicuously honest and patriotic; the latter astute, unscrupulous and determined, a martinet in politics as he was in the army and every other phase of life.

The end of Cristina's Regency was somewhat disastrous; she fell more and more under the sway of the party she disliked, and the still closely-kept secret of her marriage falsified her position. At length, in October 1840, she resigned and retired to intrigue in France, leaving the young Queen, then ten years old, in charge of Quintana, the poet, a Liberal of the old school, as governor. Espartero became ruler of Spain, and was in

fact chosen Regent, while Arguelles was made guardian of the child-queen. Three years later the long intrigue of Narvaez against Espartero was brought to a successful issue. With the proclamation of Isabel II as of age the Moderados regained power; and Cristina and her husband returned to fish in the troubled waters of Spanish politics.

It is needless to go into the details of the life and reign of the unhappy woman, who was declared queen at the early age of thirteen, after being brought up in ignorance, as it was believed, by the express purpose of her mother, who meant to keep the power in her own hands. Under the Regency of Espartero, the persons about her had been carefully chosen as likely to have a good influence over her, chief among them being the 'puritan' Arguelles, who was sincerely attached to the child; but they were little likely to recommend themselves to a precocious girl who had been brought up in such a tainted atmosphere. When Narvaez came into power in 1844, and Cristina returned to exercise her evil influence once more, the old court-party gained the ear of the child-queen; and few episodes in her unhappy life are sadder than the libellous charge which she made against Olózaga and supported by a direct untruth.

Almost the first act of Isabel was to proclaim the marriage of her mother, and to secure her a continuance of her royal state, while the ex-corporal was made Duke of Rianzares by Gonzales Bravo, the henchman of Narvaez, and perhaps the least worthy of all the ministers of the Crown. It was this man who, twenty-five years later tried to emulate the methods of Narvaez without a spark of his talent, and was the immediate cause of the Queen's deposition.

Few events in European politics have been more discreditable than the scandalous compact between Cristina and Louis Philippe, which was intended to secure the Crown of Spain to the son of the latter, or his heirs. The Queen, whose temperament really amounted to disease, was deliberately sacrificed by her own mother in a marriage with a puny weakling who had nothing to recommend him to a girl of her high spirit and vigorous physique, while it has always been believed that she was encouraged by this same mother to console herself with others who were more attractive to her than her husband.

The only bond they had in common was their gross superstition; the King was ever the mere tool of nuns and priests, while the poor Queen tried to gain the favour of Heaven by outward practices of religion. The nun, whose fraudulent stigmata and pretended miracles had been publicly exposed by Espartero, became, with the monk Fulgencio and, later, the Queen's confessor, Padre Claret, the chief wire-pullers of State affairs, until the end came in 1868.

The history of Isabel's reign is one of selfish personal strife between rival politicians. Not one of the men whose names have come down to us but was a conspirator at one time or another; there was scarcely one who did not turn his coat when it suited his private interests to do so. It was a see-saw of political jealousies, interrupted by frequent 'Pronunciamentos,' rather than any real struggle of parties. The object was sometimes to obtain possession of the Queen's person, sometimes to get rid of Cristina, whose financial speculations, under corrupt influence and with unfair access to knowledge, had long made her and her husband odious to the country; but more often the crises were due to the efforts of Espartero's enemies—of whom Narvaez was always chief—to overthrow the minister, who was 'demasiado honesto' for the rest of the politicians of his time. During this period, however, the battle of Constitution against Absolutism may be said to have ended in the victory of the former. There was no longer any serious question of returning to the despotism of Ferdinand VII; it was henceforward always an attempt by various methods to hoodwink the people, and, while preserving the forms of universal suffrage, to keep the reins really in the hands of the wire-pullers in Madrid. Arazola may be said to have invented *Caciquismo* (that is, the manipulation of elections by government agents) in 1837. With very few exceptions it has been practised in all subsequent elections of Cortes, sometimes, it must be confessed, with good results; and even at the present moment the majorities in the Congress of Deputies depend more on the power of the wire-pullers than on any real feeling of the people. The system is, however, no longer by any means as all-powerful as it once was; the number of ignorant voters and of those who can be driven to the

poll like sheep at the bidding of the *Cacique* is lessening every day.

In 1854 things once more reached a crisis. Doña Cristina and her husband had created terrible scandals by their speculations under the wing of the financier, Salamanca; the life of the Queen was outraging all decency; and priestly influence, acting mainly through the contemptible King, was becoming more and more offensive. The ex-journalist, Sartorius, Conde de San Luis, was President of the Council; the Opposition, which included Concha, O'Donnell, Rivas, Mon, and Pidal, who were working with Mendizábal and Olózaga, made 'honesty' their cry. Eight days after the birth of one of her children, a manifesto was laid before the Queen bearing the signatures of a number of influential men, as representing the whole Liberal party, pointing out that for years past the budget had not been submitted to the Cortes as the law directed; that the meetings of the Cortes were rendered futile by dissolution or prorogation following immediately on opposition; that the deficit in the public accounts was ever growing; and that the railway concessions had given rise to scandals. The re-opening of the Cortes, with a view to the redress of these evils, was demanded.

The Queen's reply was to proclaim a state of siege and to order the banishment of the whole Liberal party. But the day had passed for such methods of despotism. Under the management of O'Donnell, Prim, and Cánovas del Castillo, a revolt, known as that of Vicalvaro, was carried to a successful issue. 'The programme of Manzanares' was drawn up by Cánovas in the name of O'Donnell; and what was known as the 'Liberal Union' was formed. Espartero was made President of the Council, and entered Madrid amidst a scene of wild enthusiasm that might have turned a much stronger head than his. This was not quite what O'Donnell had intended. He was far the stronger and cleverer man of the two; and he bided his time, while embracing Espartero in public, as a sign of his acquiescence in his return to power. 'Thus fell,' to quote Mr Butler Clarke, 'rotten from within, the party which, under Narvaez and Bravo Murillo, had governed Spain for ten years.' It is quite certain that no one

except the fallen ministers and their crowd of *cessantes* regretted it.

The new Government made great efforts to free the elections from undue influence, but the absolutely ignorant masses in the agricultural districts made the result a failure. They can understand going to the poll at the bidding of the priest or of the *Cacique*, on whom they are dependent, but even to-day they scarcely understand that they have any choice in their law-makers. Espartero, had he wished it, might have been proclaimed King and the Bourbon dynasty driven out; but he never had any personal ambition, and now, as again in 1868, declined. At that time it was still believed by Prim and the best of the successful conspirators that the Queen, separated from the baneful influence of her mother and the bigoted Camarilla, might rule as a constitutional monarch; but, though she possessed great personal charm of manner, and had some good qualities, she eventually managed to alienate all those who would have supported her in a wise course. Arguelles had been shamefully got rid of by a direct lie; later, she disgusted in turn Serrano, Espartero, O'Donnell, Cánovas del Castillo, Prim, and even at times Narvaez, although he was always ready to take office and apply the old methods of physical force. After his death and that of O'Donnell, the same policy was continued by less capable successors. Isabel gradually made herself impossible, but it was the contemptible Gonzalez Bravo who has the credit of bringing things to such a pass that all the respectable men in Spain were of one way of thinking. The revolution of 1868 was the result.

We have no space for the details of the political situation after the revolution of 1868, but we may fairly take the progress made in the last thirty-two years of the century as a gauge of the wisdom of that drastic measure. The interregnum of two years while the crown of Spain went a-begging, the election and short reign of Amadeo, the foul murder of Prim, the absurd attempt at a republic, with all its misrule and anarchy, the restoration of Don Alfonso in 1874, are all within the memory of living men. Broadly, it may be said that, with the accession to power of a really constitutional King, not by right divine, but by the choice of his people, the worst troubles of this

long-distracted country came to an end. Fortunately the restoration of 1874 was very different from that of 1814. The country over which Don Alfonso was called to rule was a wholly new one as compared with that to which Ferdinand VII returned from his disgraceful captivity at Valençay; and not less unlike were the characters of the two monarchs. It is to the honour of Isabel that she was as careful to have her children well educated and trained as her own mother had been to keep her in a state of absolute ignorance. Alfonso XII was a cadet at Sandhurst when called to the throne; and his thoroughly liberal education made him an excellent King. His country had too early to mourn his loss; but again she was fortunate in the Regent, Maria Cristina, who took his place. No praise can be too high for the second Queen of Alfonso XII. She filled the most difficult post of Regent, backed, it must be said, by the chivalrous help of all the respectable public men of the time, with conspicuous honour and ability. She brought up a somewhat delicate boy to robust health, and surrounded him with good counsellors; and she gave the nation that for which it had passionately longed—an absolutely pure court.

Spain had lost her principal colonies during the deplorable times of Charles IV and Ferdinand VII. It was during the Regency of Maria Cristina that, thanks to the intervention of the United States, she lost the last. Cuba had been an open wound, draining the very life-blood of the country, for over a generation. It had also been a hotbed of shameless corruption. In spite of the enormous sums apparently spent in the defences of the island, when the hour of need came there was not a fort in good repair, hardly a gun that could be fired. The fleet was ill-provided; and Cervera and his brave men were sent out, in their coffins as it were, to save the 'honour' of Spain. It should never be forgotten that it was the Liberal Government, with Sagasta at its head, that ordered the squadron, deficient in everything, to come out of Santiago de Cuba to be destroyed by the immensely superior American fleet; and that the sons of Spain, putting duty before all else, went to their certain death like the heroes they have ever been.

At the end of the century Spain found herself in a wholly new condition. The leaven had begun to work in its earliest days, though the French Revolution horrified by its excesses more than its new doctrines attracted. But during the Peninsular War the great mass of the people, inert until the foreign invasion woke it to life, mixed with the English soldiers and became familiar with a new aspect of things. At that time, and throughout the long battle with absolutism, there were men of ideas even amongst the lowest of the 'patriots'; during the sixty years of struggle the idea had crystallised into an ideal. The wholesale banishment of the reformers had sent them in shoals to England, where they learned what liberty was and something of the practical means by which it could be attained; such a man was Juan Prim. Alfonso XII himself came a new man to a new country; and since his accession, with all its faults of administration and a corruption which dies hard, it has been a constitutional monarchy, with an orderly succession of Ministries, and there have been no more Pronunciamentos.

At the beginning of the century two thirds of the wealth of the country lay idle in the hands of the Church. No general educational system existed. A great part of the population were monks and nuns and ecclesiastics, doing nothing to add to the prosperity of the country while fattening on the contributions of its hardly-taxed workers. Trade and industry there was practically none, except in Barcelona. Its once great manufactures had died out, and the population of its towns dwindled to less than a quarter of their number in the sixteenth century. But, with all the disadvantages of her long wars and her political troubles during the past century, Spain has forged ahead in a remarkable way, at first in spite of her governments, latterly with some occasional help from them. Since 1876 she has had universal suffrage, complete liberty of the press, of public meeting, and of association, trial by jury—in fact all the free institutions of the most advanced countries. There is an excellent system of elementary education and of secondary schools, with colleges for the training of teachers in every part of the country. Religious liberty is now absolute where, within the memory of living men, it was impossible to obtain sepulture for a Protestant or other heretic. Electrical

science is, perhaps, in a more forward state than with us, at all events, it is more widely diffused; and it is no uncommon thing to find a remote country village lighted by electricity. The telegraphic service is better organised in the isolated country districts of Spain than it is in England. Railways now connect every portion of the kingdom with Madrid and with the seaport towns with which Spain is so richly provided. Universities, schools of science, libraries, artistic and learned societies abound where once, under priestly rule, to be cultured was to be suspect.

The population of Spain has increased from 10,541,220 in 1797 to 17,500,000, of whom thirty-two per cent. are able to read and write as against twenty per cent. in 1868. Her commerce and industries have advanced by leaps and bounds. Take the case of Bilbao alone. A few years ago a sleepy little town, to-day it has a population of 66,000, five railway stations, electric tramways, etc., and has become the most important shipping outlet of Spain. Yet it is not far ahead of many others, all advancing rapidly. But the most important change of all has yet to be mentioned. The rapid advance of Spain in all directions is no longer due to foreign capital and alien labour; her own people are investing their money in the public works and in the commercial and industrial companies which are forwarding her interests in all parts of the world. Her own colleges are turning out engineers and scientists; she is at this moment abreast of Europe in wireless telegraphy and all the modern appliances of science. Of late years agricultural colleges have been educating a new race of cultivators of her wonderfully fertile lands; and the young King, who has made this a special subject of study as being of the greatest possible import in the development of the country, has an experimental farm on a large scale in the royal estate of El Pardo.

In the very darkest of her past days Spain never wholly lost her place in art and letters; but with the new era her painters, sculptors, poets, and writers have sprung into fresh activity, and are taking a high place in the literary and artistic world. Under her learned societies the interesting records of her past art are daily being brought to light, while her critical historians are throwing light on hitherto obscure problems. Of her

novelists none is perhaps so widely known as Benito Pérez Galdós, whose play 'Electra' brought the burning clerical question to the front a year or two ago, and did much to solve it so far as it has been solved. The Cambridge University Press have recently brought out an English edition in Spanish of the first volume of Galdós' 'Episodes Nacionales'—'Trafalgar,' with copious notes by Mr F. A. Kirkpatrick, for the aid of students wishing to learn the language. It is by no means the most interesting, but it is the first of his historical series; and its subject makes it attractive to English readers. It is to be hoped that those who thus make acquaintance with these volumes will go on and study them all. By no other means can one obtain so vivid a picture of Spain and of her people during the nineteenth century; the historical narrative is trustworthy, and the characterisation admirable throughout; and the strange anomalies, as they seem to us, of national character and modes of life become realities to the reader.

Perhaps no man has done more to make Spain known to England, or indeed to Europe, than Richard Ford, whose incomparable Guidebook has been freely annexed, as he tells us, in translations in other countries. A man of wide culture, remarkable linguistic powers, and a kindly and sympathetic manner which made him warm friends among all classes of a people who may be easily led but never driven, his account of the Spain of his day (1820 to 1830) remains at once the most complete and the most learned that has ever been given. It is a classic, and the basis of all subsequent books on the subject. His letters, or rather a small portion of them, with useful notes by the editor, putting the reader *au courant* with the historical events of the day referred to in the text, show the man with his vivacity and his enormous diligence, and form a pleasing record of one who should not easily be forgotten. It is not remarkable, when we consider what the condition of the country was, that the letters contain little reference to politics, though we find vivid pictures of some of the men of the day—as Quesada, for instance, for whom Ford seems to entertain considerable respect—and an interesting account of the sorry spectacle of the funeral of Ferdinand VII.

The reprint of Borrow's 'Bible in Spain' simultaneously with 'The Letters of Richard Ford' is opportune as throwing more light on a period which contrasts so strongly with the Spain of to-day. This extraordinary man, with the combined instincts of a gipsy and a local preacher, travelled all over Spain, living the life of its own vagabonds, and honestly believed, as Ford himself says, that he was converting the country by the distribution of a Spanish translation of the Bible. His descriptions are supported by Ford, who says in several of his letters that he knew him to have passed over the same routes and seen the same people as himself. Even those who knew the country a generation later, when more liberal views prevailed, find it difficult to believe that, had the people understood the abuse of all they held sacred which he represents himself as pouring out on all occasions, he could have come alive out of the country. If he could return and see the present condition of religious liberty in Spain, he would doubtless ascribe it to the Bibles which he distributed.

At the beginning of the twentieth century we may confidently say that Spain's golden age is before her, for she has never yet been truly one nation as she is now, nor has she ever had education and enlightenment placed in the hands of her humblest peasants as it is to-day. Marvellous as her progress has been in the last forty years, she has only set her feet on the lowest rungs of the ladder she is mounting. It is well for us to remember that, whether the fact be due to her large infusion of Gothic blood, or perhaps even some earlier relationship, there is an inherent sympathy between the Spanish nation and our own. Englishmen and Englishwomen love the country when they know it, and settle there willingly, while the Spaniards are unceasing in their admiration of English institutions. Their men of business are doing all in their power to strengthen the bonds of good fellowship; and a more intimate acquaintance with the nation which, like our own, adopts 'dignity, loyalty, and the love of God' as its ideal, should enable England and Spain to work side by side in the civilisation of the future.

Art. II.—WILLIAM BLAKE, POET AND PAINTER.

1. *The Poems of William Blake*. Edited by W. B. Yeats. London: Lawrence and Bullen, 1893.
 2. *The Poetical Works of William Blake*. A new and verbatim text from the originals, with notes and prefaces by J. Sampson. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1905.
 3. *The Lyrical Poems of William Blake*. Text by John Sampson, with an introduction by Walter Raleigh. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1905.
 4. *The Poetical Works of William Blake*. Edited by Edwin J. Ellis. Two vols. London: Chatto, 1906.
 5. *The Prophetic Books of William Blake: Jerusalem. Milton*. Edited by E. R. D. MacLagan and A. G. B. Russell. London: Bullen, 1904, 1907.
 6. *William Blake. Vol. I: Illustrations of the Book of Job*. With a general introduction by Laurence Binyon. London: Methuen, 1906.
 7. *The Letters of William Blake, together with a Life by Frederick Tatham*. Edited from original manuscripts, with an introduction and notes, by A. G. B. Russell. London: Methuen, 1906.
 8. *William Blake: a Critical Essay*. By A. C. Swinburne. London: Chatto, 1866. (New edition 1906.)
 9. *The Life of William Blake*. By Alexander Gilchrist. New edition, with an introduction by W. Graham Robertson. London: Lane, 1907.
 10. *Die Mystik, die Künstler, und das Leben*. By Rudolf Kassner. Leipzig, 1900. (pp. 14–56 'William Blake.')
 11. *Un Maître de l'Art: Blake le Visionnaire*. By François Benoît. Paris: Laurens, 1907.
 12. *William Blake*. By Arthur Symonds. London: Constable, 1907.
 13. *William Blake; Mysticisme et Poésie*. By P. Berger. Paris: Soc. Franç. d'Imprimerie et Librairie, 1907.
 14. *The Real Blake*. By Edwin J. Ellis: London: Chatto, 1907.
 15. *Die Visionäre Kunstphilosophie von W. Blake*. Englisch von A. G. B. Russell. Deutsch von S. Zweig, 1906. ('Edinburgh Review,' Jan. 1906.)
- And other works.

BLAKE believed imagination, purified from sense deceptions and complete as heaven, to be the only reality; this

faculty, he held, was God suffering in each and every man. The apparent universe, its deplorable counterfeit, enshrouded this *arcantum*, and, deluding us, distracted attention from perfect things. Those who view the results of scientific enquiry and reasoning as two islands gradually rising out of the sea of ignorance, he considered so distraught as to be practically blind. Nevertheless it seems likely that they, whom this defiance might have made reluctant to enter his service, will effect most for his glory. The scholarship and logic of Mr Sampson have at last provided an authoritative text of his definitely metrical writings. This text, without its admirable notes, forms the handy volume issued by the Clarendon Press, which should become the edition for all who are not specialists. Will Prof. Raleigh's introduction to it be ultimately retained? A better can, I think, be conceived, though perhaps none yet written is more suitable. Many would prefer 'Blake the Man' and 'Blake the Poet' from Mr Binyon's general introduction to the 'Illustrations of the Book of Job.' Their tone is more sympathetic; yet are they not too slight? Mr Symons is absorbed by the philosopher, Mr Yeats by the saint and his own winsome faith in him; neither of their essays could serve to introduce the poet, while Mr Swinburne's chapter on the lyrical poems, though the best appreciation of them, is loaded with now obsolete controversy.

In respect to Blake the prophet and teacher, it cannot be pretended that anything wholly satisfying has appeared. Mr Swinburne, in a fine frenzy, sowed the seed of interpretation; Mr Yeats and Mr Ellis watered and manured; Mr Russell and Mr MacLagan have begun binding the harvest into wieldy bundles, of which their editions of 'Jerusalem' and 'Milton' are the first; but the great sheaf will be an edition of all Blake's prose writings, supplemented by a collection of passages as good as prose from the prophetic books, and preceded by such another sane, sympathetic, lucid, and modest introduction.

In a bulky volume which has come into my hands since this review was written, Mr Paul Berger has produced an account of Blake and his poetical works more complete than anything since the three volumes of the

Quaritch edition ; while his commentary on the prophetic books is the most readable and consequent that we yet have, and his pages on the relation of Blake to other mystics are extremely interesting. Still, he too has to confess that his logic and scholarship could not, even if they would, furnish a paraphrase, so that I prefer to print my opinion concerning the intelligibility of large portions of these books ; and the more so since he owns that many passages might lend themselves equally well to divergent interpretations, which, I suppose, implies that, in the absence of any sure clue to the author's meaning, critics are at liberty to read into his words the sense that best rewards their ingenuity. He appears occasionally to have lent an uncritical credence to Mr Ellis and Mr Yeats, even where Mr Sampson has corrected them, though he professes to have benefited by this latter's work.

Nothing is more difficult than to speak reasonably about Blake as an artist. Even Rossetti exaggerates and begs the principal questions. All the essayists are interesting about the poet, because, by trying to interpret his words, they are led to think for themselves. But a picture yields up its secret at once ; and about his designs anything more than a description of the subject is extremely rare and usually trite, if it be not absurd. Mr Binyon, by taking an unusually wide sweep for his comparisons, has certainly contrived to be eloquent, pleasing, and suggestive. Mr Russell, with great care and lucidity, has illustrated 'the general tendency of the religion and science of art professed by Blake at the time of his artistic maturity' from statements gleaned up and down his writings. However, shortcomings such as those of Blake never afflicted artists in Egypt, Syria, or Japan ; and the general tendency of his professions does not correspond with his results, though it may help to explain them ; so it will, we may hope, prove possible to focus his creative character more clearly yet. When we have the final books about Blake, one will consist of Tatham's 'Life' and the testimonies of Dr Malkin, Crabb Robinson, Linnell, and others, together with his own letters, and will supersede Gilchrist's diffuse and irritating chatter. The volume, excellently edited by Mr Russell, is a large instalment of this, to which should be added 'the

records from contemporary sources' forming the second half of Mr Symon's book, as well as those which he has unaccountably omitted, such as Palmer's and Calvert's.

A subject which breeds so much wonder leaves room besides for an imaginary portrait. Why has Mr Ellis given us his 'Real Blake' in lieu of this? It has been said of Michelet, the historian, 'il sait tout et il rêve'; Mr Ellis has at least read everything and dreamed. He has been laughed at, sneered at, and scorned, and in a sense one must admit that he deserves it. Yet what divinations, what pregnant reflections, he has given us. What play and elasticity he promotes in our minds! If he could only humble himself sufficiently to do away with the pretences of pedantic criticism and scholarly editing, and dream for the sake of dreaming, he might write us a most acceptable imaginary Blake, as valuable in its way as 'Lavengro' would be without its philological pretensions and mock superiority.

The temptation, in writing of Blake, is to cover too much ground; he is suggestive in so many directions. Hence the unwieldy prolixity of some of these books; still more of them glow with generous extravagances generated by championing a man most lovable and well-nigh unique against the whole world. Certainly too much has been made of him, while, in spite of the many volumes published, we are still without four books which we most obviously need. My object in the following article has been to underline some main points and proportions that should, I think, prove useful to those who attempt to supply our remaining needs, as Mr Sampson has supplied a text of the poems. Those needs are: a complete and definitive edition of Blake's prose works; his letters, together with all contemporary testimonies about him; a collection of all his principal prints and drawings as adequately reproduced as the illustrations to the Book of Job prefaced by Mr Binyon (the selection should be made with severe regard to their æsthetic interest); the continuation of Messrs Russell and MacLagan's enterprise in printing the prophetic books; and possibly an imaginary portrait; for, when all we can know about Blake is compendiously brought together, it will probably prove more profitable to dream about him than to contemplate the bare facts. He

suggests more than he gives and better even than he was.

No man's sins are sufficient reason for not admiring his virtues. This is a fundamental perception without the practical realisation of which neither charity nor the critical spirit can subsist. The nation which metes the same punishment to men of obvious value who flagrantly trespass against its moral code as it inflicts on offenders who are as obviously without such offset, is a barbarous nation. The culture which, for similar reasons, despises some evident genius is in like manner crude and un-matured. The aim of criticism is neither to pick holes nor to laud, but to set its object in a good light and discern its proportions in their true relations to those of other objects. This is done in order to make the object fertile to contemplation; good criticism, like charity, being shy of finding fault or of giving other praise than such as may help comprehension. Charity desires the efficiency of society, criticism the efficiency of contemplation, that we may live in agreement, in one spirit—the best; that we may think of all things without confusion. These two aims embrace so much of the ideal as is not solely concerned with the isolated individual, so much of the ideal as presupposes solidarity.

Appreciations of Blake's poems are many, but, so far as I know, the best destructive criticism of them yet produced is that contributed by H. G. Hewlett to the 'Contemporary Review' for October 1876. Praise more or less unmeasured, more or less relying on the art of special pleading, is what most of the other writers who have treated this subject have contributed. There was excuse for merely praising at first, in the fact that Blake's poetry was little known and very difficult to know thoroughly. But criticism is more complete than praise; to use Blake's language, it has married Heaven to Hell by absorbing the vitality of both praise and blame.

Mr Hewlett sets Blake's poetry in a good light; yet he is not free from the desire to wound by giving the truth discovered an ugly air. He begins by defining genius, and hits upon a definition by which Blake must be excluded from all but the most trifling share of a quality that both by his contemporaries and by posterity has been constantly

coupled with his name—'Blake the mad genius.' A great critic* has said, 'Genius gives . . . the notion of felicity and perfection' in a man's work. What Arnold calls 'this divine gift of consummate felicity' may be yet further defined if we notice what a large part in our idea of felicity is taken by that of effortless power to receive or effect. This unaccountable superiority is more intimately connected with genius in men's minds than the idea of perfection itself. They do not ask whether the chief qualities of a genius were 'originality, fertility, equability, coherence, and articulateness.' They call Blake a genius in spite of his having obviously lacked some of these qualities.

Again, Mr Hewlett carefully defines originality so as to exclude, in so far as may be, the author he is criticising. It is not the recognition that 'his ideas and language are substantially underived' which gives a writer the fame of originality, but our feeling that he is eloquent by the necessity of his nature—that he is apprehended by ideas, rather than by labour and forethought has become their master. All ideas, like all language, must of necessity be derived; there is only difference in the obviousness of their derivation; but men do not enquire how apparent the derivation of the ideas of a man of genius may be. 'He has made it his own, at any rate,' they say; 'and there's an end to it.'

The line, 'Of his chamber in the East,' in 'Comus' suggested a fine felicity of expression in Blake's most perfect poem; but 'To the Muses' is none the less original. A more self-conscious poet might avoid using Shakespeare's or Milton's words, even though they occurred to him in this way, but it would not be his originality which would warn him off; far rather would it be fear that some might think he did not know the rules of the game as it is played by those who make it their pastime. Originality rarely does play the game. Generals of genius break down what have, till their day, been the rules of warfare. 'Originality makes its own rules' we say when considering those whose poetry or action was their life, not merely their occupation. The 'Poetical Sketches,' though obviously full of direct thefts from the Elizabethan poets,

* Matt. Arnold, 'Byron' ('Essays in Criticism,' second series, p. 182).

produce the effect of a very marked originality in their author, whereas we have all read poetry which contained no direct thefts but made no such impression on us. However, it is true that the number and unconsciousness of the reminiscent passages in the 'Poetical Sketches' betray a crying defect in Blake, namely, his extreme indocility in matters of common consent. Much of Blake's madness is due to his having failed or refused to learn the ABC of history, of literature, of art, of religion, of prosody.

Mr Ellis' pages on the reasons why Blake refused to correct the proof-sheets of his 'Poetical Sketches' show Blake's genius for psychological divination at its best.

'Mr Mathews showed him his first work in print. Mr Mathews had admired it ("very naturally," we hear Blake say in the silence of his own bosom). Mr Mathews had desired to have it printed' ("very proper"). He had borne half the cost ("quite so; well, even half is something"), and now just before issuing it he wanted it corrected. ("What?") . . . Mr Mathews probably did not detect the amazed contempt with which Blake received the suggestion.'

And Mr Ellis gives the true excuse for this arrogance. 'He believed his verses to be the voice of God within him,' and held that 'the worship of God is honouring His gifts in other men, each according to his genius, and loving the greatest men best. Those who envy or calumniate great men hate God, for there is no other God'—as Blake himself makes both Satan and the divided Los generalise this intuition afterwards; while, as Mr Ellis continues, 'the poorest artist on the pavement has sinned the same sin'—that is, if he has been absorbed and carried away by the act of creating.

A great deal has been made of Blake as the precursor of the revival of imaginative poetry. A lonely forerunner, a magical herald of dawn, he produces quite a thrill. Prof. Raleigh says :

'In poetry he stands outside the regular line of succession, and, as he had no disciples, so he acknowledged no masters. . . . Yet in these songs and in other unprinted poems Blake had anticipated the Romantic movement in all its phases.'

Mr Hewlett had already corrected Swinburne's extravagance on this point.

'His age was an age of poetic revival, and he did but worship at shrines newly set up by others. It was an age of active Shakespearean criticism and study of Elizabethan literature, the age of Warburton, Tyrwhitt, Birch, Farmer, Johnson, Garrick, Steevens, Warton, and Malone. The middle of the century witnessed the publication of Dodsley's "Old Plays." New editions of Beaumont and Fletcher appeared in 1750 and 1778, of Ben Jonson in 1756. Percy edited the poems of Surrey in 1763, and his "Reliques," including many of the choicest sixteenth and seventeenth century lyrics, appeared in 1765. Gray and Collins were disciples of Spenser and Milton; and avowed imitations of the former were written by Thomson and Shenstone. In 1770 Chatterton, whose influence on Blake is recognised by Mr Gilchrist, put forth his elaborate mystifications, the product of an enthusiastic imagination kindled at antique fires. Was it very extraordinary that another youth of susceptible fancy and studious habit should display similar tendencies?'

The 'Poetical Sketches' appeared in 1783. The soil had been well ploughed and the seed plentifully scattered. Was it strange that that which had fallen by the wayside, where the ground of education and culture was stony, should spring first, before Wordsworth and Coleridge shot up from the centre furrows? No words of Gray's ever expressed his judgment of the waning literary fashion so perfectly as did Blake's poem, 'To the Muses.' Far from being a lonely portent, Blake is truly to be viewed as a side-manifestation of a profound and widespread change in literary taste and interest. Again, Prof. Raleigh writes, Blake showed no acquaintance with the 'Augustan poets.' No doubt Blake did not study deeply those whom he instinctively rejected; but he, like Keats, is aware of how and why he differed from them. The song, 'When early morn walks forth in sober gray,' is strongly marked by the impress of contemporary poetical fashion; and Mr Hewlett's suggestion that Pope's 'Universal Prayer,' modified to the capacities of children, might be a pattern for such poems as 'The Divine Image' and 'On Another's Sorrow,' may commend itself to reflection.

Blake is so wonderful that it is tempting to make him a little more so; and the essayist generally yields to the temptation. It was the accidental obscurity that surrounded the issue of Blake's work which deprived him of

immediate influence on his successors as soon as his work was known; and, wherever it became known, both poetry and design told on the works of original artists as an influence, while lesser talents did their best to imitate it. If his poetry had less effect on his contemporaries than his designs, that is because it was less known. Blake was in touch with professional artists, but the only poets he came in contact with were mere dilettanti like Hayley. Had death and fate permitted Collins, Gray, or Cowper to chance on the lad who wrote the 'Poetical Sketches,' there is no reason to suppose that they would have been less impressed than were Fuseli, Flaxman, and Romney with his designs; and if, later, Wordsworth, Coleridge, or Lamb had come to know Blake personally, they would have made at least as much of him as did Lawrence, Richmond, or Linnell; while we can imagine Shelley sitting at his feet with Calvert. On men of talent not the felicities alone, but the very imperfections of his pictures and poems are calculated to exert attraction. Fuseli put it grossly when he said Blake was 'damned good to steal from.' Works of genius which have never benefited by the second heat, or that long patient process of sifting and clarifying which so often precedes it, must needs gleam with stimulating accidents for the experienced workman's eye, inspiring him with both thought and word which he can but prize the more because they first arose in another mind, and are real additions to his primary perceptions, however truly he may have made their final shape his own. Rossetti and Swinburne naturally felt grateful to Blake, whose work stimulated them to evolve new qualities even when it did not directly suggest them. They expressed that gratitude with the generosity of greatness; and thence the vogue of to-day has principally grown. Blake's lyrics have been abundantly and authoritatively praised; even Mr Hewlett admits his 'poetic power,' his 'delicacy of touch,' and 'deliciously musical' rhythm. I have only two supplementary remarks to make.

All poets and writers who have been also critics have recognised that the supreme beauty of literature lies in its movement or rhythm. Flaubert is as positive here as Swinburne, Leconte de Lisle as Arnold. A lyric should have a continuous and necessary lilt which begins with

the first word and is only completed with the last. Swinburne's praise is in the main undoubtedly sufficient; but, to give proportionate pre-eminence to this integrity of rhythm, he is perhaps over-absorbed with the more momentary bird-like trill. 'Night,' the poem he especially singles out from the 'Songs of Innocence,' though it contains the most musical lines Blake ever wrote, is not so eminent for integrity of effect as several others. The 'Introduction' and the 'Divine Image' may be mentioned as being nigh as perfect in this respect as 'To the Muses'; and in them there is also greater lucidity of expression, and no freakish confusion such as is too obvious in 'Night,' it not being evident why, in those 'new worlds,' the lion should guard 'o'er the fold.'

My second remark concerns the exquisite ear for what pedants call bad rhymes which Blake shows in the songs. To rhyme 'shade' with 'bed' or 'inns' with 'since' may produce an exquisite effect, or fail to do so, just as mere pat rhymes may be used happily or make the ear ache.

'Once a dream did weave a shade
O'er my Angel-guarded bed,'

is a charming rhyme effect;

'Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?'

is ineffective. Its movement makes a success of the 'Divine Image,' in which 'dear' is rhymed with 'care' ineffectively; 'face' with 'dress' charmingly; 'distress' with 'peace' exquisitely; while the all but pat rhyme of 'Jew' with 'too' is its sole and ugly blemish. Critics would do well to study the effect both of bad and good rhymes till they can distinguish successful rhymes of both classes from unsuccessful ones. The great fault which impairs many of Blake's lyrics is the too ready acceptance of the phrase or word which first came. When instances of this lack of choicefulness occur thickly they result in doggerel and gibberish, such as are the rule, not the exception, in his 'Epigrams.'

Setting aside a small number of stanzas and lines, the 'Poetical Sketches' and 'Songs of Innocence and Experience' contain all of Blake's poetry which should be called beautiful. What remains is in movement and diction

neither simple nor sensuous, and, if impassioned, lacks that ease and grace that passion sometimes gives; only as it provokes thought and arouses curiosity can it claim effectiveness. Surveying the earlier work, one notes that it is largely preoccupied with poetical commonplaces; there is little new observation, few subtleties of sentiment; yet all is fresh, ardent, naïve, and not infrequently felicitous. The influence of Blake's peculiar religious apprehensions has already been felt; and henceforth the burden of dark meaning will increasingly overstrain syntax and rhythm. 'Thel' has been made much of because it is less horrid; yet is it not insipid? Passages about the awakening of birds and flowers are relished in 'Milton,' which elsewhere would appear hackneyed in theme and less magical in effect.

It may help us to discover the literary value of Blake's prophetic writings, to enumerate those of their main characteristics which criticism would seem to have established, and such as are obvious the moment they are set beside received classics.

1. They were intended to present Christianity afresh; or, as Matthew Arnold would have phrased it, 'to renew the intuition that righteousness is not an observance of rules, but a well-head of mutual forbearance and effort springing up to spiritual reunion within us.'

2. The Christianity presented is orthodox in its main outline: the Fall, the insufficiency of the law (righteous observance) as a means of salvation, the sufficiency of spiritual union in Jesus to redeem, and the final establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven by his means.

3. It was 'advanced,' like the 'higher criticism,' in the sense that it presented this orthodox substance, not merely as an historical fact, but mainly as a symbolical description of the inner life, for Blake the only real life.

4. It was eccentric in that it identified Jesus with the imagination, in that it added a vast structure of heterogeneous elements to the traditional myth, and in the literalness with which it accepted the suggestion that the apparent universe was a veil and could be put off as a garment that by every man would finally be laid aside.

5. It was efficacious in effect on Blake's character

and life because the psychology inherent in it was borne out by experience, in the same sense as that of the churches is ; while the myth which expressed it equally gave enhanced importance to the events and sentiments of individual lives, by showing them as parts of a grandiose whole.

6. Its psychology was apparently more complex than any that is usually associated with the traditional myth, and in this respect better corresponded to the infinitely complex conception of the material universe, which has been gaining on the European mind since Descartes.

7. The myth which embodies this psychology is confused and ugly because its personifications of tendencies and forces are not complete enough, and are never entirely freed from their roots in abstraction. They are continually undergoing metamorphoses, and are always distinct from their actual appearance. No kind of tolerable plasticity or comeliness could be or is maintained for more than a short passage with this ungainly machinery. Besides, the habits of these tremendous persons are extremely few and mostly gross ; they are without the finer shades, and, like their emotions, are bewilderingly common to a whole group of names. One can but deplore that reality as revealed by vision is neither so varied, so highly organised, nor so beautiful as the material universe that deludes the senses.

8. It is obvious that the writer of these books was becoming less and less observant in regard to this unworthy 'contraction of spirit perceived by the five senses' ; and so his stock of images steadily perished, losing in fineness and vividness as the finer shades of all that in youth he had been so eagerly enchanted by wore out in his vision-laboured mind.

9. The language he employs becomes more and more monotonous and exasperating, since all æsthetic control over it is abandoned, even when he does not write subconsciously at the dictation of visions endowed with only part of the faculties of their amanuensis. Tedious repetitions of every kind abound, while the natural malapropism of a self-educated mind leads to peculiar efficacy being attached to just those words the writer does not quite understand, such as 'redound' or 'chartered.'

It is obvious that, if these are main characteristics

of the prophetic books, as I think they incontrovertibly are, they must be very poor literature. With so absolute a trust in vision, it is not likely that they can hold, in respect to great poetry, a relation more favourable than that which the Book of Ezekiel or the Apocalypse bears to the Book of Job. Even compared with Ezekiel's, Blake's prophecies stand at a very sorry disadvantage, having neither so simple a message, so significant a relation to history, nor so intelligible an aim as the establishment of an ideal theocracy. The elder prophet's visions are not subject to violent metamorphoses; nor can it be claimed that any of Blake's is so acceptable as that of the valley of dry bones, or presents so elaborate and imposing a cumulative effect as that of the four living creatures, combined, as it magnificently is in Ezekiel's last chapters, with the completion of the holy city. And, of course, in the matter of style, 'Milton,' 'Vala,' and 'Jerusalem' are not to be compared with the vision of the seer on the banks of Chebar as it stands in our Authorised Version of the Bible.

On the other hand, Blake, having apprehended with marvellous integrity certain of Jesus' most exquisite intuitions, at which popular Christianity has always boggled, a far richer harvest may be gleaned from his prophetic writings than from those of Ezekiel in phrases vividly expressing an exquisite religious sense.

'If God dieth not for Man and giveth not himself eternally for Man, Man could not exist, for Man is Love as God is Love; every kindness to another is a little Death in the Divine Image, nor can Man exist but by Brotherhood.'

I have not space to quote more generously, but this idea, in Blake's own view, and in that of any Christian, must necessarily be the most central. It is a mercy that this, like all Blake's ideas that have been understood, is expressed in plain terms, as well as, presumably, in code. Let me suggest what seems to me to have been the main drift of Blake's myth, before passing on to consider the fatal effects on his mental habit of trust in vision and misuse of language.

As flowing water in a pipe might suppose that the conduit's shape was proper to itself, so the love which is man is led to conceive his individuality. Deluded by

the coils he is passing through, his action is contorted by them. He sins when the pipe kinks; he acts rightly when it is straight. To forgive his sins we must separate him in our thoughts from the state he traverses. To be our true selves, we must not be self-complacent when our life runs straight, nor suffer shame and abasement, which are effects of the same selfishness that caused our complacency, when our life is contorted and wicked. Such would seem to have been Blake's doctrine of states. Now the flowing water was imagination (just as its dynamic was love) confined in the body of this death (or mortal life), subject to mechanical laws. By cultivating imagination to the point of vision the pipe disappeared; selfhood was transcended; and life became a current in a sea, a thought in the mind of God.

A strange passage of 'Milton' seems to hint that, after two other of the Elohim had failed to die in order to redeem Satan (whose self-division from them had created their selfhoods), Jehovah covered himself with the material universe as with a leprosy (perhaps by creating sinless but ignorant Eden); 'then the body of death was perfected in hypocrite holiness.' Nature, a most formidable 'tetter, barked about' the Lamb (i.e. the symbol of divine self-sacrifice); and in this act Jehovah 'died as a reprobate; he was punished as a transgressor'; for his own love and initiative made him the tempter and liberator in ignorant Eden. The Creation was the act of mercy whereby he took upon him the consequences of Satan's sin (law, judgment, and condemnation), as Jesus died for man's sins.

We who are not visionaries have our witless being in the body of Jehovah's death, until, having consented that Jesus should annihilate our selfhood, we escape. In Blake's last poem, which was published as an antiphonal response the year after the appearance of Lord Byron's 'Cain,' the divine Jehovah, the spirit of love, the symbol for whose inner life (as for that of Jesus) is the Lamb, says to Satan, 'Such is my will that thou thyself go to Eternal Death in self-annihilation, even till Satan, self-subdued, put off Satan into the bottomless abyss whose torment arises for ever'; and then a chorus of angels informs us how the inner life of the Elohim, among whom both Satan and Jehovah are numbered, consented

to the covenant of forgiveness of sins, and took their original stations in the divine firmament, fixed by peace, brotherhood, and love, in the mind of God. Not men, nor yet those 'fallen fiends of heavenly birth,' but the states through which both passed—the first in what they call matter, the second in imagination—are consumed in the eternal fire. The whole myth is like a nest of boxes; each has the same four selfhoods, Zoas, or sides; each has a bottom and a lid—i.e. a power of self-assertion and of self-abdication. The larger boxes enclose the actors of the orthodox myth, as children imagine limit beyond limit in trying to picture space; smaller ones are souls' histories—not alone of men, for the tiniest are those of ant, caterpillar, etc.; nay, even in pebble or grain of sand the same drama may be repeated by the same actors under different names. Each contained all; for Blake saw men in stones and weeds, men who were imaginations, and (save for sense-delusions) each one the equivalent of God—that is, each one capable of loving and understanding all.

But this is divination. No reasonable man will feel convinced that Blake's prophetic writings have been understood until he is shown a full paraphrase of them which he can understand. In the meantime there may be less impertinence than appears, in advancing considerations why we should not hope ever so to understand them. The most overwhelming is that, though a man possessed by great themes insecurely grasped may write confusedly, no man not mad, having definite and important ideas to convey, would have wrapped them up so impenetrably. This reflection brings those who entertain it great advantage; by it they become defenders of Blake's sanity. They, and not those devoted scribes who labour to discover the immaculate order of his system of ideas, should be fired by a conscious generosity. Though less quixotic, are they not as chivalrous? For, as Prof. Raleigh says, 'What can be intelligibly deciphered can be intelligibly expressed, so that it needs no deciphering'; and, we add, must have been much better so expressed.

When Blake bids the artist or poet cultivate imagination to the point of vision, one doubts whether Homer or Michael Angelo or Shakespeare would have given

the same advice; it seems a little odd among æsthetic maxims, and I was glad to find a parallel to it.

'N'assimilez pas la vision intérieure de l'artiste à celle de l'homme vraiment halluciné. Je connais parfaitement les deux états; il y a un abîme entre eux. Dans l'hallucination proprement dite, il y a toujours terreur; vous sentez que votre personnalité vous échappe; on croit que l'on va mourir. Dans la vision poétique, au contraire, il y a joie, c'est quelque chose qui entre en vous. Il n'en est pas moins vrai qu'on ne sait plus où l'on est. . . . Souvent cette vision se fait lentement, pièce à pièce, comme les diverses parties d'un décor que l'on pose; mais souvent aussi elle est subite, fugace comme les hallucinations hypnogogiques. Quelque chose vous passe devant les yeux; c'est alors qu'il faut se jeter dessus avidement.'

Thus Flaubert wrote to Taine, apparently in answer to direct questions. This parallel to Blake's visionary habit exemplifies an exactly similar relation between it and the cultivation of imagination. The differences between the two cases are particularly instructive. Flaubert was at vast pains to acquire a stock of precise information about objects, persons, places, and periods with which his work was concerned; though we are to understand that he often wrote his actual descriptions from visions for which his mind had been thus prepared. What preparation had Blake's mind? Mr Hewlett has answered that question:* the passage is too long to quote. It was in every way opposite to Flaubert's, whose 'Tentation de S. Antoine' was 'couronnée' by the Protestant Faculty of Theology at the University of Strassburg because of the great erudition it revealed.† The estimate of received

* 'Contemporary Review,' October 1876, pp. 774-84.

† Blake read much, but understood only about half he read. No one can picture Blake's mind who does not realise how every passage which baffled his immediate comprehension was supposed by him to be transcript from a visionary revelation (see the legend of his colour print 'Pity,' and his account of his picture after Gray's 'Bard'). An amusing instance of his ineffectual reading is reported by Crabb Robinson (Gilchrist, p. 362). He said Milton had come to him in vision and begged him to correct the false doctrine promulgated in 'Paradise Lost' 'that sexual intercourse arose out of the Fall.' The famous passage (Bk iv, l. 740) actually illustrates the opposite opinion. But both Blake and the visionary Milton had forgotten or failed to grasp this fact. What mental deterioration awaits a great poet when he is forced to visit such ill-trained minds to supply them with reality and save them from the illusion of matter-of-fact knowledge!

conclusions formed by both authors is surprisingly similar ; for both, the exercise of reason and imagination in what they called art and science was followed with a loyalty as admirable as it is rare. But, whereas the Frenchman is convinced that more knowledge, method, and logic will enable him to correct vulgar errors, the Englishman supposes them to be the logical outcome of experience, and turns his back on both in order to hug visions which he did not recognise as a mental distillation from that experience by means of logic very ill-trained and quite uncontrolled. His unfortunate faith in vision rendered him incapable of applying tests to the strange conglomerations that formed themselves in his mind. He had to accept them whether he could interpret them or not ; and it was only after heroically struggling with their significance for years that he came to the obvious conclusion that visions, like the world of sense, may deceive at times. Imagination cultivated to the point of vision, if of great service to an artist, needs supplying with trustworthy material and controlling by a free critical reference to logic and æsthetic judgment ; for, like any other human faculty, it must be disciplined and not worshipped blindly. Experiment is as necessary to the visionary as to Sir Joshua Reynolds if valid results are to be obtained. However, we must not suppose that the whole advantage lies with the Frenchman, since his pessimistic tone, with its ever-recurring depression, does not seem enviable, whereas the Englishman's optimistic temper and the invigorating atmosphere of his piety do. Blake's self-discipline was religious, not intellectual ; but, in its way, it was perhaps as thorough as Flaubert's.

It may be that mysticism must always lead to a licentious use of language ; while mystical licenses, like poetical, may sometimes justify themselves by bringing within range of expression conceptions that otherwise lie beyond it. Though we cannot measure the necessary bondage of thought to speech, I ask all Blake's hopeful editors, Is it really conceivable that thoughts should be clear in a mind that could choose to express them in words so far wrested from their common use or in such a code of symbols as Blake's ?* I think it is greatly to the

* It is useless for Mr Ellis to bid us learn the code and become familiar with it, as with a foreign language, so as to enjoy it. It is not a foreign

credit of his sanity that a nucleus of ideas was consolidated in his mind, in spite of the untrustworthy nature of the mental recreation which he wrongly supposed to be the best; and I think it proves that his character was very much more constructive than his mind.

Blake's prose is always vivid and stimulating. 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell' is his most successful prophecy. Though some of it is dark, there are frequent illuminations. Complacency, reason, and obedience are Heaven; energy, impulse, and initiative are Hell. Both angels and devils accept the orthodox myth, but mean quite different persons by 'Jehovah,' 'Jesus,' 'Satan.' Blake reconciles them by his doctrine of states, for each of these persons is a state with a spirit travestied within it. The coming of the Holy Ghost (or desire to reason) is the marriage of Heaven and Hell. Every conversion should be such a marriage. Mr Swinburne and Mr Hewlett seem to have misunderstood Blake's ideas in regard to sex and liberty, because they neglected to notice when he was speaking in character, when in person. The whole trend of his thought travelled in a direction opposite to that of the outspoken daughter of Albion. His conviction was that only those are free in love who have annihilated the natural man. Prayer was the means by which the imagination was set free to soar.

We may think of his conception of the material universe (or rather the universe of contradictory moods or states of which matter was a partial and temporary condensation) as a sponge soaked in God, from which imagination is the divine evaporation to a state of liberty; and, when the sponge is dry, it will be like an ardent cinder for ever devouring itself by mechanical change in the abyss. The mental forms will continue to succeed one another, but there will be no God suffering within; Satan will have put off Satan. Mr Ellis suggests that, in the quaint myth of the closing of the Western Gate, Blake expressed his reluctant acquiescence in the fell necessity of modest speech (transgressed by his Daughter of Albion), rather

language; it is nothing so beautiful, so vast, so approved. It has not quickened in, grown in, and mastered millions of minds. It is a crude and barbarous novelty; it is one man's bastard, stained and soiled throughout by insensitive incongruities, and its every fault is a crime against our own most beautiful tongue; it is a code in English.

as a socialist might be forced in Timbuctoo to accept the services of a slave. He said, 'The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom,' as Jesus said, 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much.' Again, 'Improvement makes straight roads, but crooked roads without improvement are roads of Genius.' Even Mr Ellis supposes this proverb to be nonsense; but, taken with the words of Agur (Prov. xxx, 18, 19) in naïve admiration of inexplicable ways of 'going,' and with Leonardo's 'The straight line is that of the greatest resistance,' it expresses a profound sense; for God's ways are not our ways. Blake could conceive of only one door into perfection, love's consent to the good shepherd who follows the lost sheep and turns his back on the ninety and nine just persons. Sensual passion is annihilated by intellectual passion; controlled by fear 'it breeds pestilence.'

The occasion of all Blake's wrestling with vision was his perception that the human spirit has dared to condemn nature, and has determined that it is better to die than to maintain the struggle for life at the cost of making part and parcel with an inhumane mechanism. This fact neither philosophy nor science can explain; it is for the pious God, for to it the soul cries 'Abba Father.' There it stands, above all that intelligence has constructed, as a cathedral dominates some modern manufacturing town in enigmatic solitude, clothed with ineffable tracery of beautiful deed, hope, and affection, by those who raised it, not for their own, but for love's sake.

It might be supposed that final blessedness was for Blake the emptiest Nirvana; and so perhaps it logically should have been. But, sympathetically considered, we have been assured that Nirvana is for the Buddhist saint an abounding state and not a mere void; and, for Blake, the nonentities that preoccupy our senses were a clumsy travesty of the visions that live and commune intellectually in the sweet, golden clime of peace, brotherhood, and love. He held that 'Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well,' so abominably do they imitate the glorious humanity which is in truth such stuff as the most virginal dreams are made of. Therefore his art's pleasure was to outdo nature and present human bodies 'more happy, happy' far in an earlier intimate Eden,

where not the sensual eye and not the sensual ear, but the spirit, is flattered by visions more endeared, comforting neither shade nor tone. Something like this has often been the aim of art; and many artists have achieved it better than Blake, though none conceived it more passionately; for, alas, the pains of death gat hold upon him and too often constrained him to show us those fallen spirits who contrived our clumsy world at the expense of that divine.

Blake was entirely deluded about the historical development of art, and therefore misinterpreted the origin and needs of his own gift. Stylistic characters were for him faithful copies after spiritual objects seen in vision. He considered that Michael Angelo had gazed on men nine, twelve, or fifteen heads high; and, when he grouped them together so that it was very difficult to make out what they were doing or why they were moved, it was because he in trance had watched them behaving so. He thought the long straight lines of Gothic sculpture and the simplified forms dictated by the difficulty of overcoming stone with chisels and fitting statues to pillars were the faithful rendering of spiritual realities. And all the stylistic characters which he adopted from ancient tombs, old prints, or even from his contemporaries, had been seen by him in vision, and proved that those other artists had viewed the same things in the same way. Thus we see that he was fundamentally in the dark as to the nature of his own art, as to its relations to other art, and as to its limitations and their relation to the materials and implements employed. Had he been consequent in these ideas, he would have seen that Rubens' women or Titian's children were as necessarily copied from vision, since in their work the stylistic developments from natural forms are quite as marked. But Blake was not observant enough to make such a reflection. He objected to the temper of Rubens and Titian as not sufficiently strenuous and exalted; they were for him obviously content with urbane characters; their women belong to the satisfied classes, who are not pilgrims but leaseholders in respect to material conditions. To contemplate such pictures results in a higher value being set on good living, not in a longing for rustic simplicity.

Blake confesses that 'the spirit of Titian was particu-

larly active in raising doubts concerning the possibility of executing without a model.* At such times 'memories of nature and of pictures of various schools possess his mind instead of appropriate execution.' We who perceive that his mind was equally possessed by memories when it was most self-satisfied can explain his experience better. The stylistic character with which Titian tempted him could not be used at once like those which he had unconsciously got by heart through constant copying when young. Probably he may have seen a picture by Titian, since engravings would not have yielded even such imperfect knowledge as he possessed of Raphael and Michael Angelo. His very limited stock of mannerisms failed before this new revelation; he had to rack his memory, and wanted to explore the correspondences which he intuitively felt must exist between Titian's stylistic developments and natural forms. But he tells us he had 'the courage to suffer poverty and disgrace' rather than enrich his mind by quitting the narrow circle of his acquired habits docilely to learn of yet another great master. He had taken up with the spirit-world, and easily believed that his senses deceived even when they delighted him. Still, he was no consistent Puritan. Mr Binyon too heavily underlines Blake's affinity to Michael Angelo, who, as he says, 'created his visions of beauty, pity, power, and terror through the sole instrument of the human body.' The Englishman's preferences were not so exclusive; certain motives of landscape and idyllic life had always an equal power over him; and in his treatment of these he is really more akin to the Venetian than to the Florentine. He did not love the solidity of the nude in nature as did Michael Angelo.

What he found in the great Florentine's art was a stylistic treatment of the human body in harmony with august and religious emotion—just what he found in Gothic draperies and peaceful poses. Between the two the whole reach of his art is provided with a language of outline; and, if any other element was added, it was something from the conventional art of his own time—high-waisted damsels floating from their toe-tips in a gush of sentimental ravishment, like wind-flowers. He

* Gilchrist, p. 522.

had no idea that all these characters had been slowly evolved from the study of nature and humoured into harmony with moods that were equally a conquest over the world. He had no objection to detail or homely incident; he objected only to the use which the Dutch painters habitually made of them. Had it been granted to him to see the use made of them by Puvis de Chavannes, he would certainly have been enchanted. His pupils Calvert and Palmer were doubtless encouraged by him to make a similar if less perfect use of such motives. In the illustrations to the Book of Job and the Eclogues of Virgil—nay, even here and there in the borders of 'Milton' and 'Jerusalem'—we find a treatment of such themes really worthy of comparison with that of the great French painter-poet.

Never having connected the stylistic characters which he borrowed from great artists, with their study of their predecessors supplemented by that of Nature, nor the origin of these characters with the limitations of the materials and implements employed, he could not prevent their growing in his own work more and more exaggerated and hence feebler and feebler. His theory of inspiration left him at the mercy of every inane impulse or freak which arose in an exceptionally mobile imagination. Reynolds was the only man he met who could have understood his difficulties and have helped him to overcome them; but his impatience and bigotry prevented him from profiting by that noble and patient experience. His education as an artist rigorously limited his means of expression, while he was debarred from adding to these formulas, as most great artists do, by his dogmatic dread of the influence of memory and nature. The slow process of evolving out of the wilderness of natural suggestions articulate items capable of working together for a definite pictorial effect was unknown to him, for both superstition and impatience prevented his discovering it, though he was continually prompted thereto by his native gift and the needs it created.

Added to this endless difficulty, which was always tripping up Blake's feet whenever he might have made an advance in his art, was a superhuman power of self-delusion. He tells us in an often quoted passage, 'I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would

question a window concerning a sight'—a very foolish negligence indeed if the window happened to be dirty or have bubbles in it. "What!" it will be questioned, "when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire somewhat like a guinea?" "Oh! no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!'" With the same lovable perversity he appears never to have seen his own works, but always, in their stead, a vision flattering their creator. Compare his own description of the colouring and finish of the items in his catalogue with that of Crabb Robinson, or with the works themselves, and one is immediately convinced of this happy self-delusion of the artist, which would seem to have proved contagious in one or two of his admirers. He asserts that 'precision,' 'clear colours,' and 'determinate lineaments' are the qualities aimed at—and, one can but conclude from his tone of confidence, attained—in such works as 'The Bard,' 'Pitt,' and 'The Canterbury Pilgrims.' As a matter of fact, the colour is not clear; and 'precision and determinate lineaments' are the last qualities attributable to at least two of those strange pictures. Even the 'Canterbury Pilgrims' of his 'rival' the contemned Stothard, however vulgar and vapid, is at least clearer in colour and nearer to its original appearance than Blake's dull and ineffective, if weightier and more pregnant picture. Yet he tells us 'All frescoes are as high finished as miniatures or enamels; they are known to be unchangeable.' To this capacity for self-delusion must be attributed the incredible carelessness of a great number of his works, which come within no measurable distance of the standards set by the rest.

But, if this artist is thus self-imposed and stunted, on the other hand he is, at his worst as at his best, entirely free from the superstitions and confusions that frustrate the more part of his fellows. There is no tendency to regard accidental nature as a fetish, or to confuse the idea of beauty with that of truth or the aim of science with that of art. He is always direct and sincere; if the result is not beautiful, that is merely because the impatient creator neglected to sort and select, or to balance and complete, and contented himself with hasty work, or the deadly smoothness of elaborated mechanical processes which have been dreamed over. Instinctively conscious of

the limitations of his material, he is sometimes careless in employing them; and he always has an intention, if often that intention is crude or silly. His line work is sometimes direct and bold as that on a Greek vase; but, instead of the fund of observation which the best vase-painters added to their limited and conventional means of expression, he is for ever making snapshots at sublime effects, attained, through very much more elaborate processes, by masters patient of the necessarily slow evolution of beauty. His recollections came to him like visions, spurring his hand, already impatient to a fault. At his best, he goes as straight to his point as a caricaturist, and is then unsurpassed for accent and power of suggestion.

Blake knew little about the anatomy of horses; yet he has been strangely fortunate in treating them. Mr Ellis, who is sadly pedantic as a critic, finds the horses in the 'Canterbury Pilgrims' in need of apology. But all artists and designers will, in this dull over-laboured production, be delighted first with these horses. 'Wherever did Blake get them from?' we cry.* The artist tells us lies about equine anatomy perhaps, but he never pretended to tell the truth on that subject; what he was full of was the grandiose aspect, the proud stepping, the superb holding of the head, the sculpturesque stability and 'washable' simplicity of their forms. Two of them are fine inventions in picture language, and could be used decoratively in a thousand ways, because they speak so simply and so well about equine impressiveness. Between them and those on the Parthenon frieze there are both the difference and the affinity that exist between Giotto and Michael Angelo. One could imagine a good and interesting artist who, having once invented them, would have used them his life through; nay, a school of designers that would have repeated them for centuries. But Blake does not; he has created others as fine and quite different; those with the stormy manes in what is, I think, his grandest creation, 'Elijah in the Chariot of Fire'; that, finest of

* Mr Russell tells me that they are undoubtedly derived from an engraving on which Blake may have worked. Its title runs: 'The Procession of King Edward VI from the Tower of London to Westminster, Feb. xix, MDXLVII, previous to his coronation. Engraved from a coeval painting at Cowdray in Sussex, the Seat of Lord Viscount Montague, by James Basire.'

all, with the griffin-like head in the 'Rider of the Pale Horse'; those crouching low on the earth, almost invisible, in 'The Bard'; and last, though not least, the sightless couriers of the winds in the 'Pity.' All these have the grand directness of the greatest art, though they have not its completeness.

Blake apprehended that the obsolete tempera and fresco would yield greater beauties than the oil medium, the consummate use of which was still extant in his day. He set to work to rediscover these lapsed media, from insufficient enquiries leaping to insecure results. His two finest frescoes are 'The Bard,' from Gray, and 'Pitt guiding Behemoth.' Both are unusually delightful to the eye; we think of the most decadent Tintorets or El Grecos as we gaze at their gleaming topsyturvydom. There is something grand about them that suggests how Blake might have evolved a technique with Venetian affinities, resembling that of G. F. Watts, whose 'Curse of Cain' in the Diploma Gallery is in every respect such a monumental picture as would have satisfied Blake's innate aspirations fully. Perhaps the most enchanting of his drawings is 'The Wise and Foolish Virgins,' of which Lawrence ordered a replica. 'It was Sir Thomas' favourite drawing,' and 'he commonly kept it on his table in his studio, as a study'—'which is high praise when we remember that Lawrence's collection of drawings by the old masters was one of the finest that has ever been brought together.* But, when Mr Binyon says, "'The River of Life" is surely one of the loveliest water-colours that have been made in England,' he speaks of the artist's intention, not of the actual work on the actual paper, the composition suggested never having been really found. This drawing, and even more 'The Entombment,' and 'Job confessing his presumption to God,' make one think how, more fortunately situated, Blake might have become to Fra Angelico something of what Puvis de Chavannes became to Piero dei Franceschi.

Pity it is that Mr Russell should adopt the old stale mistake about the fatal effects of a journey to Italy. It is because Blake is a real art force that he would certainly

* 'The Letters, etc.,' introd. by Russell, p. xxi.

have benefited—not, like Barry and Fuseli, been rendered impossible for ever—by gazing up at the Sistine ceiling or wandering through the cells at San Marco. Among the works in his invented process of colour printing, the most usually admired is 'Elohim creating Adam'; but perhaps 'Elijah in the Fiery Chariot' will in the end be preferred. An excellent account of the production of these strange works is supplied by Mr Russell to the new edition of Gilchrist, though the editor has forgotten to mention in his preface to whom he was indebted for it.

The much-vaunted minute detail in some of these prints is entirely thrown away, because it is out of scale with the design as a whole, and out of harmony with its generalised character. It is evidence of the way in which Blake was often hypnotised by his own work; for, clearly, the character of these plants that grow like sea-anemones over the hills and valleys of his visionary world, was suggested by the peculiar forms that the sticky oil paint assumed upon the paper when the millboard was torn from it. They had nothing to do with the design as originally conceived; but Blake's attention is caught by this strange surface, and he follows its suggestions, obviously elaborating fantastic forms of vegetable growth, helping to explicitness the hints it gave, like a child tracing faces among the glowing coals of a hollow fire. In the much later water-colours for 'Dante' we find him drawing these same growths from recollection as an inherent part of the design—an absurdly minute scale being no longer imposed by the broken surface left by the sticky millboard. In the same way he had no doubt been hypnotised by the colours in his paint-box or on his palette when he painted the tiger green.

Among the most splendid of Blake's separate works is the relief-etching of the 'Ancient of Days striking the First Circle of the Earth,' in the copy coloured by hand for Tatham. His books were printed by this same process, revealed to him in a dream by his brother's spirit. Presumably the possibilities of some such invention had been discussed between the brothers before the younger's death. These books are great rarities, especially copies worth having; they are therefore often overestimated. A few pages reveal an instinctive sense of decorative propriety; the more part is curious rather than beautiful.

It was a fresh study of old engravings and other works of art, to which he was roused by the sympathy and encouragement of younger artists like Linnell, Palmer, and Calvert, which caused the great improvement in Blake's illustrations to the Book of Job. This work must really count among the finest ever produced in England; the designs for 'Dante,' begun later, are of much inferior promise, being less coherent and less central in conception.

Folk who complain of Blake's bad or incorrect drawing usually do not understand what they are talking about; for such censure is as relevant as complaints of the incorrectnesses of Japanese paintings, or those of a Gothic statue, in the same respects. It is not fidelity to natural fact that is wanting to Blake, but sensitiveness as to what forms are cheap and empty, what fully developed and refined. He did not pretend to copy nature, but visions; unfortunately he neglected to insure that these visions were always the best he was capable of receiving; and sometimes, in his impatience, he treated them more cavalierly than even the shoddiest deserved. We shall not be brought nearer to his art by tracing all his borrowings to their sources, as Mr Hewlett elaborately tried to do. It is always very difficult not to deceive one's self in such enquiries; and the characteristics on which so impulsive and inobservant a nature seizes are sure to be essentially common to a whole group or period. Besides, 'nothing comes of nothing'; the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael would provide as long a list of correspondences with those of their forerunners, were the records as complete, though no doubt in their case the correspondences would be less accidental.

'As is the case with each of us, Blake's philosophy was the offspring of a union between his education and his personal peculiarities.' So Mr Ellis tells us; and here he hits the truth, not about Blake's philosophy alone, but all his work, all his failure. His education was wretched; and his genius makes its inadequacy horribly obtrusive. His personal peculiarities would have made it difficult for him to profit by a good education; he was too impatient to feel the force of ignorance, while the intuitive power of his mind made it easy for him to despise received con-

clusions. Blake's enemy was the confidence of a mind that has never surveyed the world it presumes to judge, and judges most things by standards not applicable to them. His madness is that of ignorance, with the best intentions, trying to work machinery it does not understand.

Like those citizens at the time of the French Revolution who, by making monstrous mistakes, revealed to the world that they had not received preparation as a governing class, Blake reveals that he had not received or been able to achieve the culture necessary for the adequate treatment of themes which he rightly perceived to be the proper ones for great poetry. He alone felt the need, and answered it to the best of his ability; though his effort was abortive, it is honourable. The main result of all his spiritual warfare was determined by the assumptions of popular Christianity, which he had imbibed in childhood before he could think for himself. These he never doubted, though he did reinterpret them. The question of his sanity will be reduced to this question: Have not many of the greatest intellects done less to conquer their faults of temper and sensuality than did this man to conquer his ignorance? Is not his victory, with its industry supported without weariness, its poverty free from all envy, its violent temper subdued almost entirely to peace and forgiveness, its disappointed ambition accepted finally without rancour or despair, its lifelong preference for the things of the spirit to those of this world, for being to seeming and having—is this not of the very essence of sanity? Is it not holiness? Could we have hoped for a judgment from Voltaire on a man like Blake, comparable to that vision reported by Crabb Robinson in which Voltaire said to Blake, 'I blasphemed the Son of Man, and it shall be forgiven me; but my enemies blasphemed the Holy Ghost in me, and it shall not be forgiven them.'

He perceived that the recreative power in art and religion was identical—an idea with which the most modern thinkers are preoccupied to-day. It is tempting to say that Blake wrote and thought about things that in another hundred years it may be easy to express clearly. Yet I cannot reject the atavistic explanation as absurd; children and savages see visions and confuse them with reality. Mr Ellis takes for granted that the

glories of early art and early poetry are the greatest; and that, as Blake recalls their beauties, his works are to be ranked with those. Yet much of his drawing has affinities with the fashion-plate, and his poetry with the tendencies of extreme decadents. There may have been periods when a nation's mind had need of men like Blake; when, under Druid oaks, the reverent colleges of elect souls would have listened in the moonlight to his admired dreams. The ideal is always partly located in the past, partly in the future; the Father and the Son of Man are divine. We lose while we gain. Blake may have been born too late; he may have been born too early. I prefer to think that nothing essential divided him from the men with whom he lived; that he was no belated antediluvian, nor yet 'fallen all before his time on this sad world,' but that accidental circumstances prevented his full effectiveness. The improvement shown in the style of the 'Ghost of Abel' may have been due to the influence of Lord Byron's poetry. Can we not imagine his having felt, when reading that or Wordsworth's, how ill-fitted were his own books, true and vital as their burden was, for publication in this world? Are not his words to Crabb Robinson an arch and gentle confession of this? 'I shall print no more. When I am commanded by the spirits, then I write; and, the moment I have written, I see the words fly about the room in all directions. It is then published. The spirits can read, and my MS. is of no further use.'

Every young and, in consequence, half-educated man of pregnant parts has been through a similar experience. Things written and thought with the eccentricity natural to ignorance he has come across done adequately by fully equipped minds, and perhaps been convinced that some tasks once lightly undertaken were not for him, for he could never acquire the scholarship, breadth of experience, or dexterity required. Yet they truly had been revelations to him, and some may receive them even now best from him; besides, it often happens that the more fully equipped prophets have only half the message or have mingled it with errors. Blake did not talk like that about his designs; he was surrounded by young and ardent admirers of them, and had no need to fall back on a merely spiritual publicity. The illustrations to Job and the 'Ancient of Days striking the First Circle,' done for

Tatham, are his most consummate achievements, as they are his latest. His artistic education, though poor, had not been so hopeless as his intellectual preparation for understanding and being understood in this world. Gazing on his picture of 'Cain Fleeing from the Face of his Parents by the Grave of Abel,' in that distracted figure he came to see, not, as he had intended, the murderer, but the spiritual form of the murdered in agony demanding vengeance.* A murder was an accident of no consequence, a material event; vengeance, the living influence of the dead man on his living friends, was big with evil import and strong to perpetuate war against the forgiveness of sins.

'In Hell all is self-righteousness. There is no such thing there as the Forgiveness of Sin.' 'Forgiveness of sin is only at the judgment-seat of Jesus the Saviour, where the accuser is cast out, not because he sins, but because he torments the just (the self-righteous) and makes them do what he condemns as sin, and what he knows is opposite to their own identity.' 'Men are admitted into Heaven, not because they have curbed and governed their passions or have no passions, but because they have cultivated their understandings.' 'The fool shall not enter into Heaven, let him be ever so holy.' (MS. Book; Ellis, p. 325.)

These interpretations are beautifully apt to prick the bubbles of popular religion which the rich blow for the poor and the clever for the stupid, that they may amuse them. Intelligence is an essential part of the ideal; and Blake is right in declaring that holiness is not holy enough without it. Some day the records of this beautiful old man's life will become, we may hope, a national food; and children will at school learn how he died singing 'songs of joy and triumph.'

'He sang loudly and with true ecstatic energy, and seemed so happy that he had finished his course, . . . and that he was shortly to arrive at the goal to receive the prize of his high calling. . . . Such was the entertainment of the last hour of his life. His bursts of gladness made the room peal again,' and then 'his spirit departed like the sighing of a gentle breeze.'

T. STURGE MOORE.

* See the 'Ghost of Abel.'

Art. III.—THE ENGLISH BOROUGH.

1. *Records of the Borough of Leicester*. Edited by Mary Bateson. Three vols. Cambridge: University Press, 1899–1905.
 2. *Cambridge Gild Records, 1298–1389*. Edited by Mary Bateson. Cambridge: University Press, 1903.
 3. *Mediaeval England, 1066–1350*. By Mary Bateson. ('Story of the Nations' Series.) London: Unwin, 1903.
 4. *Borough Customs*. Edited for the Selden Society by Mary Bateson. Two vols. London: Quaritch, 1904–6.
 5. *The Laws of Breteuil. The Creation of Boroughs. A London Municipal Collection of the Reign of John*. By Mary Bateson. 'English Historical Review,' vols xv, xvi, xvii. London: Longmans, 1900–2.
- And other works.

THE untimely death of Miss Mary Bateson (Nov. 30, 1906) is a loss to be deplored not only in Cambridge, but by all students of the Middle Age. She was a true scholar; and her abilities, in themselves of a high order, were the more valuable to historical science because consistently applied to task-work of a kind which is less fashionable than it should be in our universities. That Miss Bateson could generalise felicitously, that she had the knack of presenting ascertained results in a popular form, that she was the reverse of indifferent to the broader issues and tendencies of history, is proved by the admirable sketch of mediæval England which she wrote, not long ago, for the 'Story of the Nations' series. But, by preference, she played the part of a pioneer; and her best work was done as an editor of new materials or as an interpreter of documents which, although in print before her time, had never received their due meed of attention. Inferior no doubt to Maitland in analytic subtlety, and in that rare gift of scientific imagination which sees the most familiar facts from a new angle and finds a law in the midst of seeming chaos, she possessed in equal measure with her master the faculty of apprehending at a glance how new materials bore upon old theories. Even in the field of municipal institutions, which she had made peculiarly her own, her usual method was to follow up a clue which a precursor had suggested. But she seldom left a hypo-

thesis exactly where she had found it. Her negative criticism could be on occasion trenchant; and, if she concurred in the main conclusion, she was tolerably certain to add some necessary qualifications or to develop some unexpected consequences.

To a certain extent she suffered from the variety of her interests. Her mind teemed with so many questions and suggestions that she sometimes passed from point to point with bewildering rapidity, and rarely brought herself to pursue one line of investigation at a time. Each theory which interested her was examined afresh in the light of each new document. The reader feels that she is working towards the solution of several doubts at once. But this defect of method was partly due to the nature of the *Vorstudien* which her subject made inevitable. She was obliged to collect and to sift the most miscellaneous materials; it was impossible that she should confine herself to documents of one particular class or period. In the unsurveyed wilderness of our municipal records the pioneer must take the evidence as it comes to hand, and turn over many heaps of rubbish to find the ore for which he seeks. Nor was the necessary discursiveness of Miss Bateson's studies entirely without compensating advantages. She was saved by it from the common error of dividing history into watertight compartments. When more immediately occupied with 'live law in the making,' she was all the while on the watch for the restrictive influence of tradition; and her interest in origins was similarly tempered with the conviction, which she derived from her legal studies, that the principle of life and development is always present in society, is continually modifying the form and the purpose of inherited institutions. It was this combination of antiquarian with sociological interests which gave special value to her criticism of current historical theories. In the end she devoted her attention rather to the period of borough history for which the evidence is abundant, than to those earlier times in which the problem is to co-ordinate a small number of disconnected indications. But her wide knowledge of borough-customs as they stood in the later Middle Ages enabled her, on more than one occasion, to meet a theory of origins with a pointed challenge to explain some 'survival' of contrary import. Her con-

tribution to the history of English boroughs can therefore only be estimated by surveying their history from the beginning to the end of the Middle Age.

Every stage in the development of English towns is enveloped in a haze of controversy. It is only natural that the unprofessional reader of history should be wearied by the unceasing war of rival hypotheses, and should question the value of investigation in a field where so much must necessarily remain obscure. But these disputes are not without their bearing upon modern life. The historian of the present day is interested in the beginnings of city-life because the society in which he lives is essentially urban. If, from the map of England, a reformer more drastic than Lycurgus or Solon should erase the great industrial and commercial towns, what would be left? Such a reform would mean much more than a decrease of wealth and population. It would reduce England to a state of economic anarchy. Little would remain but agricultural districts without markets, holiday resorts without visitors, and country-houses without tenants. The county-town and the market-town would die of inanition. So effectually has commerce been grafted on the stock of English agriculture that the country, and the centres in which the business of the country is transacted, are now the poor relations and dependants of the manufacturing or trading centre.

Indirectly, through the extension of the suffrage, this economic revolution has been recognised in the working constitution of the United Kingdom. Our national policy is now largely dictated by the great towns. But in the sphere of local government the traditions of an older order hold their own. Here the open country is still treated as an independent equal of the urban centre. The county has a capital; but the capital does not rule the county. The highest privilege which any borough can receive is that of being treated as a separate county. The normal unit in the scheme of local government is thus a rural unit. The town is an anomaly, a privileged district—medieval lawyers would call it a *soc* or liberty—which has been carved out from the province of the ordinary local authorities. In fact, the ideas of a bygone agricultural society have been riveted upon the living body of industrialism

Ideas of the same character confront us if we turn to investigate the modern conception of a borough. The terms employed are new; but the thought expressed is medieval. It is altogether in the medieval manner that our law should evade explicit definition and rest content with distinguishing three kinds of 'urbanity,' three grades of burghal privilege. Perhaps the test of population, by which the three grades are differentiated, has a modern look. But the practical result is not unlike that which followed when medieval boroughs haggled for privileges with the exchequer of a Plantagenet ruler. It was then, as it is now, the biggest towns which obtained the handsomest immunities. And, if we press the modern legislator for his working definition of a borough, we arrive at nothing more precise than the suggestion that a borough is somehow connected with industry and commerce. This may not be the oldest definition of a borough; but it is very old. The borough of Domesday Book may often be much more than a privileged market-town; but this is the only definition which will fit all Anglo-Norman boroughs. And the name of burgess, at the same period, was significantly applied to privileged traders who were either connected with no borough in particular, or at best had but the right of frequenting some borough-market which lay at a considerable distance from their permanent abode.

There remains therefore a tincture of medievalism in our twentieth-century conception of the borough. Seventy years ago the spirit of the past was even more conspicuous in this most progressive of local communities. At that time we were haunted not only by medieval definitions, but also by anomalous exceptions dating from an older time, from an age when lawyers had not learned to generalise. The Boundary Commissioners stated, in their Report of 1837, that large tracts of meadow, arable, and forest lay within the jurisdiction of some ancient boroughs. These were not always cases of communities which had degenerated from a commercial to an agricultural character. In some of these hybrid boroughs the urban nucleus had never been more prosperous than in 1837; yet beyond their outermost suburbs lay hundreds of acres which had always been ruled and rated by the burgesses. The Commissioners had no hesitation in

stigmatising this state of things as an abuse. It was but equitable, they said, 'to relieve from municipal burdens those who cannot participate in all municipal advantages.' They did not suspect that in this judgment, which seemed so obvious to their contemporaries, they were lending the weight of their authority to a revolutionary conception of the borough. From the point of view which they represented, the main privilege of the burgess was to pay for an exceptionally luxurious form of local government; and they could not conceive a community of interests between the urban *enceinte* and the rural *banlieue*. They assumed that the townsman had no stake in the country, and the rustic no close connexion with the town. Yet these were new doctrines; and the anomaly which they condemned was deeply rooted in the traditions of the past.

The freedom of a medieval borough meant privileges which even a non-resident might be glad to purchase by submitting to taxation. It did not mean that the free-man abandoned all interest in the arable which lay outside the walls. The sharp antithesis between commerce and agriculture is the refinement of a commercial age. The burgess of the later Middle Age was more of a trader than a farmer. But the history of Cambridge, as we have learned from Maitland, shows that a mayor or bailiff might still be cultivating acres in the common fields as late as the reign of Edward I, and that even under the Tudors the right of grazing beasts on the common pastures might be a burning question in town politics. Can it be that every town is based upon a township, a village community? that in the remote past every substantial town-house has been a farm-house, every burgess 'a good husband'?

'Summa rusticitas,' said Maitland, is the pervading trait of borough life in medieval England. Perhaps he overstated his point. Cambridge, which he selects as a type, seemed to Erasmus abnormally and unpardonably rural. Certainly we must go far back in history if we are to find boroughs that look to pasturage and ploughlands for subsistence. A careful student of Domesday has concluded that, even in 1086, the burgesses who may be reasonably supposed to have depended on their rural holdings for a livelihood were 'a minority of householders

in a minority of boroughs.'* At Leicester, from an early date, the *banlieue* was loosely connected with the town, and the population of the *banlieue* showed signs of a desire to 'subtract themselves' from the jurisdiction of the portmoot. In this respect the case of Leicester represents the normal condition of affairs. The average burgess might hold a few acres in the common fields and graze a few beasts in the common pastures. But the prosperity of the borough depended, at least from Norman times, on the market, on the craftsmen who worked for country customers, on the influx of suitors and doomsmen who came periodically to attend a public court. The line of demarcation between town and country was sharper in law than in fact; economically the town shaded into the country, and rural manors were linked by the ties of custom and privilege to trading centres. It would, however, be difficult to prove that the town had ever subsisted on the *banlieue*. Rather, we must look for the origin of this union, which appears so unnatural from the first moment when we meet it in the records, to the policy of some not too farsighted legislator.

Such, indeed, was the theory to which Maitland had already committed himself before he delivered his lectures on 'Township and Borough.' Those lectures seem like a palinode, a return to the views of Von Maurer and Stubbs, who treated the borough as a more strictly organised form of the village community. Yet Maitland intimates that, in recognising the rustic basis of the borough, he does not abandon his theory of artificial creation, at all events as an explanation which will fit many cases. The fact is that the boroughs which he singled out as particularly rustic were also those to which the theory of artificial creation would most naturally apply. Bedford and Derby, Nottingham and Leicester and Cambridge, were all military boroughs in the Danelaw. They were agricultural because they were primarily founded for strategic rather than commercial purposes. The townships on which they were founded did not 'grow' into towns, but had that character forcibly imposed upon them. The *banlieue* was probably made wider than the township, both that it might include the lands tilled by the first

* Ballard, 'The Domesday Boroughs,' p. 61.

burgesses, and also that the neighbouring population might be more immediately interested in the defence of the stronghold.

This theory of artificial origin can undoubtedly be extended beyond the area of the Midlands, to which Maitland applied it; and it helps to explain some widely-diffused anomalies which perplex us in a later age, when the borough is professedly a commercial centre and nothing more. But the suggestion of 'artificiality' was linked by Maitland, rather capriciously, with another theory of a more detailed kind which he derived from a German source. He believed that the duty of repairing and manning the borough was often thrown upon the thanes of the shire, who discharged their duty by keeping armed retainers permanently quartered in the borough. Traces of such an arrangement have been detected in the Domesday accounts of Oxford, Wallingford, and Nottingham, and in the thirteenth-century arrangements for the defence of Malmesbury.* But the argument mainly rests on two more general facts—that in every shire-borough it was usual for every great landowner of the shire to keep at least one house, which was regarded as appurtenant to some one of his manors; and that the same landowners had burgesses in the borough. To Miss Bateson belongs the merit of suggesting an alternative hypothesis, at once simpler and more in accordance with the facts. She objected to the 'garrison theory' on two grounds—first because immemorial custom threw the burden of defending the borough upon all free men of the shire; secondly, because the manors to which the burgesses were appurtenant sometimes lay in another shire. She pointed out that town-houses and burgesses were commodities which every landowner would naturally covet in an age when all law-courts met in some borough, and all trade of any moment was restricted to the privileged borough-market. She asserted in effect the paramount importance in borough history of its position as a commercial and administrative centre. Without destroying the theory of military policy as accounting for a

* Ballard, 'The Domesday Boroughs,' pp. 31 ff. The Malmesbury evidence is differently interpreted by Miss Bateson ('Eng. Hist. Review,' vol. xxi, p. 713).

certain proportion of boroughs, she greatly reduced the influence of military arrangements upon borough life.*

Nothing was further from Maitland's intention than to bring all boroughs under a single hypothesis, to account in one way for the origin of all; his 'garrison theory' suffered undue depreciation through the indiscreet zeal of his disciple, Mr Ballard, who has applied it to many dubious cases.† The connecting link between primitive boroughs is not so much the manner of their origin as the type to which they gradually conform. How variously boroughs might originate has been shown by several contributors to the 'Victoria County Histories.' Prof. Haverfield, while rejecting the suggestion that any of our towns have enjoyed a continuous existence since Roman times, rather confirms the suggestion that the early English settlers were normally attracted to found their *wicks* or *ceastra* on the sites of those unprivileged market-towns in which Roman Britain abounded. Dr Reichel has pointed out the existence, in Devonshire, of an older and a newer set of boroughs, the first founded for military defence, the second on waterways which were serviceable for trade. Mr Lapsley, the historian of Durham, has traced to five different causes the five boroughs of which the palatinate could boast in 1183; accounting for Durham by the cathedral, for Norham by the castle, for Wearmouth by the seaport, for Darlington by the high-road, for Gateshead by the proximity of Newcastle.‡ Pending the completion of such local studies it would be rash to dogmatise. But, so far as they have gone, they appear to support Miss Bateson in her insistence upon the economic aspect of the borough. Trade alone, we are led to suspect, could give a borough great and permanent prosperity. The existence of the merely administrative or military borough was precarious and obscure. It may not, however, be amiss to recapitulate the reasons which our evidence affords for thinking that, in the early stages of borough

* 'Eng. Hist. Review,' vol. xx, p. 145.

† Mr Ballard has generalised too hastily from one or two instances; his guiding principle, 'ex uno disce omnes,' is radically false when applied to the investigation of origins.

‡ 'Victoria County Histories': 'Devonshire,' vol. i, p. 397; 'Durham,' vol. i, p. 308.

development, economic forces were continually assisted or retarded by State interference.

The earliest English towns, those which Bede mentions in his history, are few in number. In Latin they are called *civitates* or *castella*, in English *ceastra*; it is evident that to the early settlers the fortifications were the essential characteristic of a town. The rude coinage of the sixth and seventh centuries does not suggest that trade, whether foreign or domestic, played a great part in tribal life. In later days each borough, however small, was entitled to a mint; but at this time the privilege of a separate coinage seems to have been enjoyed by London alone. London, as we know from Bede, was already a mart for many nations when Augustine's missionaries entered it. But the ordinary *ceaster*—Canterbury, Lincoln, York, or Winchester—was primarily a fortress and a place of refuge, maintained by the labour of all freemen who owed obedience to it; secondly, an administrative centre, where the king or his *wic-gerefa* resided and did justice; only in the third place a market where sales might be transacted before a lawful witness. Whether the town-market enjoyed from the first a local monopoly may be doubted. The oldest West-Saxon laws recognise the merchant who trades 'up on land' among the townships of the country-side. But the protection afforded by the king's special peace, and the obvious advantage to buyers and sellers of a fixed meeting-place, would naturally draw some trade to the least favourably situated *ceaster*. And the situation was rarely a bad one for merchants. The English settlers provided for the future better than they knew when they planted their tribal strongholds on the sites of Celto-Roman market-towns. They benefited by the experience of a merchant class which had vanished at their coming or even earlier.

When we leave behind us the age of Bede we find that the ancient *ceaster* figures less prominently in the annals than the humbler and more modern 'burh.' Some of these, like Badbury in Dorset, are merely earthworks maintained against emergencies. Others, such as the burh at Merton, in which King Cynewulf was treacherously slain, are private residences fortified with palisades and gates. The most numerous and important are royal demesne-vills, which have been converted into 'works'

or fastnesses for the protection of the surrounding country. Some of these depend for importance upon their strategic position beside a haven or a ford, athwart a road, or at the mouth of a defile; but some are also administrative centres upon which large districts are dependent. Thus the vills of Wilton and Somerton give names to their respective shires. Somerset is *Summur-tunensis paga*, Wiltshire is *Wiltunensis paga* or Wiltunscir. Alfred and his son Edward the Elder created or restored such boroughs by the dozen, compelling all freemen to aid in the maintenance of the works, and quartering royal thanes in each fortress as a garrison. The curious list known as the Burghal Hidage, which was compiled shortly after Alfred's death, enumerates no less than thirty burhs, most of which lie south of Thames. They form a fairly complete chain of defences, protecting all the most vulnerable parts of Wessex and the newly acquired province of Western Mercia. The Chronicle gives us a further list of about twenty midland boroughs which were fortified by Edward the Elder and his sister, the heroic Lady of the Mercians.

The exigencies of war and government have therefore played an important part in the history of English boroughs. It must not be supposed that the foundations of the West-Saxon kings were uniformly successful, or that they account for every borough which emerges on the scene of history before 1066. Many of the southern citadels decayed and disappeared when the Danish peril was averted. Burpham and Porchester, Watchet and Lyng, Pilton and Halwell no longer rank as boroughs by the date of Domesday Book. On the other hand, the mint-marks of the tenth century attest the growth of boroughs which owe everything to trade. Langport and Totnes, Dover and Winchelsea, Greenwich and Reading, St Edmundsbury, Ipswich, and Norwich are good examples of this class. Trade comes in at every point in borough history to confirm or cancel the work of the general and the legislator.

It is in the Midlands that the royal borough-builders achieved the most durable success. Here they can claim the credit for almost every existing county town. The destructive work of the Danes helped these midland boroughs in the struggle for existence by destroying

older centres which might have entered into competition; and in such cases as that of Nottingham it happened that the strategic site was also suitable for commerce. But, when the need for a camp of refuge became less pressing, many of these boroughs must have found the struggle for existence difficult. The fact that they survived until the surrounding country was well populated, and until peace had fostered a trade sufficient for their support, may be explained by the protective legislation of the West-Saxon dynasty. Privileges were heaped upon the boroughs; and, though privilege could not give new life to remote strongholds in rude and poverty-stricken districts, it tided the more fortunately situated over a period of transition.

In these artificial boroughs there is, as we have already remarked, a rustic element; and we may suspect that in their earliest form they were legally indistinguishable from the villages out of which they sprang. Not until we reach the tenth century is there any hint of a distinction between burh-right and land-right, the custom of the walled town and that of the open country. In ordinary parlance there is no clear distinction between a borough and a township; in law the 'burh' and the 'tune' are equally protected by the house-peace of the owner. When Athelstan orders the reeves of his burhs to give the Church her tithes of cattle and of produce, he is obviously thinking of townships on the royal demesne. From Edgar's time the burh is characterised by the possession of a court which ranks beside the shire and hundred. But there is reason to doubt whether this public character attached to the court which a normal *wic*- or *port-gerefa* held in earlier times. More probably he dispensed a rude manorial justice in the same fashion as his colleague who administered a rustic vill. The tract entitled 'Gerefa' describes the duties of a reeve in a burh which is but a block of cottages and farm buildings enclosed by a ring fence. Such an official is expected to know the law and to administer it among the tenants of his lord. For the urban burh in its original form no more elaborate court was needed. Only when royal injunctions or grants of privilege brought in new settlers, of a higher status and less immediately connected with the organisation of the township, would it be necessary

to exalt the status of the port-reeve and to put his court upon a level with the hundred.

It is a broken light which the laws of the tenth century throw upon the constitution of the burh. But the advantages which the burh offers as a place of residence are obvious. Like the church and the king's palace, it is a sanctuary which protects against the avenger of blood, and in some measure against the lawful hue and cry. It offers special security to life and limb and property. The burh-peace given in the burh-court is worth six times that of the wapentake; it is all one if a crime is committed in a borough or in the king's own presence. The burgesses are exempt from suit and service at any hundred-court outside the walls; they live under a special law; and they hold their houses by a privileged tenure. They are free of the burh-market, whereas the outsider pays toll to the king. The original monopoly of their market is gradually curtailed. Athelstan permits articles of small value (less than 20*d.*) to be bought and sold elsewhere; Edgar allows any sales to take place before lawful witnesses in the hundred court. But the burh-market, though not without competitors, retains pre-eminence; and in it all burgesses are on a special footing of privilege. Finally, the laws imply that every borough stands at the head of an administrative area, and that every shire-moot is holden in some borough; these sessions of the local parliament bring visitors and custom of no small value twice a year.

The latter privilege, of which traces survive to the present day, was highly valued by the burgesses, but it did much to retard the growth of that municipal self-government which might naturally be expected to result from growing wealth and population. Clearly the boroughs which are separately described in Domesday Book had freed themselves to some extent from the control of the sheriff and the shire-moot. By 1086 the port-reeve does not only supervise the market and preside in the borough-moot, he is also responsible for the military defences, and he collects a part of the renders which are due to the Crown. But in the majority of cases the sheriff still farms the borough from the Crown, and collects, in person or by deputy, most of the miscellaneous dues which the individual burgess owes to king or earl.

The burgess-body has few opportunities of collective action. Now and again it negotiates with the sheriff to compound at a fixed rate for the sum total of royal dues ; or, as we see in the '*Judicia Civitatis Lundoniæ*,' the burh-moot may pass bylaws of some moment. But the visits of the sheriff and shire-moot are disturbing influences which militate against the growth of corporate feeling. In any case a great effort was required to counteract the solvent effects of tenure ; while every burgess held of the king or some other lord, he could hardly think of himself as primarily a member of a free *communitas*. A long time was to elapse before the borough could be represented as the lord both of the houses within the walls and of the common fields without. But the connexion with the shire-moot made still more difficult a change of ideas which in any case was difficult enough.

We might expect that in the boroughs of the Danelaw the traditions of the free Danish period, when every borough was a city-state, would accelerate the growth of a corporate consciousness and suggest modes of corporate action. But it is the Danish borough of Cambridge which Maitland used as a typical instance to show the late emergence of the corporate idea. So again at Leicester, where Danish terms and forms of legal process persisted for centuries, no trace of a municipal corporation can be detected before the year 1250 ; and the common seal, the clearest mark of corporateness, is first mentioned in 1277. Yet Leicester, which from early Norman times was in the hands of a private lord, had exceptional opportunities of buying or seizing independence. No better instance could be found to prove that, for the further development of town-life, something more was needed than the removal of restraints. New legal ideas were needed ; and besides these a more constant habit of cooperative action, a greater readiness to leave large powers in the hands of representative officials.

The juristic idea of a corporation has been admirably analysed by Maitland, and he has given the first scientific account of its growth on English soil, showing in particular the steps by which the canon lawyer's conception of the *universitas* was adapted to facts of borough-life. But, when the borough is apprehended as a corporation,

there still remains the problem of creating a government to administer the corporate interests. And, although in some cases a governing body was created *uno actu*, it often seemed simpler to make use of existing officials, courts, and councils which had been formed in the past to perform special duties and had proved their fitness for greater responsibilities. Hence the importance of the 'Gilds-merchant' in the history of municipal institutions.

These associations, though unknown in England before the Norman Conquest, and certainly of foreign origin, thrived and multiplied on English soil with astonishing rapidity until, by the end of the twelfth century, London was perhaps the only town of importance in which production and distribution were not controlled by a chartered body of monopolists. The truth is that, although the purpose for which they existed was new, the form and constitution of these 'gilds' had long been familiar to the Englishman. They were constructed on the same model as those religious and convivial fraternities which were continually springing up in English boroughs from the eleventh to the sixteenth century. The fundamental similarity of structure is sometimes concealed by the fondness of the gilds-merchant for foreign names and titles. But in both kinds of gild the essential feature of the constitution is a council composed of one or more presidents and a few assessors, who jointly control the common affairs and supervise whatever subordinate officials the special circumstances may require. It is possible that this type of government was originally suggested by the Church; the religious gilds were founded under episcopal authority, and spontaneous imitation would scarcely explain the ubiquitous appearance of a common type. But, however formed, the type was popular enough to win the approval of the gilds-merchant; and thus within most boroughs there came into existence an association held together by the most powerful of economic motives and endowed with a well-tried and well-understood form of government. It is little wonder that the gild-merchant soon became a formative and educative force in borough life.

The process by which, and the degree in which, the gild-merchant acquired the right of representing the burgess-body have been the subjects of much controversy.

But the researches of Dr Gross and Miss Bateson appear to supply the materials for an answer. It is true that the documents show a marked difference between the composition of the gild-merchant and that of the burgess-body. The gild may include 'foreigners' and residents who do not rank as burgesses; on the other hand, the burgess, though eligible by hereditary right, may fail to obtain membership of the gild, since he is required to pay a substantial entrance-fee and to find sureties. None the less the gild-merchant is a franchise belonging to the burgess-body. They have bought from the Crown the right of founding a gild and determining its composition. If some of them are ultimately excluded from the gild, or if non-burgesses are admitted to it, this is the effect of bylaws which the burgesses themselves have made. When King John granted a gild-merchant to Ipswich, the chief magistrates of the town fixed the constitution of the gild; the borough-moot elected the gild-officers, voted them a revenue, and ordained an annual audit of the gild accounts.* Here the dependence of the gild upon the community is unmistakable. What then was more natural than that the community should throw duties and burdens upon the body which they themselves had created for the protection of their privileges?

The difference in the composition of the gild and the borough-moot is not so serious as to prevent the ordinary burgess from feeling confidence in the gild authorities, or the ordinary gild-brother from taking it as a matter of course that the gild should advance money to the town and even undertake the expense of public works. So again, if the procedure of the gild's 'morning-speech' seems more expeditious or rational than that of the borough-moot, there is a general willingness to stretch the jurisdiction of the gild and make it the arbiter in every kind of civil suit in which gild-brethren are concerned. The chances of a conflict between gild and community are reduced to a minimum when, as commonly happens, a borough which has received the right of electing a mayor or bailiff makes this magistrate the *ex-officio* president of the gild. When the mayor is doing justice with burgesses as his assessors, it seems idle to

* Gross, 'The Gild Merchant,' vol. ii, pp. 115 ff.

enquire whether the court is held for the gild or for the borough. If he has tallage to collect, it is only natural that he should advance the sum-total from the gild purse and use the gild officials as his agents in collecting individual quotas. Now and then a distinction must be drawn between the town and gild, when 'foreign' gild-brethren are numerous, or when it is a question of exercising a regality which has been granted to the borough-moot and may be forfeited if exercised by any other body; but such occasions are rare. There is no danger that the gild will tyrannise over the town. The probabilities are the other way—that the town may exploit the gild to the detriment of 'foreign' and non-burgess members.

It has already been mentioned that in London history the gild-merchant makes no appearance. It is true that we possess a thirteenth-century charter which grants to a Florentine merchant, among other privileges of London citizenship, the right of being in the gild-merchant. But this may be treated as a mere mistake on the part of a chancery clerk who was using common forms without reflection.* The historian of London, if he desires to trace the origin of the civic magistracies, must concentrate his attention on the facts which are known about the 'commune' of London under Stephen, Richard I, and John. First mentioned in the year 1141, this association collapsed under Henry II, who even curtailed the modest privileges which his grandfather had bestowed upon the city. But in 1191, during Richard's absence on crusade, Prince John gave his formal sanction to the 'commune'; and the citizens elected a mayor. How much of their new constitution was approved by Richard is a mystery. But the office of mayor remained in existence after his return; and in 1215 John permitted the citizens to elect this officer annually for the future. This was the sum of our information on the question until Mr Round produced a document of 1193 which mentions, in addition to the mayor, the existence of *échevins* and *probi homines* to whom obedience is due from the citizens; and another of 1205-6 relating to a body called the Twenty-four, who are entrusted with judicial duties. Mr Round, who had

* 'Eng. Hist. Review,' vol. xviii, p. 315.

already detected foreign influence in the peculiar federal constitution of the Cinque Ports, conjectured that the new London evidence pointed to a constitution resembling that of Rouen; for in the Norman capital were also to be found *échevins* and *probi homines*, twenty-four in number, and judging in the court of the commune. The suggestion, at once ingenious and plausible, seemed fatal to the older theory that English town-life had developed independently of continental models.*

A new light was, however, thrown upon the evidence when Miss Bateson reviewed the whole collection of documents from which Mr Round had drawn his evidence (Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 14252). She showed that this collection, made by a Londoner between 1206 and 1216, threw a flood of light upon the institutions of the city in these the darkest years of its development. The contemporary customs which the author cites seem to reveal a distinctively English constitution. They suggest that the *échevins* and the Twenty-four were the same officials under different names, in fact the twenty-four aldermen of the city wards. They show us a folk-moot summoned by the great bell of St Paul's, and a husting-court in which the suitors sit, according to immemorial Teutonic custom, on four benches within a railed space, and in which the aldermen act as judgment-finders. Evidently the early attempts to found a commune had not resulted in the importation of French usages and forms of government. London, thanks to Miss Bateson's careful study of the documents, became, if not altogether a normal case of burghal development, at all events much less exotic than it had seemed in the light of Mr Round's hypothesis.

While thus destroying a suggested link between Norman and English town-life, she established another of almost equal interest by her researches into the history of the seignorial boroughs which the Anglo-Norman lords of the Welsh Marches and Ireland created so profusely. Le Prevost suggested that the '*leges Britolii*,' mentioned in many charters of these boroughs, were not derived, as had been supposed, from Bristol, but from the Norman *bourg* of Breteuil. Miss Bateson followed up this clue. She showed that William Fitz-Osbern, the castellan

* Round, '*The Commune of London*,' pp. 219 ff.

of Breteuil, granted to Hereford the privileges which Breteuil had received shortly before 1066, and that his example had been widely followed by the Marchers. Then, by a comparison of the derivative customals, she proceeded to reconstruct the privileges of Breteuil. In details her conclusions were not unimpeachable, but the main result was of far-reaching significance. She showed conclusively that these seignorial boroughs were in the nature of a commercial speculation; that the design of the founders was to people them with traders; and that, while privileges were heaped upon the individual burgess, the right of self-government was sedulously withheld from the community. In boroughs of the Breteuil pattern the law of the borough-court was adapted to the needs of a commercial community; and the borough reeve was prevented from interfering with the burgesses in the pursuit of their avocation as traders. But the reeve was appointed by the lord of the borough; and the interests of the lord centred round the market-tolls and the proceeds of the borough court. Incidentally the comparison of customs showed that the foreign model counted for comparatively little in the history of the derivative boroughs. A few main principles of the parent charter were retained, but local circumstances and custom produced essential modifications.

Here, as elsewhere, Miss Bateson found good reason for insisting upon the paramount importance of economic forces and national tradition. The more obvious the influence of personal ideas and foreign examples, the more striking the resistance offered to them by the permanent needs and tendencies of the communities to which they were applied. In the last resort she returned again and again to the conception of a community as a living organism which, however much it may be modified by environment, is never the mere resultant of the forces that converge upon it, but assimilates new principles, and in assimilating transforms them. It is a matter for deep regret that one who had so firmly grasped the essential characteristics of the social organism was denied the opportunity of illustrating them through a constructive account of that particular institution on which she had concentrated her researches.

H. W. C. DAVIS.

Art. IV.—DR JOHNSON'S 'LIVES OF THE POETS.'

1. *Lives of the English Poets.* By Samuel Johnson, LL.D. Edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. Three vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1905.
2. *Lives of the most Eminent English Poets, with critical observations on their works.* By Samuel Johnson. Edited, with notes corrective and explanatory, by Peter Cunningham, F.S.A. Three vols. London: Murray, 1854.
3. *The Six Chief Lives from 'Johnson's Lives of the Poets.'* Edited, with a preface, by Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan, 1878.
4. *Johnson's Lives of the Poets.* Edited, with notes, by Mrs Alexander Napier, and an introduction by J. W. Hales. Three vols. London: Bell, 1890.
5. *Johnson's Lives of the Poets.* With notes and introduction by Arthur Waugh. Six vols. London: Kegan Paul, 1896.
6. *The Lives of the most Eminent English Poets.* By Samuel Johnson. Three vols. 'English Classics,' edited by W. E. Henley. London: Methuen, 1896.
7. *Johnsonian Miscellanies.* Arranged and edited by G. Birkbeck Hill. Two vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1897.

EXACTLY a hundred and twenty-six years have passed since Johnson gave the 'Lives of the Poets' in its completed form to the world. It was the most popular of his writings in his own generation, and it has been the most popular of his writings ever since. In spite of all that has intervened since its first appearance, the transformation of the poetry and criticism characteristic of the eighteenth century into the poetry and criticism characteristic of the nineteenth, the indifference with which most of the poets who are the subjects of its critiques are regarded by modern readers, the inevitable dissatisfaction with the aims, the principles, the methods of the older school of criticism, induced by familiarity with those of the schools succeeding it—in spite of all this, it is probable that no decade has passed without new impressions being called for; and that the work still retains its vitality and attractiveness is sufficiently shown by the

title-pages transcribed at the head of this article. It requires no great sagacity to foresee that whatever, and however serious, may be the defects of a work which has stood such a test as this, its permanency is secured; for better or for worse it is classical.

And serious indeed are its defects. Some, originating as they do from mere carelessness and inadvertence, are easily remedied by what annotation can supply, and are of comparatively little moment; others, to borrow an expression from Milton, 'springing from causes in Nature unremoveable,' are of much graver import and have been as disastrous to Johnson's critical reputation among those who know as they have been mischievous generally. He appears, like Aristotle, to have been abnormally deficient in imagination, in fancy, in all that is implied in æsthetic sensibility and sympathy. Other defects again may be referred to the fact that his standards and touchstones of taste and expression were derived solely from the Latin classics, and from those writers both in England and France who most nearly resembled them; and when, therefore, he was confronted with any work the measure and significance of which could not be estimated by such criteria, he acquitted himself as he acquitted himself in judging of 'Lycidas' and of Gray's 'Pindarics.' But the most serious, and certainly the most offensive, of these defects are to be attributed mainly to faults of temper and faults of age—to prejudice, to arrogance, and to that obstinate indifference to everything but preconceived impressions so common when the mind retains its vigour but loses its plasticity.

All this must be conceded, and it is well that it should be emphasised. The many do not discriminate; with them a classic is a classic, and authority is authority; and deplorable indeed it is when what is erroneous and misleading proceeds from the same source, and has the same currency assured to it, as that which is sound. Bacon observes of studies that they teach not their own use; the same may be said of such a work as Johnson's 'Lives.' With its slips and errors uncorrected, and read without guidance, no unfitter book could be placed in any reader's hands; properly edited, and with a proper commentary, no book more serviceable. When Matthew Arnold, directing attention to the critical interest and

educational value of the 'Lives,' prepared for students and general readers a selection containing, among others the lives of Milton and Gray, but refrained from any commentary on the critiques of these poets, the boon he conferred was a very questionable one. Nor can it be said that any of the editions cited at the head of this article supplies what is required.

The first editor of the 'Lives,' in the proper sense of the term, was Peter Cunningham. He pointed out and corrected several errors of fact, indicated and supplied many omissions due to the haste with which Johnson worked, or to the lack of information not in his time accessible, and with laudable industry gathered together a great mass of illustrative material, anecdotal, historical, and critical. He also prefixed an interesting introduction. Of the editions which intervened between the appearance of Cunningham's and that of Dr Birkbeck Hill, the best was that of Mrs Napier, with an introduction by Prof. Hales; but it added little of importance to what Cunningham had supplied.

All these editions, however, were superseded, for they were absorbed and supplemented by the elaborate work undertaken and brought to the point of completion by Dr Birkbeck Hill, and recently published in three sumptuous volumes by the Clarendon Press. Dr Hill, who unhappily died before his work had undergone its final revision, brought to his task the same qualities which enabled him to produce his monumental edition of Boswell's 'Johnson'—an acquaintance with Johnson, his contemporaries and his surroundings, never, perhaps, equalled; unwearied industry in research, directed by a conscientiousness, a very passion for accuracy, and thoroughness so intense and so scrupulous that it became almost morbid. All this, combined with his idolatrous reverence for his hero, made him an ideal editor of Boswell, and of the 'Johnsoniana,' for his business there was simply with facts and with the elucidation or illustration of them. But something more than this was required in editing such a work as the 'Lives of the Poets'; and that something more it was neither Dr Hill's desire nor intention to supply. We may regret the absence of any critical prolegomena and critical commentary, but Dr Hill must be judged, not by what he

has not done, but by what he has done; and in the way of elucidation he has done much.

A word of hearty praise—and it is a tribute we gladly pay—is due to Mr Spencer Scott for the carefulness and competence with which he has fulfilled the pious duty of preparing and seeing these volumes through the press.

The history of Johnson's work is not only interesting but explains many of its characteristics. In the spring of 1777 the Martins, a well known firm of publishers at Edinburgh, announced a collection of the works of British poets, the first of the kind which had ever been undertaken; but, on the appearance of the opening volumes of the series, every one was disappointed, type and paper alike being of inferior quality, and the texts most inaccurate. It was then the custom of some thirty of the chief London booksellers and publishers to dine together every month at the Shakespeare Tavern in Fleet Street. On one of these occasions the conversation turned on the project of the Martins and the very unsatisfactory way in which it was being carried out. It struck some of them that what had failed in Scotland might, under better management, succeed in England; and it was resolved to make the experiment. Other publishers were consulted; and finally upwards of forty firms combined in the scheme. As popularity had to be studied, the poets chosen for inclusion in the collection were not to be earlier than Milton. No pains were to be spared to make the series acceptable and attractive to general readers. The best engravers were to be employed for the execution of the portraits; and Dr Johnson was to be invited to contribute short biographical and critical prefaces.

Accordingly, on Easter eve, 1777, three of the leading London publishers, Davies, Strahan, and Cadell waited on Johnson and asked him if he would undertake what they required; he was to name his own terms. He at once consented to their proposal, and suggested two hundred guineas as the fee. As men of business, they must have been amazed at his moderation. Had he, says Malone, asked a thousand or even fifteen hundred guineas they would no doubt readily have given it. Such indeed was the value of his name that they would certainly have been gainers had they closed with him on terms even higher than these. The truth probably

is that Johnson was impatient to bring the business to an end and to get rid of the deputation, for it had interrupted him at an unseasonable time. Easter he always observed very scrupulously; and it was in the midst of his preparations for it that the old man had been approached. The deputation, gratefully expressing their thanks, withdrew, having concluded, perhaps, the best bargain ever made by the trade.

It is quite possible that Johnson may, for reasons of his own, have deliberately refrained from asking a larger fee; and certainly at this stage of the business his moderation is more explicable than it became afterwards. His indolence had long been growing upon him. Since the publication of his Shakespeare he had done practically nothing, and he was most unwilling to apply himself to anything involving trouble. Amusement, not labour, was what he probably anticipated when he acceded to the request made to him, for all that had been asked and all that he engaged to do was to prefix to the works of each poet a brief preface—in his own words, ‘an Advertisement like those which we find in the French Miscellanies, containing a few dates and a general character. He had no further responsibility; he neither chose the poets who were included in the collection nor had he any concern with the recension of their texts or with annotation. And he was careful that this should be known. He was indeed most indignant when the volumes of the collection were labelled ‘Johnson’s Poets.’ ‘How,’ he angrily wrote, ‘are they “Johnson’s” when Johnson neither recommended nor revised them?’

However contracted the scope of his original design it was very soon enlarged. The work once begun, he warmed to it; and it was with something like enthusiasm that he proceeded. Nor is this surprising. Though he was in his sixty-ninth year, his mind was in its fullest vigour. His amazing memory had its teeming stores at instantaneous command. He had studied men and life with as much curiosity and interest as he had studied books. He was the first critic and, in pure literature, the first writer of his time. As a poet he was the most distinguished living disciple of the eighteenth-century school, and he had produced one poem of superlative merit. He could therefore, in sitting in judgment on the

poets reviewed by him, speak with an authority to which few critics could pretend. Where such qualifications and powers as these are combined in a fortunate possessor, it is scarcely in the nature of things that they should not assert themselves. Men are seldom slow to do what they know they can do better than others. Ambition was never at any time a strong passion in Johnson, and, at the stage of life at which he had now arrived, was probably dead. But what ambition could not prompt, a higher motive urged; and 'an honest desire of giving useful pleasure' is his modest expression for what he knew and felt was a duty.

It is interesting to follow the progress of the work. A few weeks after the agreement was made, he began to collect material. We find him writing to Boswell for any information he could give him about Thomson, and to Dr Farmer at Cambridge to enquire whether there was anything likely to be of service to him in the Baker Manuscripts or elsewhere in the archives of the University, offering to come down to Cambridge if it would be of any avail. His correspondence with Nicholls shows what pains he at first took to obtain information. As soon as it was known that he was engaged on the work, his friends were eager to assist him. Boswell procured from Lord Hailes some anecdotes of Dryden and Thomson. Sir Lucas Pepys obtained for him, from the Duke of Newcastle, the invaluable loan of Spence's anecdotes, then only existing in manuscript. Cradock lent him Milton's 'Euripides' with Milton's autograph notes. Percy got him Clifford's remarks on Dryden. Joseph Warton communicated some particulars about Fenton, Collins, and Pitt. He was also greatly assisted by Steevens, his coadjutor in editing Shakespeare, and more particularly by Isaac Reed, whose knowledge of the literature of the period covered by the 'Lives' almost rivalled his own, and whose readiness and good-nature in communicating what he knew and what he had collected were proverbial. In July 1777 Johnson was in Oxford and visited the Bodleian Library, where, in his own words, he 'picked up some little information for my "Lives."' Between the latter part of October and the beginning of November he was at Lichfield, a guest apparently at Stow-hill, which no doubt accounts for the

tradition still current in Lichfield and elsewhere that the 'Lives' were written there.

The first 'Life' finished was that of Cowley. 'Waller' followed immediately after; and both are masterpieces. He had treated these poets, he explained to Nicholls, at such great length because neither of them had had any critical examination before. He next proceeded to Denham and Butler, whose Lives were finished by July 1778, as we learn from one of his letters to Nicholls. He was now anxious to know the opinions of his friends on what he had written, and he requested Nicholls to have the Lives of Waller, Denham, and Butler bound in half-binding in a small volume that he might send it round to them. By August 'Dryden' was finished. In January 1779 he began 'Milton,' which was completed in six weeks. By March 16 the minor poets were ready for the press; and in the same month the first instalment of the work, containing twenty-two lives, was published, simultaneously with the works of the poets, in four small volumes. In May 1780 he writes to Mrs Thrale, 'My "Lives" creep on; I have done Addison, Prior, Rowe, Granville, Sheffield, Collins, Pitt, and almost Fenton. I design to take Congreve next in hand.' And Congreve he 'despatched,' as he informs Mrs Thrale, 'at the borough where I was attending the election,' observing, 'it is one of the best of the little "Lives"; but then,' he gallantly added, 'I had your conversation.'

And now his interest in the work began to flag, though the important lives of Swift and Pope still remained to be written, and he became more and more indifferent as he drew nearer to his own time. His task was completed in March 1781; and in the same year the entire collection of poets was published. Johnson's 'Lives' filled ten volumes, and the poets themselves, with the indices, fifty-eight. In consideration of his having given them so much more than they had bargained for, the booksellers voluntarily added another hundred guineas to his fee; and, on the 'Lives' being published in a separate edition, he was presented with a hundred guineas more. This, considering what the booksellers made out of his work, was just, but certainly not liberal. Johnson, however, magnanimously thought otherwise, good-naturedly observing, 'I have no reason to complain; the fact is, not

that they have paid me too little, but that I have written too much.'

As soon as the work appeared, criticism began; and, as the public naturally held Johnson responsible, not only for the 'Lives,' but for the choice of poets as well, he was exposed to much annoyance. Some expressed surprise that Chaucer should not have been included; and many were of opinion—among them George III.—that the collection and biographies should have opened, not with Cowley, but with Spenser. To this remark of the King, made presumably before the second part of the series had appeared, Nicholls drew Johnson's attention, and put great pressure on him 'to gratify his sovereign's wish.' But all he could get from the old man was the evasive assurance that he would 'readily have done so had he been able to obtain any new material.' The exclusion of Churchill was currently attributed to Johnson's well-known dislike of him, and the exclusion of Goldsmith—for whose life, however, he had collected memoranda, and which at one time he intended to write—to jealousy. Jealousy was most certainly not the motive, as his generous eulogy of Goldsmith prefixed to the Life of Parnell—to say nothing of his noble epitaph on him—conclusively shows. It is, however, difficult to acquit him of indifference, as arrangements could surely have been made with the bookseller, whose refusal to part with the copyright of 'She Stoops to Conquer' was the alleged cause of the exclusion of his friend.

Just surprise and disgust were felt by discerning readers at the admission of such a rabble of poetasters as Sheffield, Halifax, Blackmore, Edmund Smith, Stepney, Duke, Yalden, Hughes, Granville, Broome, Pomfret, and Hammond. To modern readers the extraordinary lack of discrimination in choice will be the more remarkable when we remember that the period covered by the 'Lives' included Herrick, Crashaw, Herbert, Vaughan, Carew, Lovelace, and Marvell. Johnson's reply to these objections was that he had had nothing to do with the choice of the poets. This was no doubt true in the letter, but it was scarcely ingenuous. He well knew that the booksellers would have been only too grateful to him for counsel, and that he had only to express an opinion for that opinion to become law. As it was, it had been at

his suggestion that the 'Creation' of Blackmore and the poems of Watts, Yalden, and Pomfret were included, a choice conclusively showing that to no admission or exclusion on the part of the booksellers would he have been likely to raise objections.

The truth is, as Southey well observed, the poets before the Restoration were to Johnson what the world before the Flood was to historians. For Chaucer and his contemporaries he had no relish, and of their writings he probably knew little or nothing. His ignorance of the poetry and literature intervening between the end of the fourteenth century and the Elizabethan age, as well as his contempt for it, is shown by the fact that he seldom refers to it; that, when he does, the chances are that he is in error; and that he ridiculed Warton for exploring it. To the literature of the Elizabethan age he was equally indifferent, regarding it pretty much as Horace regarded the writings of Pacuvius, Nævius, and Ennius. How Spenser and Spenser's contemporaries and immediate successors would have fared in his hands may be judged by his criticisms of Shakespeare's poems. His consent to the proposal out of which his work developed was no doubt due to the fact that the poets whom he was to introduce were confined to the period with which he was so familiar. That sphere he naturally did not wish to see enlarged, for he was too old to pursue new researches, and too wise to imperil his reputation. For this he cannot be blamed, and he would have disarmed just censure had he candidly acknowledged the truth.

But the exceptions taken to the selection were nothing to the outcry raised against the biographies and critiques. Johnson himself said that he expected to be attacked, and he was not mistaken. Loud on all sides rose the cry. Some complained of the grudging and illiberal estimate of Swift; others were justly offended with the singularly captious and ungracious criticism of Prior; while Collins' admirers—and he was just then beginning to be appreciated—were little less than incensed at the treatment he had received from his old friend. The contemptuous cursoriness with which 'poor Lyttelton,' as Johnson called him, had been dismissed set political and fashionable circles in a flutter, provoking Lord Hardwicke to say that he

would himself have taken up the pen against the writer had he not reflected that the cudgel would have been a more appropriate weapon. But, as is not surprising, it was the 'Milton' and the 'Gray' which raised the loudest storm. Cowper spoke of the first as 'belabouring that great poet's character with the most industrious cruelty,' adding, 'I could thrash Johnson's old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pocket.' Even Johnson's admirers were distressed at the lengths to which political prejudice had carried him, and amazed at the recklessness with which, in his criticism of the minor poems, he had committed himself to paradoxes so derogatory to his taste and judgment. Not less emphatic were the protests against the treatment which Gray had received; and these found able and eloquent expression in an interesting little monograph by Robert Potter, the translator of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, entitled 'An Inquiry into some passages in Dr Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"; particularly his observations on Lyric Poetry and the "Odes" of Gray.'

Over Potter's little essay it may be well to pause for a moment, because, in addition to its expressing the objections raised generally by Johnson's contemporaries against the 'Lives,' it is one of the earliest manifestoes in criticism of the Romantic school, then slowly beginning to assert itself. Potter begins by acknowledging the merits of the work, 'the many just observations, the solid sense and deep penetration which even enemies must admire,' but goes on to regret that there are some passages which Johnson's warmest friends must wish unwritten or obliterated. 'It is not without some degree of honest indignation that a person of candour observes this spirit of detraction diffused so universally through these volumes.' He then goes on to say that the work reminded him 'of the wicker Colossus of the Druids in whose chambers of tribulation an hecatomb of wretches was at once offered as victims to some grim idol supposed to be propitiated by such horrid sacrifices. Of the judgment and taste of the critic we have (he says) a sufficient specimen in the admission, at his special recommendation, of Pomfret, Yalden, Blackmore, and Watts into the collection.' Speaking of the critiques—he is referring especially to

those dealing with Milton's minor poems, and with Thomson, Collins, Dyer, and Gray—he goes on to say:

He wished, one would think, to persuade us that he had a general aversion to Nature: if he mentions love it is to ridicule it, if the country it is to sicken at it. Alas, he had no taste for a garden, grove, or a spring—*speluncæ vivique lacus*. The darkening dell and the nightingale had no charms for him.'

The rest of the essay is devoted to a merciless dissection of Johnson's criticism of Gray's Odes.

Potter's essay appeared in 1783. In the same strain wrote Scott of Amwell, who, in his 'Critical Essays on some of the Poems of several English Poets,' took Johnson's measure as a critic of lyric poetry and of the poetry of Nature as correctly as Potter had done. Meanwhile an elaborate account of the work, inspired no doubt by the booksellers, had appeared in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for June and December 1779. Between October 1781 and March 1782 a series of more independent criticisms, written, as we learn from Miss Seward's 'Letters,' by one Fitz-Thomas, appeared in successive numbers; and these, in 1789, were collected into a volume entitled 'The Art of Criticism as exemplified in Dr Johnson's "Lives of the most Eminent English Poets."' In these and in other communications, particularly in a letter signed 'Scrutator,' a formidable list of errors, but principally printer's errors, were pointed out. Long after their publication, the Lives continued to be the talk everywhere. The bitterest of their assailants was Horace Walpole, who, making (he said) 'a conscience of not buying them,' pronounced Johnson to have 'neither taste nor ear, nor criterion nor judgment, but his old woman's prejudices.' He could see nothing in the Life of Pope but 'a most trumpery performance stuffed with crabbed phrases, vulgarisms, and much trash as anecdotes.' Miss Seward's verdict was not more favourable, for we find her some years afterwards speaking of the difficulty of 'stemming that overwhelming tide of injustice and malignity, Johnson's Lives of the Poets.'

Personal prejudice was no doubt largely responsible for the censures of Horace Walpole and Miss Seward; but no such prejudice could be suspected in Bishop Newton,

who was proud of the genius of his fellow-townsmen. In his autobiography he expresses himself as 'hurt and offended at the malevolence that predominates in every part' of Johnson's work, observing that 'his reputation was so high in the republic of letters that it wanted not to be raised on the ruins of others,' and greatly regretting that the 'Lives,' instead of 'raising a higher idea than was before entertained of their writer's understanding, have certainly given the world a worse opinion of his temper.' 'I respected him (the Bishop continues), not only for his genius and learning, but valued him much more for the more amiable part of his character, his humanity and charity, his morality and religion.' Boswell very naïvely attributes these remarks to the disgust and peevishness of old age; and Johnson, who must not only have known that they were sincere, but probably recognised that, in a large measure, they were just, did himself little credit by contemptuously observing that Newton, who was then dead, would never have dared to publish them in his lifetime.

Such was the impression which this celebrated work made on those who witnessed its appearance. And, when we remember that even its assailants, or at least the majority of them, recognised, always tacitly and sometimes eloquently, its transcendent merits, we cannot but be surprised how little the estimate formed of it by Johnson's contemporaries differs from the estimate formed of it now. Had it appeared twenty years earlier, we may fairly question whether any of its critical verdicts would have been disputed; but it appeared at a moment when poetry and criticism were beginning to assume new phases and were indeed on the eve of revolution. A reaction against the Classical School had set in, and had become progressively accentuated, not only in the new elements entering into poetry, but in the changes perceptible in the spirit and sympathies of criticism. It would be no exaggeration to say that in our poetry, between about 1745 and the appearance of Johnson's work, may be discerned in adumbration or in embryo almost all the characteristics of the Romantic school as represented by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott.

And what is true of the poetry of that time is true of the criticism which was then beginning to find expression

everywhere; sometimes aggressively, as in such works as Joseph Warton's 'Essay on Pope' and his brother's 'Essay on Spenser' and 'History of English Poetry,' the object of which was not only to call attention to the merits of our older poets, but to readjust the focus of comparative criticism. The result was that new standards and new criteria were applied to poetry. The cry was for simplicity and Nature; and, the further poetry receded from art, or from what was denominated art, the greater was the favour with which it was regarded. Hence the attention which now began to be paid to the Elizabethan and pre-Elizabethan poets, and the great popularity of such works as Macpherson's 'Ossian' and Percy's 'Reliques.' A reaction against the Classical School and its canons was, in the nature of things, inevitable; and from all such reactions extravagance is inseparable. But the results were salutary. It was high time for criticism to call to account the judgments which had never distinguished between rhetoric and poetry, which had exalted art and talent above Nature and enthusiasm, and which, ignoring in poetry its finer and nobler attributes, had placed at the head of our poets those who belonged essentially to the second rank.

But the sympathies and canons of the new criticism were anathema to Johnson; temperament, associations, and education alike disqualifying him for comprehending them. To him Chaucer was little better than a Goth, Spenser obsolete, and Shakespeare an inspired barbarian. For him English poetry began with Waller and culminated in Pope. He thus belonged entirely to the old school, being probably its last completely typical representative, as he was certainly its most powerful living exponent. The work therefore, both in its merits and in its limitations, is of singular interest historically, summing up as it does, with aggressive emphasis, the criticism which, between the appearance of Dryden and the later years of Johnson's life, had regulated taste and controlled critical opinion in England. Not a note in it indicates the smallest sympathy either with the new school of poetry or with the new school of criticism, but there is much in it which indicates that it was designed, and studiously designed, to be a protest against both. Thus, in the 'Life of Pope,' he exultingly asks, 'If

Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found?' and in dealing with poets, notably Milton, Parnell, Collins, Dyer, and Gray, into whose work the qualities so highly prized by the Romanticists enter, he either passes over the poems marked by them, or, if he reviews them, ignores the qualities themselves, or, still more frequently, dismisses them with a sneer. But nothing shows so forcibly that it was Johnson's intention to vindicate and glorify the school in which he believed, and to which he himself belonged, as the elaborate panegyrics of its chief leaders, and the fact that his appreciation of the minor poets is regulated by their fidelity to, or their deviation from, its canons and traditions. Should any one doubt this, he would do well to compare the critique of Roscommon with the critique of Collins, or the critiques of Denham and Waller with those of Gray and Dyer.

But, if the chief defects and limitations of the 'Lives' have an historical interest, an interest of a very different kind attaches itself to the work as a whole. Within his sphere and at his best Johnson has no superior, or perhaps it would be more correct to say no equal, in our literature at least, as a critic. That sphere was, it must be admitted, a comparatively narrow one; and, even when within it, he was not always at his best. He describes himself as having written the 'Lives' in his 'usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work and working with vigour and haste.' Of this haste the indications are at first evident only when he is dealing with poets of little importance, but they become increasingly apparent as the work proceeds and he approaches the poets of his own time, many of whom are despatched with ill-disguised impatience and with very little ceremony. In the greater part and in all the important parts of his work, vigour is certainly more in evidence than haste. Sainte-Beuve tells us that, in a conversation he once had with Villemaine, who was decrying Johnson, he defended him by saying that, whatever might be Johnson's limitations, he had at least two of the qualities essential to a great critic—sound judgment and the authority requisite to give weight to it. This puts Johnson exactly in his place. On everything submitted to him he brought to bear, when unprejudiced, sound judgment and robust good sense, combined with extraordinary natural acuteness,

A logical and positive intellect incessantly occupied in analysis and generalisation and enlarged and fertilised by multifarious reading and attentive observation of life, however little it may have contributed to develop the finer sensibilities and sympathies of the critic, not only furnished him with immense general stores of digested information, but with invaluable criteria. If his studies were bounded by his tastes and his inclinations, and these, early fixed, had become prematurely stereotyped, their efficacy and influence had been doubled by their very contraction; for what he had read he retained and assimilated, and on what he had made his own he exercised his judgment. Thus he applied himself to criticism with fixed principles, settled rules, and definite canons, not arbitrarily determined, but deduced from the studies to which taste and temperament inclined him—the Latin classics and their modern disciples chiefly—well weighed in the balance of his own judgment and having the sanction of common sense. Within these limits, and universally (it may be added) in what pertains, within the bounds of rhetoric, to the art of expression, his judgments are not merely sound but almost infallible. One gift Johnson possessed which the most perfect critic who ever lived might envy—his power of investing with distinction and impressiveness whatever he wished to convey or enforce.

But to turn to the Lives themselves. The first in order of composition was the Life of Savage, published as a separate work in 1744 and incorporated with the other Lives many years afterwards. It was written under pressure and with extraordinary rapidity, and is a bad specimen of Johnson's first and worst style. The miserable story which is told could scarcely be told more impressively and pathetically; but half the story, as told by Johnson, is fiction. We are surprised that his editors should have allowed this biography to stand without directing attention to the monstrous myth to which Johnson in all innocence gave currency. So far back as 1858, Mr Moy Thomas conclusively proved that Savage's claim to be the son of the Countess of Macclesfield and Earl Rivers had not, as he himself well knew, a shred of evidence to support it, but that in urging it he had simply availed himself of an opportunity afforded by a half-

forgotten scandal in the Countess's early life to levy blackmail on her and on her family. A baser, crueller, and blacker-hearted scoundrel than the subject of Johnson's pathetic narrative never existed. His untruthfulness and want of principle Johnson himself acknowledges; and how, with such facts before him as he must have had, he could have been deceived by him is a mystery. Yet so it was; and one of the most callous impostors who ever lived will continue to excite pity, and one of the kindest and most tender-hearted of women execration as a prodigy of cruelty and unnaturalness.

The Lives proper begin with the Life of Cowley. This Johnson always considered the best on account of the dissertation on the metaphysical poets. Of that dissertation he had reason to be proud. It is a masterpiece of analytical criticism. But the whole Life is written with great care and is in Johnson's best style. Cowley has many sides; and Johnson does justice to all. It is, however, curious that he should apparently have found little attraction in poems which, to readers in our day, have much more interest than those singled out by him for special notice. Such would be the Ode on the use of Reason in divine matters. Surely the passage in which the relation of reason to faith is described is far more striking than any quoted by Johnson:

' . . . Reason must assist too; for, in seas
 So vast and dangerous as these,
 Our course by stars above we cannot know
 Without the compass too below.
 Though Reason cannot through Faith's mysteries see,
 It sees that there and such they be:
 Leads to Heaven's door and there does humbly keep,
 And there through chinks and key-holes peep.
 Though it, like Moses, by a sad command
 Must not come into th' Holy Land,
 Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
 And from afar 'tis all descry'd.'

Johnson's remarks on the importance of language and style as the dress of thought, and his criticism of Cowley's negligence in this respect, are truly admirable. One paragraph may be quoted:

'Truth indeed is always truth, and reason is always reason; they have an intrinsic and unalterable value, and constitute

that intellectual gold which defies destruction. But gold may be so concealed in baser matter that only a chymist can recover it; sense may be so hidden in unrefined and plebeian words that none but philosophers can distinguish it; and both may be so buried in impurities as not to pay the cost of their extraction.'

The Life of Waller, which, in order of composition, followed that of Cowley, is written with equal care and elaboration, and is one of the most finished of the series. Waller scarcely rises above mediocrity as a poet, but he is of importance in the history of the Critical School, and was, moreover, a most interesting man; and this is some justification for the prominence which Johnson has given him. To Waller's adventures and witticisms ample justice, to his merits and services as a poet more than justice, is done. In none of the 'Lives' are there more brilliant passages. Thus he speaks of Waller's unsuccessful poetical courtship of Sacharissa and subsequent marriage with a less brilliant mistress:

'He doubtless praised some whom he would have been afraid to marry, and perhaps married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualities contribute to domestic happiness upon which poetry has no colours to bestow; and many airs and sallies may delight imagination which he who flatters them can never approve. There are charms made only for distant admiration. No spectacle is nobler than a blaze.'

Such, too, are the remarks about Waller's fickleness, and the summary of the general character of his poetry. But the most memorable passage is the justly famous digression on the relation of poetry to religion. It is, however, little more than a piece of splendid sophistry, with a certain amount of truth infused into it, and expressed with an eloquence so fervid that it resembles inspiration. Its best refutation was, as Mrs Thrale told him, the very practical one of his own inability to restrain his tears whenever he heard the 'Dies Iræ.' As to Denham, we smile to hear him described as 'one of the fathers of English poetry.' Yet there is no mismeasurement in the rest of the critique on this poet; and the term applied to him, being evidently limited to his influence on the style and tone of the Critical School, is, in its strict application less absurd than it appears.

Next to the Life of Denham comes the Life of Milton. It was composed with great care, for Johnson knew that he was on his mettle, and in point of style as well in the power and acumen displayed occasionally and in particular passages is among the best of the 'Lives.' The first thing which strikes us in it is the aggressive and defiant spirit in which it was evidently written. It was plainly designed to shock and offend the admirers of Milton; indeed he frankly said to Malone 'we have too many honeysuckle lives of Milton; mine shall be in another strain.' He detested Milton's politics, he disliked his character, and he had no relish for his poetry. But Johnson's nature was too noble for malignity and too honest to palter with truth. He told the truth, but he told it with reserve and coldness when it was to Milton's credit, and with all the emphasis he could command when it was not to his credit. On what was unpleasing and unamiable in that great man he lays undue stress; and, where he should have been indulgent he is querulous and exacting. He sneers, he objurgates, he censures where, if he pleased, he had a perfect right to do so, but where good-nature would have been silent. His worst offence in the biography is the countenance he gives to the story that Milton interpolated the prayer from Sidney's 'Arcadia' in 'Icon Basilike,' an abominable charge, of the truth of which he should have satisfied himself before recording and giving it currency. The sincerity of his portentous criticism of 'Comus,' of 'Lycidas,' of the Sonnets, and of 'Samson Agonistes' need not be suspected, though prejudice against their author and a paradoxical desire to astonish and disgust his admirers were no doubt largely responsible for its extravagance.

It may fairly be deduced from Johnson's temper and critical utterances that 'Paradise Lost' really appealed to him almost as little as 'Comus' and 'Samson Agonistes'; but intellectually he recognised its greatness, and was well aware that to dispute its supremacy in modern epic poetry would have been as futile as to dispute the supremacy of the Iliad and Odyssey in ancient. He therefore prepared himself for a great effort when he came to deal with it. The moment we compare his critique with such critiques, say, as those of Hazlitt and Coleridge, we perceive

all the difference between the criticism of insight and the criticism of the pedant and the rhetorician, between the criticism which pierces to what is essential and of the life, and the criticism which confines itself to accidents and is of the form. There is much in this famous critique which is absurd, much which is inconsistent, and much more to which just exception may be taken. It is indeed sufficient to say that Johnson pronounces or at least implies that Milton's blank verse is verse only to the eye; that he compares his diction to a Babylonish dialect; that he sees no sublimity in the allegory of Sin and Death and would wish it away; and that he says of the poem as a whole that its perusal is rather a duty than a pleasure. The last remark, if consistent with the concluding sentence of the critique, namely, that 'Paradise Lost' is not the greatest of heroic poems only because it is not the first, can be consistent only in a sense derogatory to the taste and intelligence of its readers. Johnson is far more satisfactory in what is in this Life incidental, in his admirable remarks on the true aims of education, and on the reasons which may be urged for and against the freedom of the press. These are worth all his critiques of the poems put together.

In dealing with Butler, Johnson is at his very best. The comparison of 'Hudibras' with 'Don Quixote,' the analysis of what constitutes the originality and peculiar merits of the former, and the disquisition on the perishable and permanent elements in such works, are as interesting as they are illumining. Of the minor poets contemporary with Dryden, the least satisfactory are Otway and Rochester, and the best is Roscommon. That in the case of Rochester he should have confined himself to a few superficial remarks about his trifles and said nothing of his singularly powerful poem, 'A Satire against Mankind,' beyond coldly remarking that Rochester 'can only claim what remains when all Boileau's part is taken away,' is not a little surprising, especially in the author of 'The Vanity of Human Wishes.' He might well have been arrested, as both Goethe and Tennyson were, by such a passage as

'Reason an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
Which leaves the light of Nature, sense, behind;

Pathless and dangerous wandering ways it takes
Through Error's fenny bogs and thorny brakes.

Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to death and make him understand,
After a search so painful and so long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.'

The remarks in the Life of Roscommon, on a proposal for a national Academy, one sentence of which may be quoted, are an excellent illustration of Johnson's good sense.

'If an academicians's place were profitable it would be given by interest; if attendance were gratuitous it would be rarely paid, and no man would endure the least disgust. Unanimity is impossible, and debate would separate the assembly.'

Notices of five all but worthless poetasters, Pomfret, Stepney, Walsh, Dorset, and John Philips—the last two feebly surviving, one through a sprightly lyric, and the other by an ingenious parody of Milton—bring us to Dryden. This, were it not deformed by the interpolation of coarse and stupid extracts from pamphlets long deservedly forgotten, and by the extravagant eulogy of the Ode on the Death of Anne Killigrew, would be read with unalloyed satisfaction and admiration. The biographical and critical portions are alike excellent. With the exception referred to it has no mismeasurements, and it has no paradoxes. The general estimate of Dryden and the particular estimates of his work as a didactic poet, a satirist, a dramatist, a translator, a critic, and prose-writer, are among the finalities of critical arbitration. Nor are these judgments affected by the absurdity, relatively speaking, of the concluding dictum that Dryden found English poetry brick and left it marble; for Johnson fortunately institutes no comparisons with preceding poets, nor does he attempt any definition of poetry. He assumes it to be what his touchstones and tests narrowed it into being; and the application of such tests justified his estimate both of Dryden's achievement, and the effect of that achievement on the work of his successors.

It is not necessary to pursue this review in detail through the minor poets preceding and contemporary with the great trio, Swift, Addison, and Pope. As a rule

Johnson does more than justice to their merits when such merits are within the grooves of the critical tradition, and much less than justice when any new notes are struck. Thus he describes Rowe's 'Lucan' as 'one of the greatest productions of English poetry,' Young's 'Universal Passion' as 'a very great performance'; and he speaks of Blackmore's 'Creation' as 'transmitting him to posterity among the first favourites of the English muse.' But for the charms and beauty of such poems as Parnell's 'Night-piece on Death' and 'Ode to Contentment' he has no word of praise; and to Watts' sublime Sapphics on the Last Day he does not even refer. The Life of Congreve, in which he gives an animated account of the controversy with Collier, is in his best vein; but, when he tells us that Congreve was the first to teach English writers that Pindar's Odes were regular, he forgot Ben Jonson. Johnson has been ridiculed for his extravagant eulogy of the passage quoted by him from the 'Mourning Bride'; but how true after all, and how admirable is his commentary on the passage:

'He who reads these lines enjoys for a moment the powers of a poet; he feels what he remembers to have felt before, but he feels it with great increase of sensibility; he recognises a familiar image, but meets it again amplified and expanded, embellished with beauty and enlarged with majesty.'

The critique of Prior must have been written *iniquo tempore*, in some mood of irritable caprice; nothing so inadequate, so captious, and so palpably unjust ever came from Johnson's pen. To say that Prior's 'expression has every mark of laborious study, his words not coming till they were called, and then being put by constraint into their places where they did their duty, but did it sullenly,' is to say what even the least successful of the pieces of one of the most perfect artists in epigram and in the lighter ode who have ever lived would instantly refute. Fenton is another poet to whom Johnson did not do justice. Genius might at least have been allowed to a poet who could write like this:

'Shall man from Nature's sanction stray
With blind Opinion for his guide,
And, rebel to her rightful sway,
Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd?

Fool! Time no change of motion knows;
 With equal speed the torrent flows,
 To sweep Fame, Power, and Wealth away.
 The Past is all by Death possess'd;
 And frugal Fate, that guards the rest,
 By giving, bids him live to-day.'

To Garth, Gay, Tickell, Ambrose Philips, Mallet, and Shenstone, Johnson assigns very exactly the places which belong to them, though we are surprised that, in dealing with Garth, he makes no reference to the fine lines on death in the canto of 'The Dispensary,' and in dealing with Tickell, says no word either about the eloquent elegy on Lord Cadogan or the charming ballad of 'Colin and Lucy.' His criticism of Akenside, in which he has some very sensible remarks about the encouragement which blank verse gives to diffuseness and luxuriance, is distinguished by the same good sense and acumen as are displayed in the incidental exposure of Shaftesbury's sophism that ridicule is the test of truth.

Considering how little Johnson cared for Nature, it is a pleasing surprise to find him acquitting himself so creditably in dealing with Thomson. Beyond remarking that the first canto opens a scene of lazy luxury that fills the imagination, he says nothing, it is true, of Thomson's finest poem, the 'Castle of Indolence'; but he speaks with something of enthusiasm of the 'Seasons,' observing that Thomson 'looks round on Nature and on life with the eye which Nature bestows only on a poet.' When he adds that the reader of the 'Seasons' 'wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses,' he very naïvely and amusingly betrays his own limitations. The critique of Young is discriminating and just, but superficial. Thus of his Satires he observes that 'he plays only on the surface of life, he never penetrates the recesses of the mind; and therefore the whole power of his poetry is exhausted by a single perusal, and his conceits please only when they surprise'; of the 'Night Thoughts,' that they 'exhibit a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions, a wilderness of thought in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odour'; of the 'Last Day,' that 'it has an equability

and propriety which he afterwards either never endeavoured or never attained.' All quite true; but he does not so much as indicate the true sources of Young's power, a power at times absolutely thrilling—an exquisite sensibility and grand imagination, fitfully revealing themselves in intensity and sublimity, but in an intensity which is never sustained, and a sublimity which exhibits itself only in flashes.

We now come to Johnson's more important efforts. The Lives of Addison and Pope stand beside those of Cowley and Dryden, and constitute with them his masterpieces in criticism. On the 'Addison' it would be difficult if not impossible for any critic to improve; it is almost without a flaw both as a biography and as a critique. The long extracts from Dennis' coarse but acute strictures on 'Cato' might have been spared, and the merit of Addison's papers in the Whig 'Examiner' is extraordinarily overrated; but, for the rest, there is nothing that could be wished away and nothing that could be with advantage added. In brilliance, in power, and in varied attractiveness, but not in balance and measure, the Life of Pope is superior to that of Addison; it is the most elaborate of the Lives, and with the composition of it Johnson took great pains. A more delightful biography is not to be found, for it tells with a particularity which is never tiresome all that the most curious reader could desire to know about a celebrated man; it is surprising with what a wealth of anecdote, gathered from all sources, from those who knew Pope personally as well as from books, Johnson illustrates Pope's character and habits. All this is enlivened and embellished by a running commentary now shrewd and pungent, now profoundly wise, as sparkling with epigram as a comedy of Congreve and as weighty with aphorism as an essay of Bacon. Among the passages which every reader would pause over would be the beautiful remarks about Pope's filial piety, and the still more beautiful remarks about the ties which bound him to an ungrateful mistress; the exposure of the absurdity of cynicism real or affected; the profound truth of the observations on the supposed unreserve of men in friendship; and above all the explosion of the fallacy that assumes a 'universal passion' in human nature.

The critical portion of the Life is equally masterly,

equally informing and attractive. And indeed this critique has uncommon interest, for it is not merely an estimate of Pope and of Pope's work particularly, but a vindication, through that estimate, of the claims of the Critical School to a high rank in poetry generally. Johnson is, it must be owned, far more successful in establishing Pope's title to be considered a poet, and a great poet, on his own merits and judged by the standard and touchstones applicable to his work, than in establishing his title to a high place among poets whose achievement must be tested by touchstones applicable to such poets as Homer. Johnson, indeed, solves his critical knot in true Gordian fashion, bringing his otherwise perfectly just and most masterly vindication of Pope to a very lame and impotent conclusion. 'If the writer of the *Iliad* were to class his successors, he would assign a very high place to his translator without requiring any other evidence of his genius.' And yet there are no mis-measurements in his appreciation of particular poems, and in his general estimate of Pope no exaggeration. When he contends that Pope had, in proportions very nicely adjusted to each other, all the qualities that constituted genius—invention as displayed in the '*Rape of the Lock*' and in the '*Essay on Criticism*,' imagination as in '*Eloisa*,' '*Windsor Forest*,' and the *Moral Essays*, and judgment as in evidence everywhere—who would dispute it?

It would have been well for Johnson's reputation had his scheme not included Collins and Gray. For his judgment of Collins, his innate insensibility to all that constitutes the power and charm of the Odes was no doubt alone responsible; and it is merely an example of an infirmity which never fails to become conspicuous whenever he treats of poetry into which the finer elements enter. To a critic who could say of painting that it could represent but could not inform, who saw in Fleet Street the finest prospect in the world, and who never referred to our old ballad literature except to laugh at it, such poems as the Odes to Fear, to Evening, and on the Superstitions of the Scottish Highlands, could hardly be expected to appeal.

But something more than deficiency in æsthetic sensibility enters into the critique of Gray, as it had

entered into the critique of Milton. For Gray and Gray's circle he could never, in conversation, restrain his dislike and contempt, to both of which he was in the habit of giving very intemperate expression. Gray, he regarded as an affected and effeminate coxcomb, Mason as a prig, and Walpole as a fashionable fribble. When he wrote this *Life*, Gray had been dead ten years; but Gray's friends and admirers, Mason and Walpole, were alive. Of deliberate injustice Johnson was at all times incapable; and, since the grave had closed over Gray, softening what it seldom fails to soften in the living, and Mason's *Life* of him had appeared, Johnson would have been forced, had he not been willing, to allow that Gray was no ordinary man. But of Gray's poetry his estimate remained unchanged; and that estimate he took care to express with all the emphasis he could command; partly in self-defence, to justify opinions formed originally, no doubt, in the heat of prejudice, but to which his critical reputation was committed; and partly to annoy and irritate Gray's admirers, particularly Walpole and Mason. He was more successful in his last object than in his first. A more comprehensive and deplorable exhibition of his infirmities as a critic he could scarcely have given.

Making every allowance for Johnson's ignorance of Pindar and of the Greek poets, and even for all that is indicated in his pronouncement that no man could have fancied he read 'Lycidas' with pleasure had he not known the author, it is astonishing that he could have been capable of such portents of critical opacity and obliquity as his critiques of the 'Bard' and the 'Progress of Poetry.' To the *Installation Ode*, with its exquisite occasional beauties and its majestic evolution, he does not even refer. A few peddling and carping objections to its figures and epithets, and the remark that it suggests nothing to its author which every reader does not equally think and feel, are all that the *Ode on the Prospect of Eton College* elicits from him. He is so inconsistent as to praise the *Elegy* for what he blames in the *Ode*, remarking in commendation that it 'abounds with images that find a mirror in every mind and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo.' Of Gray's essential and peculiar excellences—the noble evolution and mingled picturesqueness and sublimity of the two great odes; all

those qualities which, in the Ode to Adversity and in the Eton ode, place him at the head of our ethical lyric poetry; his high seriousness, his fine ear and wonderful music, his exquisite sense of style and his consummate mastery of it—of all this Johnson appears to be utterly insensible.

But with all its limitations and defects, the 'Lives of the Poets' is a great work. There is no mistaking its note, it is the note of a classic. Its style, distinguished and original, is in the happiest accordance with what it expresses and is a model of its kind. In every page we instinctively feel that a master, sure of himself and morally as well as intellectually justified in such confidence, is addressing us. Serious deductions have no doubt to be made for infirmities of various kinds and originating from various causes, but they are more than compensated; and what compensates them has added importantly and permanently to the common stock of intellectual wealth. The work has almost as much value and certainly as much interest for the student of life as for the student of books. From the comments and observations on human nature and the world of men scattered throughout the biographical portions may be culled an anthology of wit and wisdom which need fear comparison with no similar anthology in the world. It is rare indeed to read two consecutive pages without being arrested by some shrewd or wise reflection, some moral truth generalised in felicitous aphorism, or some epigram, sarcastic or serious, as pointed and pungent as the best in Tacitus or La Rochefoucauld. Few books exist which possess so many attractions or in which so much that instructs and informs, and so much that amuses are mingled. As a contribution to criticism, the least that can be said for it is that, on the poetry and polite literature characteristic of the eighteenth century, and on the writings of the early fathers of that literature, it is an indispensable and imperishable commentary; that, even where it is misleading and unsound, it is yet instructive; and that there is no book in our language which, to a critical education, would contribute so much which is furthering and so much which is illumining.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

Art. V.—THE RELIGIONS OF THE FAR EAST.

II. JAPAN.

1. *Le Bouddhisme Japonais*. By Ryaun Fujishima. Paris : Maisonneuve, 1889.
2. *The Religions of Japan*. By W. E. Griffis. London : Hodder and Stoughton, 1895.
3. *Shinto : the Way of the Gods*. By W. G. Aston, C.M.G. London : Longmans, 1905.
4. *Die Sekten des Japanischen Buddhismus*. By H. Haas. Heidelberg : Evangelischer Verlag, 1905.
5. *Developments of Japanese Buddhism*. By Rev. A. Lloyd. Trans. of Asiatic Society of Japan, vol. xxii, 1894.
6. *Le Shinntoisme*. By M. Revon. A series of articles still in course of publication in the 'Revue de l'Histoire des Religions.' Paris : Leroux, 1904.
7. *Handbook to Japan*. By B. H. Chamberlain and W. B. Mason. London : Murray, 1907.
8. *Things Japanese*. By B. H. Chamberlain. Fifth edition, revised. London : Murray, 1905.
9. *Wisdom of the East Series : The Way of the Buddha ; The Classics of Confucius ; The Sayings of Lao Tzû, etc.* Edited by L. Cranmer Byng and S. A. Kapadia. London : Murray, 1907.

THE general conditions of religious life in Japan are similar to those in China. Religions are not mutually exclusive ; in practice people usually follow more or less the external observances of two ; fanaticism and sacerdotalism are absent or discouraged. Yet one is conscious of a different atmosphere. Though the Japanese are not much more pious than the Chinese, their creeds share in the vigour, intelligence, and good order which characterise their other institutions ; their superstitions are less ridiculous and more artistic ; and the predilection for didactic ethics, so marked in China, is absent. The Japanese are not wanting in either public or private ethics, but the connexion between worship and morality does not impress them. The old national religion, Shintoism, is non-moral. Buddhism is occupied with the saving of souls and with such aspects of individual

conduct as are necessary for that task, but not with the politico-ethical morality so dear to the Chinese mind.

The Japanese often seem irreverent; some awe may attach to a place or person, such as the shrines of Ise or the Mikado, but rarely to a doctrine or a deity. A Japanese priest in Kyōtō showed me a representation of the death of Buddha with roars of laughter. I have never seen a convincing explanation of the propriety of Japanese laughter and am not sure, as some would have us believe, that it is always in place; but in this case the priest was not a scoffer. It may be said that there was nothing unusual in his laughter, for a Japanese will smile in announcing his parent's death. But the habit seems to show that religion and death are treated with friendly familiarity and do not inspire the distant reverence felt by both Mohammedans and Christians.

Japanese religion has received comparatively little attention in Europe. Griffis seems to be the only author who has devoted a separate book to it as a whole; and his 'Religions of Japan' still remains the best introduction to the subject. But an admirable compendium of information is contained in Murray's Handbook to Japan (by Chamberlain and Mason) under the sections Shinto Buddhism, and lists of gods and goddesses. Much of interest will also be found scattered in Chamberlain's 'Things Japanese.' In addition to the works noticed below a number of valuable papers by Sir E. Satow and others are contained in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan. Haas' 'Sekten des Japanischen Buddhismus,' though only a little pamphlet, gives a singularly clear and complete statement of the doctrines, divisions, and present conditions of Japanese Buddhism.

Japan has at present two religions, Shintoism and Buddhism, the latter divided into many sects. To these may be added two other elements—ancestor-worship, practised by both Shintoists and Buddhists, and Confucianism. Historically the influence of Chinese religion and philosophy has been great; but, except in the case of Buddhism, it did not take the form of definite creeds, so that in statistics based on names and figures it disappears.

Different views have been held as to the connexion between Shintoism and the ceremonies observed in honour

of ancestors, commonly called ancestor-worship. All Japanese, whether Shintoists or Buddhists, observe such ceremonies. They are certainly a foreign addition to Buddhism; and Mr Aston, in his work 'Shinto: the Way of the Gods,' regards them as distinct from Shinto, which, in his opinion, is simple nature-worship. It is possible that the cult of ancestors may have been borrowed from China, like so many other things in Japan. Still Shinto undoubtedly includes the veneration of the Mikado's ancestors; and the Ujigami, or clan-gods, supply a link between the worship of ghosts and other forms of polytheism. Since at least one of the stocks from which the Japanese race has been formed came from the mainland, they may well have brought with them the same sort of religion as we find in early China and also among the tribes of Central Asia, namely, ancestor-worship combined with nature-worship. It seems unnecessary to describe this combination as two religions and to separate the cult of the dead rigidly from Shinto, although that word is primarily and naturally applied, not to ceremonies in honour of the departed, but to temples, and the prayers, dances, and other rites performed there. Funeral rites are not performed in these temples, as corpses are considered unclean.

The veneration of ancestors is no doubt the largest part of emotional, if not of dogmatic, religion in Japan, as well as in China and Indo-China. As in those countries, it is unconnected with any special theory of a future life, and, if criticised unsentimentally, is illogical, for offerings are, as a rule, made only to immediate ancestors and the founder of the family, the intervening ghosts being neglected. It is inconsistent with Buddhism; yet, as in China, Buddhism has acquired the position which it holds in the popular estimation only by posing as able to assist the dead by prayers and masses; and, by a strange attempt at compromise, the dead are spoken of as having become Buddhas. But the sentiment which prompts these observances requires no explanation; it is clearly that which places flowers on graves in Europe, though in Japan the ceremonies are far more numerous, because the connexion of the present with the past and the unity of the family are more strongly felt. Chinese sentiment tends towards veneration of ancestors and ceremoniously courteous

salutations. In Japan this is not absent ; but the spirit of the Japanese inclines more towards affectionate attention to the dead.

On ancestor-worship, as on many other aspects of Japanese religion, the writings of Lafcadio Hearn throw a sure and sympathetic light. His conclusions are not the deductions of a scholar from the available evidence, nor are they exactly what a Japanese would say if he had to formulate his ideas ; but, if regarded as an interpretation of Japanese thought, a translation and arrangement made so as to be intelligible to Europeans, they are correct and illuminating. In several sketches he has emphasised the national feeling of grateful and reverent love for past generations ; the ever-present sense, almost unknown in Europe as a popular emotion, that the present is what it is merely because it is an outcome of the past ; the obvious duty of honouring the dead as much as we honour the living ; the scandal of doing anything which could bring shame on them. Such motives seem to Europeans respectable and honourable, but somewhat classic and wanting in cogency for everyday life ; but the genius of Hearn makes us see how they may be the spirit and mainspring of national and family life. In particular he has brought out the beauty and pathos of these rites and legends, the deities who protect the souls of little children, and the lanterns lit to guide the wandering ghosts to their homes.

Looked at more prosaically, the cult of the dead shows itself in four chief forms. The worship of the Imperial ancestors is part of the State religion, or, as some might prefer to say, the principal deities are represented as being the ancestors of the ruling house. Secondly, in every family there is a household shrine where offerings are presented to the dead with Shinto or Buddhist prayers. In the former they are described as Kami, the Shinto word for god, and in the latter are boldly called Buddhas. Different opinions may be held as to whether the worship of Imperial or private ancestors is the older. In view of the prevalence of ancestor-worship in all sects, it seems to me hardly probable that it is an importation from China, though it must be admitted that Chinese influence has been very penetrating ; and I should suppose that it is part, and perhaps the main part, of the earliest national

beliefs. If this is so, there is nothing strange in the union of nature- and ancestor-worship presented by the cult of the Sun-goddess, from whom the Mikado is supposed to be descended, so long as we admit that the ancient Japanese venerated nature-spirits as well as ghosts. It will, I think, be granted that this goddess, to whom the Naiku temple in Ise is dedicated, is venerated there less as a deity of light than as the ancestress of the Emperor and, to some extent, of the nation. The Emperor is credited with a divine pedigree, just as in ancient Rome some families claimed to be descended from Venus; and, since he is greater than the father of a family, his ancestors claim the reverence of the nation, not merely of a household.

A third manifestation of ancestor-worship may be seen in the festivals held in honour of the dead, analogous to the night of All Souls. For several exquisite descriptions of these we are indebted to Lafcadio Hearn. Like the daily household ceremonies, they form part of popular life and are observed by all classes. The principal is the Bon, sometimes called the feast of lanterns, which takes place in July. Offerings of food are made to the dead, and in some districts dances are performed.

Buddhism supplies a fourth and more modern variety. The older sects, such as the Tendai and Shingon, are literally religions of the dead. The monks may perhaps perform devotional services by themselves, but the ceremonies in which the laity take part are exclusively prayers for the departed. In the newer sects, such as the Shinshū, there is more of popular worship, but rites for the dead are also performed. They are often called masses, but are not always analogous to the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, for they do not habitually take the form of intercession to a superior being on behalf of departed souls. That notion is foreign to the earliest religions of the Far East and to early Buddhism, though it may have developed in both. The earlier idea is to salute the dead and offer them such honours and comforts as may be possible. Buddhism might hold that they have mostly passed into states where they are out of touch with living humanity; but it may be doubted if the earliest Buddhists would have seen any harm in offering food to *pretas* or hungry ghosts.

In Ceylon, Burma, and Siam, the clergy do not specially concern themselves with funeral rites; but in China, Japan, and perhaps in Tibet, their power is based on their astute and persistent claim to alleviate the lot of the dead; and in asserting this pretension they have recoiled before no superstition or distortion of doctrine. A child when born is usually registered in a temple, which may be also the temple of his family or clan; and Japanese ideas of respectability and good feeling require that he should be buried in it, or another temple of the same sect if he die elsewhere, however little attention he may have paid to Buddhism in his life.

Funerals are comparatively rarely conducted according to Shinto rites. Buddhist services by no means conclude with the cremation or burial of the corpse, but continue for some time after death with picturesque formalities which vary according to the sect. A good example may be seen in the Tennōji temple of Osaka, generally crowded with mourning relatives. A bell is rung to attract the attention of Shotoku Daishi, the saintly founder of the sect, who can guide the deceased to paradise, or a petition with a similar object is thrown into a well. We are here on the borderland between offerings to the dead and prayers for the dead in the Christian sense. One service is a striking instance of the frequent but seemingly accidental resemblances between Buddhist and Catholic ritual. The priest, standing before an altar with his back to the people, manipulates an urn containing the ashes of the dead in a manner recalling the consecration and elevation of the chalice.

The worship of ancestors merits a longer notice on account of its importance in Japanese sentiment; but we must pass on to consider the more definite forms of religion, and, first of all, Shinto. This is an ancient pagan religion, somewhat artificially revived during the last century. It consists of the worship of nature and of the Imperial ancestors, from which, as mentioned above, ordinary ancestor-worship is not sharply distinguished. The name is derived from the Chinese words Shên-tao, the Way of the Gods or spirits; and Mr Parker is disposed to see in Japanese religious ideas an adaptation of pure Taoism. But this does not seem necessary. Shinto presents as many contrasts as resemblances to

Chinese ideas ; and the word *tao* (way) is capable of a general as well as a special interpretation. The old Japanese religion originally had and required no name. When Buddhism was introduced it was called Shin-tō, the Way of the Gods, in opposition to Butsu-dō, the Way of the Buddha.

In some ways Shinto resembles the earliest known forms of Chinese religion. Its deities are numerous but vague and often nameless nature-spirits, and it has the same tendency to deify eminent mortals. But the monotheistic tendency of Chinese thought is wanting ; there is no Shang-ti or Tien supreme over the minor spirits. Though the deities are indistinctly sketched, mythology comes into play ; and the gods are credited with wild and often scandalous adventures which would have shocked any respectable Chinese sage. The perpetual Chinese talk about good government and propriety is absent ; in its stead we find a combination of religion and patriotism. Japan is styled the land of the gods ; and the deities gradually change into its prehistoric sovereign.

Shinto has no sacred books comparable to the Bible or the Koran, or even to the Chinese classics ; but there are two chronicles called the *Kojiki* and *Nihongi*, containing a collection of ancient legends in which a creation-myth leads, not very skilfully or coherently, to the early history of Japan. These curiously fantastic and dream-like tales resemble the stories one finds in the *Kalevala*, and suggest a remote kinship with Central Asia. They also show some affinity with the Polynesian mythology. They have been translated by Mr Chamberlain,* and the substance of them is given in most accounts of Shintoism. It is noticeable that they describe several generations or layers of divinities, who may correspond to a succession of races. The first figures introduced are a divine brother and sister, Izanagi and Izanami, who marry but subsequently disappear. They have been identified with Yang and Yin, the male and female principle of Taoism. This may be true of remote antiquity ; but it does not look as if Izanagi and Izanami were borrowed from Taoism. Rather have we here two variants of an ancient idea appearing in China as philosophy, in Japan as mythology.

* Supplement to vol. x of 'Transactions of Asiatic Society of Japan.'

A Japanese proverb says, 'Traverse the whole world and you will find no devils.' This kindly view of human nature is reflected in the Japanese pantheon. There are certainly gods of the storm and pestilence, but the deities are on the whole benevolent or neutral. The idea of the Evil One or of the Destroyer is not embodied in one personality; and even the demons have a comic and not wholly malignant aspect. Much the same may be said of Chinese gods.

Of the many deities now worshipped, the chief are perhaps the Sun-goddess and the goddess of food, who have temples in Yamada, and the male deities Suso-no-O and Onamuji, a god of the Izumo province, both of whom appear to have waived the claims of their descendants to the sovereignty of Japan in favour of the children of the Sun-goddess, that is, of the present Mikado's family. But the story is strangely confused; and we have two or more cycles of legends (certainly those of Yamato and Izumo) combined but not harmonised. This may be the reflection of the Mikado's hegemony asserting itself over other tribes in the province of Izumo, who submit without losing their traditions and institutions. Besides these greater gods there are, as in China, legions of local deities, commonly reckoned at eight millions, sometimes mere names without ascertainable attributes, sometimes spirits of the rivers, winds, and mountains without individual names. Even such objects as doors and hearths may be revered.

The pantheon is recruited from time to time by the deification of eminent men, such as Hachiman, the god of war, and Tenjin, the god of calligraphy. This latter was minister of education, and, meeting with difficulties in that post, was charged with the administration of the island of Kyū-shū. It will be noticed that his career bears a remarkable resemblance to that of Mr Birrell. I have been told that living Japanese representatives of ancient families are 'worshipped' in the provinces. It is not clear what is the precise degree of respect implied by 'worship,' for the Shinto word for god, Kami, means that which is above or superior, and can be applied to any natural phenomenon or human character which seems extraordinary. As Mr Aston points out, the assumption that a Shinto god is necessarily a spirit is misleading; he is

Ueberschensch, something above the common run, but he is not necessarily a supernatural being inhabiting another world, though some gods may acquire this character under Buddhist influence.

Unlike Buddhism, Shintoism has little taste for art. What beauty its temples have comes mainly from nature. They are often erected in woods or gardens, but the buildings are austere simple—walls of plain white wood, and roofs thatched, not tiled. No images are used; and the interior is often forbidden to all but priests. Two characteristic signs of these temples are the festoons of paper called *gohei* which hang before them, and are said to represent offerings of clothes, and gateways of a special form called *torii*, composed of two perpendicular and two transverse beams. They seem to be an importation from the mainland and are akin to the arches which the Chinese erect in honour of deceased worthies.

The priests are not celibate, live like the laity, and have no hierarchy apart from the State. The Mikado is the head of the religion; and his sacerdotal functions, though mostly delegated, are not entirely obsolete. Besides priests there are priestesses who perform sacred dances and sometimes act as mediums, becoming possessed by gods or by spirits of the dead. Worship consists chiefly in the presentation of offerings of food, drink, and clothes, and in the recitations of *norito*, which are addresses to the gods rather than prayers. They contain petitions for temporal prosperity, often made on the *do ut des* principle; but, as Mr Aston says, moral and spiritual blessings are not even dreamt of, and the conception of the relations of God and man is lower, and probably older, than in the Chinese Odes. Literal antiquity cannot be claimed for Shinto. We have no certain knowledge of it before the sixth century A.D. But, just as the temples of Ise, which are rebuilt every twenty years, retain in modern materials every detail of the ancient design, so Shinto has preserved a mode of thought which the ancestors of the Indians and Chinese outgrew three thousand years ago.

It is strange that this ancient ceremonial paganism—unreasonable, unemotional, unmoral, and incoherent—should be the religion of an unusually intelligent and progressive race. Its dominant position evidently does not represent the natural development of Japanese

thought. Their philosophical and spiritual ideas have found an outlet elsewhere; and it is easier for an ancient religion to survive when it is not expected to be all-sufficient, but is only one system among others. Also, its persistence is due to causes not altogether religious. Three phases may be distinguished in its history. The first is prior to the introduction of Buddhism. Though it is not safe to assume that one can discover primitive Shinto by eliminating Buddhist and Chinese ideas from the religion of to-day, the Kojiki, Nihongi, and the earlier *Noritos* have probably preserved the legends and ceremonies of the fifth or sixth centuries. Buddhism appeared in the latter. It is not surprising that Shintoism declined, but rather that it was not absorbed, as the paganism of Europe was by Christianity. But the indifference of the Far East to systematic theology, and the readiness of Buddhist teachers, who had already practised the same method successfully in China, to recognise native deities, averted any serious religious struggle.

In Japan, as in China, there has always been a tendency to unite religions. Bakin, the novelist, says 'Shinto reverences the way of the Sun; the Chinese philosophers honour heaven; the teaching of Buddha fails not to make the sun a deity. Among differences of doctrine the fundamental principle is the same.' This view, though large and charitable, is not really true. Religions are not the same; but what happens, especially in the Far East, is that they change and combine, so that two phases of the same religion may be as different as two religions with different origins. Asiatic creeds are plastic, protean, and assimilative. The gods are not above 'all variable-ness or shadow of turning,' but are, in the true spirit of Buddhism, devoid of permanence or individuality, eternal only in their mutability. Teachers are honoured as having taught what they really most denounced; Buddha assumes the attributes of Siva; Priapus becomes a moral teacher. No transformation is too marvellous, no combination too inconsistent. The pedigrees of deities and doctrines are like the life-histories of the lower organisms, in which there is a continuity of existence but none of shape or appearance.

The Shinto deities were identified with various Buddhas and Bodhisatvas, or declared to be incarnations

of them. Thus the Sun-goddess was identified with Vairochana, the Dhyâni Buddha represented by the gigantic statue at Nara, who is probably himself the result of some North-Indian amalgamation of Buddhist ideas with Greco-Persian sun-worship. Even so un-Buddhist a deity as Hachiman, the god of war, was complacently styled Bosatsu or Bodhisatwa; and all the Shinto shrines, except in Yamada and Izumo, were served by Buddhist priests and decorated with Buddhist emblems. This mixed religion, known as Ryō-bu Shinto or double Shinto, is said to have been introduced by the celebrated apostle of Buddhism, Kobo Daishi (A.D. 774-834), and was, in spite of its name, Buddhism rather than Shinto. It remained the recognised religion of Japan for many hundred years; and it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that a reaction commenced.

This reaction was political as much as religious, for it indicated discontent with the Shogun and the beliefs that he patronised, including Chinese philosophy as well as Buddhism; and, by contrast, it favoured the Mikado, the descendant of the Sun-goddess, and pure Shinto as being a Japanese faith cleansed of foreign accretions. Motoori (1730-1801), one of the most eminent writers who supported this movement, devoted his energies to attacking everything Chinese and praising all Japanese customs with indiscriminating patriotism. His pupil Hirata (1776-1843), whose teaching was even more influential, was banished because his lectures seemed to exalt the descendants of the Sun-goddess at the expense of the Shogun. The events which occurred between 1854 and 1865 seemed to show that the Shogun and the system which he represented had had their day; and in 1868 the return of the Mikado to his ancient position of sole ruler was accompanied by the official re-establishment of pure Shinto. The temples were handed over to Shinto priests, and the Buddhist emblems were removed. Since then Shinto has flourished with the double support of the official world and of popular superstition. But for the former the revival would probably have collapsed, for it cannot be denied that it is really inferior to the Chinese and Buddhist ideas which it attacked, and that its revival was a retrograde step.

Apart from patriotism and political feeling, the works

of Motoori and Hirata are ludicrous. It is as if one were to profess belief in the contents of Lemprière's classical dictionary and apply to them the same devout exegesis as to the Gospels. Hirata proves from the myths that the gods are about ten feet high, and that the islands of Japan were produced by a process analogous to human generation and grew from the dimensions of babies to their present size. These are absurdities of the learned; but Shinto was rendered possible because it did not put forward its legends as a creed or display them by images and pictures, and also because it was a good school of national discipline. It is often said that it has no moral code. This is true; but without precept or legislation it creates a moral tone. It teaches nothing at all, and it countenances the animal instincts in a way which Buddhism would account a sin. But it is somehow incompatible with luxury, licentiousness, and disorder; and it encourages simplicity and loyalty. The ceremonial cleanliness on which it insists is no equivalent for purity of heart and mind, and in one way illustrates its bareness and inadequacy for modern life; in another way this cleanliness is not only good so far as it goes, but its influence in creating a simple and austere life extends beyond the letter of its injunctions.

We have seen that the revival of pure Shinto was partly a protest against Chinese influence. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the strength of this influence or the magnitude of Japan's debt to China in all that concerns culture and thought. Confucianism has never been reckoned as one of the religions of Japan, partly because the Japanese patriots in recent times are disposed to ignore what is foreign, and partly because even in China it is not so much a religion as a philosophy which tolerates religion. During two periods at least it was a considerable force in moulding Japanese character. In the seventh and succeeding centuries it supplied the want of a moral code in Shinto and did it easily and well, because the fundamental principle is much the same. Confucianism holds that human nature is radically good; and Shinto bids the right-minded man follow his instincts. Subsequently, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when luxury and corruption threatened the State, the first intellectual revival, succeeded later by a Shinto

reaction, came from Chinese philosophy, particularly the schools of Chu-Hsi * and Wang-Yang-Ming (pronounced in Japanese O-yo-mei). The former, as being the safer doctrine, was patronised by the Shoguns; but the latter, though considered dangerous, was actively propagated by Nakaye Tōju (1605-78) and his followers, and spread among the educated and military classes. It had in it the seeds of Radicalism, for it taught that all men are equal, and, by inspecting their own hearts, can find knowledge of the right which should be translated into action. Though the revolution which overthrew the Shogunate was also the overthrow of Chinese learning, yet that learning had helped to prepare it; for, decorous and conservative as Chinese philosophy is, it has always maintained that the people are the principal part of the State, and that a sovereign who does not suit their needs should be removed.

It does not appear that Taoism reached Japan in a connected form. Even in China it is loosely systematised, and it cannot stand transportation without falling to pieces. But traces of it are found in art and mythology, such as the seven gods of luck. Various Shinto sects which arose from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries appear to have an admixture of Taoist as well as of Buddhist ideas. Such are the Ten-jin-yui-itsu, which teaches that Ten (heaven or nature) and man are one; and the Deguchi, which makes use of the old Chinese classic, the Yih-King. This sect offers an extraordinary instance of the transformations which creeds and gods may undergo. It extols Saruta-hiko as a teacher of morality. There is an old phallic deity of this name who is worshipped at roadsides, and hence came to be regarded as the god of roads. But the road or way can be used, especially in Taoist phraseology, to mean the path of duty and acquiescence in divine laws. Hence the god of the road is converted into a moral teacher; and we have, as Mr Aston says, the astonishing result that a phallic deity figures as the chief apostle of morality.

Buddhism entered Japan in the sixth century from

* See 'Historical Development of the Shushi (= Chu-Hsi) Philosophy in Japan,' by A. Lloyd, in 'Trans. of Asiatic Society of Japan' for June 1907. The author attributes the qualities shown by the Japanese in the Russian war to the influence of this philosophy.

China through Korea.* It met with considerable opposition, but was established by the Regent Shōtoku Daishi (572-621), after a sharp conflict with the champions of the older faith. Japanese Buddhism illustrates many points of the national character. It is in one way entirely borrowed and foreign—an Indian religion somewhat modified in a Chinese rearrangement. But both the Chinese and the Indian elements have been so subtly varied and so permeated with the Japanese spirit that, despite its exotic origin, the religion has become truly Japanese and remarkably distinct in externals and ideas from other forms of Buddhism. One characteristic of it is the variety and activity of its sects, which are usually not mutually hostile, and are based on the broadminded view of the Mahāyāna that the Buddha had different teachings suited to different classes of hearers. They are variously estimated at from twelve to thirty, according as subdivisions are reckoned or neglected. The existence of these sects can hardly be disputed, for it is based on an official census of temples † (not on the number of adherents, for a layman may be both a Shintoist and a Buddhist); but they are not all living forces. They continue because they own temples and lands bequeathed to them by former piety, and also family cemeteries; but their distinguishing doctrines have ceased to be influential or even understood. About six are still important and fall into two categories, namely, sects imported direct from China and sects developed on Japanese soil.

Of the former the principal are the Tendai and Shingon, both owning many magnificent temples. Tendai is the Japanese pronunciation of T'ien-tai, a beautiful monastery to the south of Ningpo, and one of the chief centres of Chinese Buddhism. In the seventh and eighth centuries religious intercourse was kept up between Japan and China; and students were sent to study under Chinese teachers. One of these, Dengyō Daishi (about

* Since this article was written there has appeared an interesting study of Japanese Buddhism which merits attention, 'Outlines of Mahāyāna Buddhism,' by Daisets Teitaro Suzuki. Luzac and Co., 1907.

† The total number of Buddhist temples is said to be 72,416, and of Shinto 193,476. But most of the latter are very small, and have neither priests nor revenues, whereas the Buddhist establishments are generally considerable, often very large, well endowed, and served by many priests.

A.D. 800), brought back the teaching of T'ien-tai; and about the same time the more celebrated Kobo Daishi similarly imported the doctrine of the Shingon, in Sanskrit Yogâcharya. I will not examine here the doctrines of these sects, which are described by Mr Lloyd. They rest on a formidable basis of Indian metaphysics as little to the taste of the present age as the superstructure of magic erected on it. It is remarkable that they have preserved Indian features which have disappeared in China, such as the deity Fudo, represented as surrounded by flames and probably a form of Siva.

More important for its influence on thought and culture is the Zen.* It also came direct from China, but belongs chronologically to another epoch, the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries—a period of Buddhist revival which also produced the Jōdo, Shinshū, and Nichiren sects. 'Zen' is the Sanskrit word Dhyâna or meditation; and the main doctrine of the school is that knowledge is obtainable, not by the study of sacred books, but by contemplation. It may seem strange that a doctrine so mystical and dreamy should have spread among a practical nation, and particularly among the military class; but the concentration of thought which it prescribed required a discipline and control of the mind in keeping with Bushido and the ideals of the Samurai. It approved and patronised the tea-ceremonies; and, by a happy piece of inconsistency, it was, despite its trust in meditation, inclined to literature and art. Consequently it was and still is respected. A most interesting exposition of its doctrines in their modern liberal form is contained in the sermons of Soyen Shaku,† abbot of two monasteries at Kamakura.

Most Japanese sects tend to a view of the universe not easily distinguished from Theism or Pantheism. According to the doctrine of the three bodies of Buddha, the Dharma-Kâya, or law body, is regarded as 'the system of being or totality of existence,'† and is called the Buddhist equivalent of God. We are told that, when this Dharma-Kâya is most concretely conceived, it be-

* See 'The Zen Sect of Buddhism,' by Daisetz T. Suzuki, in 'Journal of Pali Text Society' for 1907.

† 'Sermons of a Buddhist Abbot,' translated and published by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, 1906.

comes such deities as Vairochana or Amitâbha, and that Nirvâna expresses its negative phase. One wonders what Gotama would have said to this. On the other hand, the ethics of these systems, their insistence on meditation rather than prayer, the doctrines of Karma and the unreality of the Ego, are all true Buddhist features.

In externals an artistic mythology is prominent. Most temples consist of pavilions and gateways arranged in beautiful gardens, often on different levels, connected by staircases. Among many other images may be seen Shaka, the historical Buddha, with the hand raised in blessing; Amida, the lord of the Western Paradise, with the hands folded; Vairochana, a Dhyâni Buddha, identified with the sun, with rays round his head; and the founders of various sects who have attained their present high position by a process closely analogous to Shinto deification. These images are generally set above altars bearing lights and flowers. On the walls or outside the building others are depicted: the kings of the four quarters, the seven gods of luck, Binzuru seated at the door of the shrine and supposed to heal disease by his touch, and Jizo, the helper of those in trouble and specially of dead children. This deity, whose attributes have no clear prototype in India or China, is a characteristic product of Japanese sentiment.

Often represented and more worshipped than any of the above is Kwannon, the goddess of Mercy. Her pedigree is strange; she is undoubtedly the Bodhisatwa Avalokiteśvara. Whatever may have been the original meaning of that name, it was certainly wrongly interpreted by early Chinese Buddhists as 'He who looks down on sounds,' and translated as Kwan-yin, the compassionate deity who looks down from heaven and assists suppliants. Until the twelfth century Kwan-yin remained male, but since then has been worshipped almost exclusively as a female deity; for the vulgar, a giver of sons to childless mothers, for the idealist, a personification of the divine love. The widespread inclination to deify *das Ewigweibliche* was perhaps facilitated by the metamorphoses of Kwan-yin into various shapes assumed by the deity to help the unhappy. She is still polymorphic; and the various Kwannons (like the various

Madonnas) are probably regarded by the peasantry as separate beings. A favourite pilgrimage is to visit the thirty-two shrines of Kwannon in the provinces near Kyōto.

The Jōdo was founded by Hōnen Shonin at the end of the twelfth century, and marks the transition from the Chinese to the purely Japanese sects; for, though its origin is Chinese, its founder did not visit China. It is based on three Mahāyānist books, the greater and lesser Sukhāvati Vyūha or 'Description of the Happy Land,' and the 'Meditation on Eternal Life'; and it inculcates the worship of Amida or Amitābha, the Buddha of boundless light, who reigns in the Western Paradise. The history of Amitābha is obscure, but he is already prominent in the Suddharma-Pundarīka, and was perhaps originally a Persian god of Light. Knowing that mankind are incapable of finding salvation for themselves, he vowed that he would not enter Nirvāna until he had created a paradise where all who invoked his name might be received after death. The Jōdo sect received considerable patronage, as is shown by the tombs of Shoguns in the Zōjōji temple at Tōkyō, and has still some importance; but it has been eclipsed by its offspring the Shinshū or Monto, which has developed its teaching, and is perhaps the most influential sect in Japan to-day.

It was founded by Shinran (1173-1262), a pupil of Hōnen Shōnin and a member of the Fujiwara clan. He called the body which he founded Jōdo Shinshū, or the true sect of Jōdo, which indicates that his claim to originality was modest. Doctrinally the difference is small. Shinshū rejects ceremonies and austerities; salvation is gained, not by invoking Amida, but merely by faith in him; faith is followed even in this life by the assurance of salvation (for Amida dwells in the believer's heart), and in the next by entry into paradise, which is equivalent to Nirvāna. Interesting developments of the Amida doctrine are to be found in the Ji sect, which accompanies prayer by dances, and in the Yuzu-nembutsu or sect of prayer-circulation. This sect teaches that the invocation to Amida should be made not merely for the individual who utters it, but for the whole world; and, in indicating that paradise is identical with this universal benevolence, and the dwelling of Amida in the believer's

heart, it attains to the idea that 'the kingdom of God is within you.'

The Shinshū is ostentatiously an appeal to the common man for whom monasticism or metaphysics is impossible, and hence is popular. Its priests marry, live like the laity, and even eat meat. Other shrines and monasteries are generally endowed and outside towns; they have an air of devout seclusion, refuges from the turmoil of the world. The Shinshū temples, on the contrary, are maintained by voluntary contributions and are built in towns, within reach of the busy classes. In proportions and decoration they can compare with any in Japan, which is an eloquent testimony to the zeal of their supporters. They consist of two halls, one dedicated to Amida and one to the founder of the sect—for this otherwise simple religion admits the veneration of a practically deified saint. The interiors are chaste, but splendid, recalling in their general features a well-kept Roman Catholic Church. The first part of the hall is sombre; the section furthest from the door is railed off to form the chancel; worshippers throw offerings of coins either into a large box or simply on the chancel floor; but, except for this rather unceremonious practice, there is no untidiness. Within the chancel stand one or more richly decorated altars; the images above them are usually in closed cabinets, but, even when visible, they are very small and do not suggest idolatrous worship. As in most sects, the greater part of the liturgy is in Chinese, which, interspersed with corrupt Sanskrit, has become the ecclesiastical language of the country; but hymns are sung in Japanese. Sermons are preached either in private houses or in rooms adjoining the temple, but never in the shrine. They are delivered at certain periods only, especially the two equinoxes, and consist of a succession of short devotional discourses about a quarter of an hour long, which continue nearly all day, a hearer remaining as long as he chooses.

These temples are known as Hongwanji or monasteries of the real (i.e. Amida's) vow, and are of two kinds, the Higashi (Eastern) and Nishi (Western) Hongwanji, corresponding to a division in the sect which is administrative rather than religious. The temples of the older or Western division have one roof only, whereas those of

the Eastern have two; the one lays more stress on the efficacy of Amida's saving grace, the other on the need of faith. But the real origin of the division is that the primacy was hereditary in the founder's family, and that Iyeyasu, seeing the growing power of the sect and also the dissensions in which it was involved, allowed two brothers to become abbots of two foundations and divide its influence.

To the honour of the Shinshū it must be said that it is zealous in promoting education, philanthropic institutions, and practical charity. It is even endeavouring to establish missions in China and Korea. These proceedings are perhaps partly an imitation of Christianity; and the language of the most modern prayers and religious periodicals is also remarkably Christian. The doctrine of Amida, though it seems to have arisen independently, lends itself to Christian influence. It is simply Theism *plus* justification by faith, and has hardly any claim to be called Buddhist, except that it retains the doctrine of Karma. The sect possesses some twenty thousand temples, about the same number as the Zen, but more indicative of vitality, as they are maintained by the offerings of the faithful.

Such a deviation from the original doctrines of Buddhism as this sect presents could hardly pass without protest; and the reaction began even in the life of the founder. Nichiren (thirteenth century), the most impressive and picturesque figure in the religious history of Japan, practically revived and developed the teaching of the Tendai in a form suited to contemporary needs. According to the story, when resting at a village inn he saw some children playing with an image of Shaka (the historical Buddha), and, on remonstrating with the landlord, was told that it had been given to them as a doll, because Shinran taught that it was useless to worship any one but Amida. Nichiren's indignation at this incident is crystallised in the saying that every invocation of Amida entails a thousand years of purgatory on him who utters it; and he devoted himself to an adventurous career of reform, in the course of which he was sentenced to death and saved by a miracle. After some years of banishment he spent the end of his life in teaching at Minobu, where his remains are preserved in a splendid

shrine. The sect regards the Saddharma-pundarika as the most important scripture; and its principal prayer is a repetition of the formula, 'Reverence to the scripture of the Lotus of the good Law.'

The chief objects of worship are Shaka and Nichiren himself, who is regarded as an incarnation of the Bodhisatwa Visishṭha Cāritra, to whom Shaka in his lifetime imparted the deepest mysteries of the faith; but the pantheon of deities and saints is unusually extensive. Though the greatest reverence is rendered to Shaka, this does not mean any return to the doctrines of the Hīnayāna, for the historical Buddha is declared to be identical with the all-pervading Buddha mind; and all nature, animate and inanimate, shares in his essence. 'Every grain of dust can become a Buddha.' Neither vulgar realism nor philosophic idealism, as usually taught, is the whole truth; this is to be found in a higher realism. Phenomena are real, inasmuch as they exist in the universal mind of Buddha—a doctrine which has analogies in European metaphysics. Although the Nichiren sect takes a higher level than the Shinshū in teaching that salvation must be won by conduct and thought, it weakens the force of its doctrines by prescribing one life for monks and another for the laity. As a popular religion it has a tendency to ranting and superstition. Nichiren's temper was excited by conflict and soured by persecution; he bequeathed to his followers an hysterical fanaticism and an intolerance unusual in Buddhism. Their emotional services are accompanied by a clamour of drums and bells; and exorcism, hypnotism, and the use of spells and charms are freely practised. ●

Some miscellaneous modern sects may be mentioned as indicating the tendency of Japanese thought. One called Tenri or Heavenly Wisdom was founded by a woman who died in 1887. In 1894 it was said to have a million and a half adherents, and is still increasing, especially in the country districts. Officially it is classed as a Shinto sect; but its gods are spiritualised and are said to be revealed in the human heart. The important and popular feature of this sect appears to be faith-healing. Evil does not exist; and apparent manifestations of it, such as disease, can be conquered by trust in the divine power and a right view of the world. The

Remmon-kyō is in some respects similar, for it was also founded by a woman, practises faith-healing, and is classed as Shinto, though it really owes more to the teaching of Nichiren. Certain Shinto gods are regarded as manifestations of a principle called the Wonderful Law; and this law is supposed to have been incarnate in the person of the foundress.

The tendency to unite the human and divine is evidently strong in Japan. Sometimes a venerated personality is regarded as a permanent incarnation; sometimes a professional medium or even an ordinary person is possessed by a deity during a temporary trance. Equally strong is the tendency to combine faiths. Even the Shinto reformers admitted that Buddha was a god (Kami); and the Shingaku, a school of preachers who combined Buddhism, Confucianism, and Shinto, had considerable influence early in the nineteenth century.

In Japan, as in China, the history of Christianity is a record of friendly welcome succeeded by attempted suppression, and later by hesitating and mistrustful toleration; only in Japan all the phases are more accentuated. The new religion arrived in the middle of the sixteenth century, the troubled period of Nobunaga and Hideyoshi, and by 1582 had 150,000 converts, who subsequently increased to 300,000. It does not seem to have influenced Shintoism or Buddhism, though the latter offers some resemblances both in ritual and doctrine; and one reason for its success was that it appeared during a period of religious stagnation, between the Buddhist activity of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and the later passion for Chinese learning. Political causes also helped it. The monasteries of Heizan had become a turbulent nest of bandits. Nobunaga, with whose enemies they had sided, sacked their temples, dispersed their communities, and nourished no prejudice against a rival religion.

The sudden anti-Christian movement of 1597 was due partly to the mutual hostility of the Jesuits and the Franciscans, and partly to the discovery (made also in China) that Christianity was not merely a doctrine but a means of extending European influence and conquest. This persecution was succeeded by a period of civil strife,

in which religious disputes were forgotten; but it recommenced in 1614 when Iyeyasu had united Japan under his rule. For purely political reasons he determined to exclude European influence, and was not disposed to make any exception in favour of the Christian religion, for many Catholics had sided with his enemies. Christianity was suppressed and forbidden by law until 1858, though it is said that it lingered on in secret near Nagasaki.

In 1708 Father Sidotti, an Italian missionary, landed in Satsuma. He was not allowed to preach, but was examined on behalf of the Government by Hakuseki, a literary man, who left a curious account of the impressions of Christian doctrine which he received. It was, in his esteem, mere folly.

'The word Deus which the Western man used (he wrote) is equivalent to Creator. He argued that the universe did not come into existence of itself, but must have had a maker. But if so, who made Deus? If Deus could come into existence of himself, why should not heaven and earth do so likewise? . . . It is unnecessary to discuss his notions about the beginning of the world and of mankind, of paradise and of hell, for they are all derived from Buddhism. What will be thought of the idea that Deus, pitying the criminals who had broken the heavenly commands and could not give satisfaction, was born as Jesus for their sakes, and in their stead redeemed their guilt? This sounds very childish. What prevented Deus from pardoning an offence against the heavenly commandments or mitigating the punishment, especially as he was the author of the precept broken?' (Abridged from Aston.)

Although missionaries entered Japan on the signing of the treaties in 1859, many years elapsed before Christianity was tolerated in practice. The Government endeavoured to stamp out the traces of it existing around Nagasaki; and, so late as 1870, the position of a native Christian was dangerous. In 1889, however, a Constitution was promulgated, which declared (Art. xxviii) that 'Japanese subjects shall, within limits not prejudicial to peace and order and not antagonistic to their duties as subjects, enjoy freedom of religious belief.' This was obviously tolerance with considerable limitations, the nature of which it would be for the Government to define. Christian worship was tolerated; and many

thought Japan might become Christian before the end of the century. But, about the same time, the failure of protracted treaty negotiations, which meant the refusal of Europe to admit Japan as a civilised Power, made European institutions unpopular; and a reaction began in favour of everything Japanese which could be preserved without impairing material prosperity. There was a prevalent idea that a Christian could not be patriotic. He belonged to a foreign sect with foreign ways, and could not be safely counted as a good citizen. But I heard recently in Japan that this mistrustful feeling has much diminished of late. In 1904 the Government indicated its disapproval of some newspapers which attempted to represent the Russo-Japanese war as primarily a conflict between Christian and non-Christian countries; and the patriotic efforts of the Japanese Christian societies and the good service done by Christian soldiers in all grades broke down the distinction which had seemed to divide them from ordinary people.

The future of Christianity in Japan is a problem of exceptional difficulty, because religion is there more than in other countries affected by external and artificial causes. The phase which it may show at any given moment does not represent the development of national religious thought reacting under new religious influences; it may represent what the upper classes think useful or merely fashionable. The revival of Shinto in 1868 did not mean that there was a current of materialism, or a protest against superstition, or a relapse into the mental condition of half-civilised races. It meant that Shinto seemed a suitable accompaniment of altered political conditions, and that few people cared about its truth or adequacy as a creed. If the religious temper of Great Britain were similar, Home Rulers would revive ancient Irish paganism—which, indeed, the literary efforts of the Gaelic League show some tendency to do. If the Mikado or his successors were to renounce Shinto as too antiquated for a civilised monarch, that creed would sink to the position of a picturesque popular superstition and die out like European paganism. But, apart from the uncertainty of a step which depends on personal character, it is not evident that the influences affecting the Court will urge it in this direction. The Japanese are rightly

proud of what they have done ; and one cannot wonder if they think that their own modes of thought are better than any to be found elsewhere. Though they are capable of adopting what they think the best religion as calmly as they would adopt the best system of drill, and with the same amount of conviction, they do not omit to enquire how far religions are really believed in Europe, and they are familiar with the idea that dogmatic Christianity is not at present in the ascendant. Also Roman Catholicism, which would otherwise be congenial to them, conflicts with their political ideals. The notion of any Japanese institution being controlled by a ruler resident in Europe is distasteful. Any faith, to be popular now, must be thoroughly Japanese, if not by origin, at least by transformation. 'Missions to the heathen' sent by foreign societies ruffle the national pride. In practical morality the influence of Christianity, or at least that of European standards, is clear. It is no longer the fashion to keep subsidiary wives ; and the connexion between religious bodies and charitable institutions is mainly a modern feature.

At present Japan is in search of a religion, not as a passionate seeker after truth nor tortured by doubts, but as a busy person considering among many other things what is the best creed, without prejudice to the question whether any is necessary. Shintoism (including ancestor-worship) collects round it much political, patriotic, and family sentiment, but cannot satisfy in any degree either the mind or the emotions. If many Japanese of acute intellect accept it, this merely shows how singularly they divorce religion and thought, not in the sense that they have a faith or fanaticism which overcomes doubt, but that they are satisfied with phrases and ceremonies without enquiring further.

The influence of Buddhism is, I think, generally understated ; it is great, but it is remarkable that it is not greater. The temples are numerous, frequented, and well kept, not neglected as in China. Some of the principal doctrines, such as those of Karma and rebirth, have penetrated popular language and popular thought ; and the debt to Buddhism in art and general civilisation outside the strictly religious sphere is enormous. The Zen sect is respected by the educated ; and both the Shin and

Nichiren sects are popular among the lower classes. But, for all this, Buddhism cannot be said to lead the intellectual and spiritual life of Japan; and the traveller who is interested in it feels that he is pursuing a curious byway of knowledge and not one of the great national interests. The ordinary educated Japanese is as much puzzled by questions about Buddhist services as a Londoner would be if asked for the dates of the Asiatic Society's meetings. None of the many Buddhist sects adequately represents the older and more virile Buddhism which in so many ways agrees with contemporary scientific thought; they are relatively modern and somewhat extravagant developments. The abstruse but fanciful metaphysics which form the more serious side of their teaching have no real hold on the Japanese mind, though in a poetical, sublimated form, admirably illustrated by Lafcadio Hearn, they have touched the popular imagination. There is plenty of Buddhist art, but little Buddhist literature, and that little is mostly in Chinese. On the other hand, the more human side of Buddhism appeals to the lower rather than to the educated classes, and is hardly compatible with the level of national culture.

The Shinshū sect has many excellences; it is simple, kindly, artistic, liberal, progressive, and philanthropic; but its doctrine must crumble in the atmosphere created by modern education, for Amida is not exactly God, and also is not a real historical personage like Buddha or Mohammed; he is not even an old national deity. In plain language, he is a fiction and a late addition to the system of which he is supposed to be the basis. This may not prevent the creed from spreading among the lower classes, but it appears to be a serious bar to its general acceptance. It is curious that, though the Japanese are a gentle people, Buddhism has lost among them much of its detached calm, and has frequently shown itself turbulent and disorderly.

People often ask what is the real religion of the Japanese, meaning by the question, What is the moral force which gives them such self-control in peace and heroism in war? I do not think it is religion in any ordinary sense of the word; it does not reside in any of the many systems of doctrine, philosophy, or mythology.

But there is a borderland between religion, ethics, and national character which is probably in all nations, far more than theology, the mainspring of great enterprises. This may not be easy to explain in the abstract, but an instance will make it plain.

In a poem called 'Clifton Chapel,' included in the volume called 'The Island Race,' Mr Newbolt has given an admirable summary of these borderland ideas as they affect the British Imperialist movement created by it in the main but also purifying and innervating it. The poem, it would seem, represents a military officer imparting Bushidō, the code of his caste, to his son; and with great skill the poet makes him speak in the school chapel, so that, without explanation, he is felt to give the outcome of his own education and the substance of his own religion :—

'To set the Cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes :
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.

* * * *

God send you fortune : yet be sure,
Among the lights that gleam and pass,
You'll live to follow none more pure
Than that which glows on yonder brass.

"Qui procul hinc," the legend's writ—
The frontier-grave is far away—

"Qui ante diem periit :
Sed miles, sed pro patriâ."

This is touched with real religious emotion; it does not strike the modern Christian reader as an incongruous utterance in a Christian church. Yet, if it is criticised impartially, it must be pronounced to have nothing Christian in it, for the kind of self-sacrifice advocated is not more Christian than Roman or Greek. Some kinship with Jehovah and the Lord of hosts the poem has, but none with the preacher of the Sermon on the Mount.

It is somewhat the same with Japanese ideals. They are not really those of Buddhism (rather those of Shinto),

but they borrow from it any teaching of self-discipline, self-sacrifice, and renunciation that suits them. And Japanese Buddhism (with Christian analogies) does its best to support military patriotism by explaining that a soldier is essentially one who gives up his own life; and that, when the Buddha said that killing was a sin, he did not refer to the process of suppressing evil by reducing the number of one's country's enemies. I think that the importance of Bushidō has been exaggerated, in as far as it is supposed to be a definite system consciously followed; but, if taken in the looser sense of a half-formulated code of military honour supported by such ideas as the beauty of loyalty, the infamy of shaming one's ancestors, and the unimportance or even (for such as have the necessary dose of metaphysics in their composition) the non-existence of individual lives, it does no doubt represent the motive moral impulse of the average Japanese.

A feeling that it is insufficient is, I think, growing. Among middle-aged people any strong religious sentiment or conviction seems to be rare, but among the rising generation there is an emotional craving. It may be only an incident of growth; and I am told that the Government do their best to discourage it so far as their control over education permits, alleging that it leads to unhealthy ideas and even to suicide. But what form will it take if it persists? The best authorities are agreed that the Japanese are not likely to adopt Christianity in any form implying an admission of European superiority in thought, but that they are likely to adopt and refashion parts of it in a mould satisfying to their idiosyncrasies and sense of independence. Too much must not be expected of this, for neither speculation nor emotion is the strong point of the nation. But they have open, assimilative minds, accustomed to give half allegiance to creeds they do not wholly accept, and to embody any new idea in a sect. Much of Christian theology has its origin in the mixture of European and Eastern beliefs which took place under the Roman Empire; and it will be interesting to see if the interaction of European and Asiatic ideas in modern Japan produces a new fusion.

C. ELIOT.

Art. VI.—ARIOSTO.

1. *Orlando Innamorato di Bojardo; Orlando Furioso di Ariosto*. With an essay, memoirs, and notes. By Antonio Panizzi. London: Pickering, 1830.
2. *Opere Minori di Lodovico Ariosto*. Ordinate e annotate per cura di Filippo-Luigi Polidori. Two vols. Florence: Successori Le Monnier, 1857.
3. *Lettere di Lodovico Ariosto*. Con prefazione storico-critica, documenti e note per cura di Antonio Cappelli. Third edition. Milano: Hoepli, 1887.
4. *Lodovico Ariosto nei Prologhi delle sue Comedie*. Studio storico e critico. By Naborre Campanini. Bologna: Zanichelli, 1891.
5. *Spenser's Imitations from Ariosto*. By R. E. Neil Dodge. 'Publications of the Modern Language Association of America,' vol. XII, No. 2. Baltimore: (Jas. W. Bright, Secretary), 1897.
6. *Le Fonti dell' Orlando Furioso*. Ricerche e studi di Pio Rajna. Second edition. Florence: Sansoni, 1900.
7. *The King of Court Poets*. A study of the Work, Life, and Times of Lodovico Ariosto. By Edmund G. Gardner. London: Constable, 1906.

THE vicissitudes of reputation among the shades of letters are as great as or greater than among those of history. Homer, we say, is safe *propter mille annos*, and Shakespeare, and Dante, and some one or two besides. But below the very highest class there comes a time when the poet too—a Euripides, a Byron—needs his *sacer vates*, his new interpreter, his pious editor; and, with the phonetic or linguistic millennium and aeroplanes once established, and the tribes of man in restless flight from continent to continent, the survival of all but a very few seems doubtful. Contrast the present English knowledge and estimate of Ariosto with that of his contemporary, Machiavelli, who would not have dreamed of rivalling his literary repute in their joint lifetime. Each connects himself conspicuously with a first-rate English man of letters—Ariosto with Spenser, Machiavel with Bacon; and Ariosto has the advantage of working in the more imaginative and attractive material. But Machiavel received, in March 1827, the attention of the

smartest and most eloquent of English critics, and has further profited by our increased attention to historiography. The result is that we are continually reprinting, translating, and discussing the Florentine; while as to the Ferrarese we are silent, save in some general work on Italian literature or in notes to some book of 'The Faerie Queene.' Since Harington, we have translated the complete 'Furioso' but three times in the eighteenth century and once in the nineteenth, as against a total of fourteen translations (excluding nine partial or looser renderings) issued in France, followed in 1905 by yet another, that of M. Hector Lacoche. The 'Satires' were Englished by Robert Tofte in 1608, and by Horton and T. H. Croker in 1759. Of the 'Comedies,' which have the best claim to have restored the drama to modern Europe, only the 'Suppositi' has ever been rendered into any other European tongue; into French by P. de Mesmes in 1552, into English by George Gascoigne in 1566.

Mr Gardner's book does something to remedy this neglect; but the literary side is too much sacrificed to the historical. The perfect fusion of the two was perhaps impossible; for Ariosto was not, like Machiavelli, first and foremost a politician. He wrote neither history nor political philosophy, and his incursions into politics were occasional, incidental to his position as the dependant of princes rather than sought independently as his proper outlet. In this interesting and able account of a most complicated time, he stands somewhat out of the focus of highest light; he appears as something of an intruder amid great affairs, in which he has too little real share to justify entirely the position assumed for him in the title. Of his life, Mr Gardner supplies fuller and more accurate details than have yet appeared in England, though he accepts a little too readily some of the more picturesque statements of the early biographers. Such are the six months' stay a-wooing in Florence (1513), reported by Fornari, which Barotti showed to be hardly compatible with the cardinal's service; Pigna's story of his silent submission to his father's unmerited rebuke in order the better to study the bearing of an angered parent for the scene in 'La Cassaria' (v, ii) already commenced—a story savouring of myth, rejected by Panizzi, and rendered more improbable by the establishment of

the date 1508 for the performance of the first form of the comedy; and the incident, related by Garofalo, of the brigand's homage when he was crossing the Apennines.

Into his three purely literary chapters Mr Gardner has put a good deal of sound research and bibliographical work, and of the 'Furioso' at least some thoughtful general criticism and some comparison of the female figures. But the treatment of the Comedies is inadequate; the poet's general literary characteristics are nowhere formulated, nor is his place allotted in the literary and linguistic development of Italy. Nor is his important relation to Spenser and English literature dealt with. On the whole, Mr Gardner's wide reading in his subject, his preoccupation with dukes and popes and cardinals, the women they loved and the towns they took—the whole splendid show which leaves, as compared with poetry, so little trace—and his further keen interest in the painters, have a little swamped in him the power of original thought and literary grasp. Nor do we feel his style—easy, fluent, fairly clear, but lacking in point and conciseness—to be the best for literary criticism. Notwithstanding which we can accept his work with gratitude, and look forward to the swelling act to which this and a former volume stand as prologues.

Mr Gardner has rendered needless more than the briefest reference to the poet's life. We should divide it into three periods. The first, one of almost unbroken study, would extend from his birth at Reggio d' Emilia, September 8, 1474, to his father's death in 1500, which 'forced him to turn his thoughts from Mary to Martha,'* to the practical need of providing for his four brothers and five sisters. The second period might be designated roughly as that of his service to the Cardinal Ippolito d' Este, entered in 1503 and quitted in September 1517, when he refused on grounds of health to accompany him to his Hungarian see. It was a period of more or less constant travel about Italy on confidential missions, 'changing horses and guides, scouring in hot haste over mountain and precipice, and playing tricks with death,'† an allusion, perhaps, to that affection of the throat which

* Sat. vii, 199.

† Sat. ii, 113, 114.

finally developed into the consumption that killed him; and it may fitly close with the second Satire (1518), written at forty-four, wherein, a year after quitting the cardinal's service, the poet, not too impartially, sums up the account between them. In this period, besides ripening and displaying that literary power which is more to its possessor than a kingdom, besides composing the 'Furioso' (pub. 1516) and his first two comedies, he has acquired that satisfying grasp and hold on life with which even the literary can ill dispense. He has known famous men and borne a part in great events. He has run the risk of being thrown into the Tiber by an angry pontiff; he has seen, if not the battle, yet the corpse-strewn field of Ravenna (1512), where his presence recalls that of Goethe with his curiosity about 'cannon-fever' at Valmy in 1792; he has shared, in the autumn of the same year, the perils of Alfonso's escape from the Papal States—on October 1 he is still quaking with fear, like a hare 'chased by greyhounds: . . . 'I have passed the night in the shelter of a hut near Florence with a masked noble (the duke), ears on the alert and heart in mouth.* He has felt bitterly the disappointment of the hopes excited by Leo X's warm hand-grasp and papal kiss (1513).

'Se Leon non mi diè, che alcun de' suoi
Mi dia, non spero,'

he writes, ten years later, in refusing the post of ambassador to Clement VII, Leo's cousin.

Our third period would extend from his appointment as one of Alfonso's chamberlains or secretaries, on April 23, 1518, till his death on July 6, 1533—a time, on the whole, of better fortune and more satisfaction. Its chief event was his governorship of the Garfagnana (February 1522 to June 1525), a recognised Alsatia for the neighbouring states, where his position with a tiny band of bowmen among a population of brigands and desperadoes has an irresistible air of comic opera. It would be most dangerous, he says, for the forces of order to display their colours, or for the governor to go out.† But his letters show that he filled the difficult post with firmness, wisdom, and integrity. After his recall he bought land,

* Capelli, Lett. xi.

† Sat. v, 157-60.

and built his house with the charming inscription, and married the woman he had loved for so many years; he wrote and produced comedies for the ducal theatre, and revised the 'Furioso,' the third edition of which appeared with large additions in 1532, shortly before his death.

If we know too much of Ariosto to place him on any pedestal of hero-worship, it is still possible to praise him as having lived, in a time utterly corrupt, a life of honest devotion to duty and high intellectual aim. In his relations with women he was probably above the average standard of self-restraint in that 'age of bastards'; and there is no indication that he was tainted by that darker form of vice, to the prevalence of which among the humanists he gives damning testimony.* His receipt of ecclesiastical revenues without performing ecclesiastical duties was the commonest of common things; they came to him by way of free gift or payment earned, not by influence used to bolster up unjust claims which he must be bribed to abandon.† Nothing is more marked than his Horatian adherence to the golden mean, his sense of the vanity of ambitions whose fulfilment brings no satisfaction,‡ or of wealth and honours bought at the price of fair fame.§

'Il vero onore è ch' uom da ben ti tenga
Ciascuno, e che tu sia; chè non essendo
Forza è che la bugia tosto si spenga.'||

Let the tutor whom Bembo wants for his son be a sound Greek scholar, but also that rarer thing, a good man:

'Dottrina abbia e bontà, ma principale
Sia la bontà; chè non vi essendo questa,
Nè molto quella, alla mia estima, vale.'¶

Nor is it possible to read his advice on marriage,** spite of some hitherto (we think) unnoted dependence on the 'Conjugal Præcepta' of Plutarch, without recognising behind it the ripe and sober judgment, the good feeling and good taste of a kindly, self-controlled, and honourable man. The point on which blame has chiefly fastened is his flattery, especially of the Estensi. Certainly it is

* Sat. vii, 25-33.

† Sat. ii, 181-83.

‡ Sat. iv, 202-207.

§ Ib. 285-313.

|| Ib. 259-61.

¶ Sat. vii, 16-18.

** Sat. iii.

not pleasant to read a letter like that to the young Marquis of Mantua.* 'Let me have the paper for printing my poem free of duty,' he says in effect: 'I've already put in some praise of you, and there'll be room for more in later additions.' But subservience was literature's only chance. If Aretino, later, seems to have won independence, he has had to crawl for it first. 'Better for me to be supported by the Duke (says Ariosto) than go round to this and that poor rascal for bread like a beggar.'† The frank expressions of the Satires, though not published till 1534, emphasise the conventional nature of literary flattery; and the eulogist does not hesitate to place poetic eulogies in his limbo of the moon, looking like 'cracked grasshoppers.‡

We rather share Symonds' regret that, being compelled to accept dependence, he could not maintain more consistently the good-humour shown in his external bearing. The cardinal's appreciation of the 'Furioso' may have fallen somewhat short, but he paid the printer's bill and left the proceeds to the poet. Alfonso may have had the manners of a bear and the cruelty of a wolf, but to Ariosto he was a sympathetic and indulgent master. One would rather have heard less about his hardships and slavery. There is something in the relation of patron and client which seems to corrupt the fairness of literary men, as though the receipt or expectation of a benefit made them *ipso facto* kinsmen of Mr Sludge. What a poverty is this, that a man must press his host and question his gift, lest it seem to depreciate his merit! Certainly there is less of this to-day, when the author seeks his living, not from a patron, but from a wide public that has made him no promises. There is a singular parallel in some respects, both of life and work, between Ariosto and a man of far less note in England, John Lyly. Like Ariosto, Lyly fell out of favour with his first master and became more directly attached to the Court; like Ariosto, he took charge of dramatic entertainments and produced a striking body of comic work on the threshold of the secular drama; like Ariosto, he felt himself inadequately rewarded, and filled the ears of

* Capelli, Lett. clxxvii, January 15, 1532; and compare Lett. clxxx.

† Sat. iv, 25-27.

‡ 'Orl. Fur.' xxxix, 77.

prince and courtiers with his complaints; and in neither case can we feel them wholly justified.

A sense of humour, however, saved Ariosto from the blind and foolish lengths attained by Tasso, who stood in like relation to Alfonso's grandson. The quality, which the late Prof. Blackie used to define as the mind's natural reaction from depressing conditions, may have been fostered in him by his early home life. His father, Niccolo, was a military martinet, who won the captaincy of Reggio by an attempt to poison Duke Ercole's nephew-rival, but lost his favour by a later act of cruel severity. Considering the age, we should perhaps note as a point in his favour that his wife and ten children all survived him. Ariosto tells us, what is extremely probable, that he was always careful to obey his father;* and certain scenes between affectionate parent and long-lost or erring son are among the best in his dramatic works;† but the strictness and constraint which certainly existed, while it developed the poet's sense of humour, may have formed in him a habit of complaisance, an air of soothing civility, which saved him infinite trouble with the brutal princes of the house of Este, the irascible Julius, and the world in general. His contrast herein with his great successor is very striking. Where Tasso is always insisting on his place as poet, claiming equality with the highest, and resenting real or imaginary slights, Ariosto moves with easy suppleness through a difficult world, fit for office, fit for embassies, the confidant of his sovereign, a favourite with all; able to suppress all but an angry flush if the cardinal sneered, able for the nonce to put aside his comfort and assume with energy an arduous function.

To Ariosto, as to Chaucer, whom in character and position he even more nearly resembles, humour, wanting to Tasso and Dante, has taught humility, a sense of the contrast between the mannikin self and the surrounding vastness, a discretion which knows that no merely self-conferred brevet of intellect can pass current, and neither maddens itself by egoistic broodings nor damages its claims by too arrogant assertion of them. We have no intention of dethroning genius in favour of the common

* 'Carm.' i, xvi.

† 'La Cassaria,' v, ii (Crisobolo and Erofile); 'I Suppositi,' iii, iv (Damonio), iv, viii (Filogono); 'La Lena,' iii, ii (Ilario).

self-protective cleverness ; there are natures to whom adjustment to their surroundings is indeed impossible, in whom the least concession would be a treachery to their highest instinct. We bow in reverence before spirits whose salvation of others forbids their own ; we faintly trust in a care and compensation somewhere for those others who, drunk with some glorious faculty, will not or cannot care for themselves. But rarely can even genius invalidate the test of life. Too often the tragedy arises, not from inherent impossibilities, but from error in the estimate, if not of the self, yet of the self's importance to the scheme of things. 'Il est aussi honnête (says La Rochefoucauld) d'être glorieux avec soi-même, qu'il est ridicule de l'être avec les autres.' Genius is here, perhaps, not to shine, but to suffer ; here, at any rate, to do its work and keep silence as to its worth. For this world is emphatically not an infallible machine for putting the best men into the best places. It seems so only to the more vain and stupid of those who win them, or to the more shallow and vulgar among the disciples of Dr Smiles. Considering the eternal difficulty experienced in finding your really capable and honest ruler, teacher, or what not, it seems probable that his discovery, however desirable in human eyes, has seldom formed part of the divine intention. But the world is a place where men of high, or even of very moderate ability, if they will but exhibit the average virtues of honesty, industry, and self-restraint with a little more than the average persistence, may, and constantly do—though no pledge can ever be given—secure some moderately successful and happy lot. Ariosto secured such ; Tasso did not ; and the fault, we fear, was mainly Tasso's.

The poet, we have said, was born at Reggio. Save for his brief visits to Rome or Florence, and his sojourn amid the 'asprezza Di questi sassi e questa gente inculta' of Garfagnana, his life was lived wholly on the levels of the great Lombard plain ; and those who affect to trace in a poet's work and character the influence of surrounding scenery, would no doubt point to the circumstance as contributing to his even temper and preventing his poetry from attaining the most commanding heights. But since Shakespeare, reared amid the tame and pretty

Mercian landscape, reached those heights, we shall be wiser not to press an argument applicable rather to the youth of nations or cities than to individuals at a late stage of civilisation, when such local effect is easily modified by travel, actual, or in the realms of gold. But the place of Ariosto's birth and youth is important in another sense. Native of, and almost continuously resident in, the wide valley of the Po,

'Quoque magis nullum tellus se solvit in amnem
Eridanus, fractasque evolvit in æquora silvas
Hesperiamque exhaurit aquis,'

he represents that indispensable Lombard strain which, interwoven with strands of Rome and Florence, completes the triple chord of the Italian spirit, and brings its real though undefined accession of vigour and variety to the Italian tongue.

The ancient rivalry between Roman and Lombard invader had long since died away; but the mountains had been effectual in preventing that perfect fusion of language which is the closest bond of union. At the beginning of the *trecento*, when the house of Este had already been masters in Ferrara for a century, Dante, following Lucan's glance down the dividing ridge of the Apennine, had counted at least fourteen well-marked dialects extant in Italy, and considered that, if all their recognisable subdivisions were enumerated, the number might well amount to upwards of a thousand. Passing these dialects through his sieve in search of one fit for acceptance as the common tongue, he rejected them all, one after another, on grounds of special barbarisms, of consonantal roughness, or of intolerable accentuation, or because the most cultivated representatives of each declined in their compositions to employ them. Dante, in fact, appealed from popular speech everywhere to a common literary usage slowly growing up throughout the peninsula and differing from all the dialects; but it is remarkable that, while rejecting as sheer folly the Tuscan claim of pre-eminence, he displays a distinct indulgence to the inhabitants of Bologna because they have shown a willingness to borrow from their neighbours. The passage is worth translating for its connexion with our subject.

'We say, then, that perhaps those are not far wrong who claim a better speech for the Bolognese, inasmuch as they eke out their own dialect with something from their neighbours of Imola, Ferrara, and Modena. . . . From the men of Imola they accept smoothness and softness, while they get from the Ferrarese and Modenese a certain kind of harshness (*garrulitatem*) peculiar to the men of Lombardy. We believe this quality has stayed with the natives since their admixture with the Lombard invaders; and it is the reason why we find no one of Ferrara, Modena, or Reggio to have composed poetry. For, habituated to their own harsh speech, they cannot approach the courtly dialect [i.e. the general literary speech, or "*illustre vulgare*"] without a certain roughness (*acerbitate*), of which a still better instance is afforded by the men of Parma, who say *monto* for *molto*. Since, then, the Bolognese borrow from their neighbours, it seems reasonable that their speech, by a blending of opposites, as we have said, should attain a harmony and sweetness deserving praise.' *

But, though they are thus to be preferred to all the dialects of Italy, they are after all rejected on the ground that their poets, well able to distinguish, to wit, Guido Guinicelli, Guido Ghislieri, Fabruzzo, and Onesto, have shunned the local Bolognese and adopted the literary speech, the '*illustre vulgare*.' It has been urged that Dante, while professing impartiality, did in reality make the *lingua Toscana* the basis of his '*illustre vulgare*'; and we need not doubt the fact, whether he were conscious of it or not. Spite of his wide and philosophic view of the Italian speech that was to be, spite of his scornful repudiation of Tuscan (which Machiavelli attributes† to vindictive feelings caused by his banishment), spite of his intentional introduction of Lombard terms and sometimes of Lombard forms, he remains a Tuscan writer. The predominance of that element in the ultimate language of Italy was in any case assured by such a succession as that of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio; though the studies and the travels of the two

* 'De Vulgari Eloquentia,' I, xv.

† 'Dialogo intorno alla Lingua.' Machiavelli's authorship has been questioned, but is accepted by Prof. Villari. His attribution of unfairness seems contradicted by the language of 'De Vulg. Eloq.' I, vi, in which local affection is plainly apparent.

former gave them full opportunity of enriching it from dialectical sources, while the last-named imparted further something of a Latin sonority and glitter.* In the long interval between 1375 and the close of the *quattrocento*, the interval of voracious classicism, when the mind of Italy was assimilating its newly-recovered treasures and creative activity remained rather in abeyance, though the ascendancy of humanism and the nomad lives of humanists assisted the unification of the national spirit, the unification of language suffered, under the tyranny of Greek and Latin, some check. The dialects maintained themselves; Boiardo lombardised, Sannazaro latinised. For further progress on the path of unification there was required the appearance of a commanding poet like Ariosto, who presented the unusual combination of facility, fluency, and popularity with a conscientious attention to the forms of speech, a reverence for his Florentine predecessors, and the passion for perfection in style.

His choice of the 'vulgare' is vitally important. Latin had won such ascendancy that to write in Italian was everywhere attributed to ignorance.† His own early work was almost wholly Latin; and Bembo urged him to compose in the vehicle in which he knew him to excel. He replied that 'he would rather be one of the first among Tuscan writers than a doubtful second among Latinists.'‡ True, he had near examples; but Pulci's lack of classical knowledge spared him Ariosto's temptation, and Boiardo's want of grace in the vernacular was of but slight encouragement to his successor. Like Dante, however, and Lorenzo, like Du Bellay later in France, he would make no surrender of the rights of his native tongue. Perhaps a brain so rapid and fertile could ill tolerate the intervention of a foreign idiom in dealing with a subject of which he was full. He recognises defects in Italian:

'La volgar lingua di Latino mista
È barbara e mal culta.' §

* Campanini, p. 51.

† Speroni's 'Dialogo dell' Istoria' (1530), quoted by Fontanini, 'Della Eloq. Ital.' p. 263.

‡ Pigna.

§ Prol. to 'La Cassaria' (prose).

It shall be his study to give it polish. Making this effort, he proved anew what Sannazaro had proved before him, that it was possible to gain the ear of Italy, though not a Tuscan. His work is the more careful, more often subject to the file, precisely because he had not that advantage, and was not blinded by local pride. He is no heretic, no iconoclast of shrines already reared. He looks to Florence and her writers as the true centre and model; he is conscious of provincialism; he tries to correct himself. It is a life-long anxiety and a main motive for his constant revision of the 'Furioso'—that artist-labour which enabled him so entirely to supersede Boiardo's more original but rugged poem. In his plays, produced primarily for home consumption, he follows his native idiom more freely. Machiavelli said that 'I Suppositi' suffered from his imperfect command of Tuscan; but many forms and expressions were expunged in the later version of 'La Cassaria' 1529;* and so late as March 18, 1532, in sending his four comedies to Mantua, he confesses, 'I am inwardly conscious of errors as regards the language.'†

But he does not abjure his independence; and this is the real bearing of the passage in the first prologue to 'Il Negromante.' His (intended) Roman audience, he says, may remark some modification of the Ferrarese idiom they heard in the 'Suppositi' the preceding year (1519); in truth, Cremona (the scene of the new play, fancifully identified with the author himself) has picked up on her journey to Rome words that pleased her at Bologna University, and perhaps a little of Tuscan elegance at Florence and Siena; but the time was too short to efface entirely her Lombard accent. In reality he does not wish to efface it. He is pleading in effect for liberty of choice, and the recognition as good Italian of words and phrases which may seem impermissible to purists. He is a Lombard and knows it. A man cannot wholly divest himself of what he has imbibed with his mother's milk and his nurse's prattle; and for his part he would not if he could. In a land where spoken language is still so various, let it be allowed him, while modelling himself on great preceding writers, to select from the

* Capelli, cxcliii.

† Ib. clxxxiii.

Latin of the schools, from local idiom and local poetry, phrases and modes which he deems worth preservation and able to add variety and vigour to that one classical Italian tongue which he, like Dante, and the modern scholars of Rome, is desirous to form.*

The attitude was the more justifiable as the work of systematising the language had not yet begun. The first attempt at a grammar, Fortunio's '*Regole gramaticali*,' only appeared (at Ancona) in 1516, and was followed by Liburnio's '*Volgari Eleganzie*' (Venice, 1521) and the more important '*Le Prose*' of Bembo in 1525.† Dictionaries came later still. Lucillo Minerbi's list of Boccaccian words (1535) is the first;‡ to the second, the '*Vocabolario di cinque mila Vocaboli Toschi del Furioso, Petrarca, Boccaccio e Dante*,' issued by Fabricio Luna at Naples in 1536, we already see Ariosto contributing. The first edition of the '*Vocabolario della Crusca*' was not till 1612. It has again and again enlarged its own borders,§ and additions made in reprints elsewhere have helped to break down its exclusiveness. In 1823 those proposed in Pezzana's '*Osservazioni*' were drawn almost entirely from the '*Furioso*';|| and when (1861-79) we hail the appearance of a more truly national dictionary under the names of Tommaseo and Bellini, we shall do well to remember that Ariosto's poem, winning its place in Italian hearts before any dictionary was compiled, supplied an early focus of resistance to a narrowing tendency, ultimately defeated by the persistence of the dialects in living speech and the appearance of fine work in many quarters besides Tuscany. Notable among such was Castiglione's '*Cortegiano*,' 1528, which raised with

* His value in this direction is best expressed in a passage of Foscolo, '*Saggi*,' i, 200: 'Oltre le dizioni legittimate dall' esempio dei classici italiani, [Ariosto] non isdegnava espressioni trovate nella oscura e volgare poesia, faceva uso de' latinismi e de' lombardismi che gli pareva che meglio porgessero le sue idee. Pure quel suo genio vivace riveste di un solo colore elementi di varia natura; colloca le parole dove appariscono piu efficaci, dove suonano meglio, e le fonde in una lingua novella, copiosa e nobile a un tempo, vigorosa e corretta.'

† Tiraboschi, vol. vii, pt. 4, ch. v, sec. xxxi.

‡ Ib. sec. xxxvii.

§ Second ed. 1623 (1 vol.), third, 1691 (3 vols), fourth, 1729-1738 (6 vols); Tiraboschi, vol. viii, pt. ii, ch. v, sec. vii.

|| Vincenzo Vivaldi, '*Le Controversie intorno alla nostra Lingua*,' Catanzaro (1894-95), vol. ii, p. 431.

some defiance the standard of Lombard independence, urging that many of Boccaccio's words were then already obsolete, that literary speech should be living speech, and should accept 'gorgeous and fine woordes out of every part of Italy' as well as expressions from foreign sources to be tested by time.*

Of the precise amount of Lombardism which Ariosto introduced it is hardly possible to speak with certainty. Dante, too, had lombardised; and the actual facts were largely lost in antiquity ere the long dispute between Della Crusicans and Anti-Crusicans began. But additions made in an age of printing would be more lasting than those of one when speech owned only the less stringent check of manuscript. About a century after Ariosto's death, his sharpest critic, Benedetto Fioretti, having previously denounced his low and poor metaphors, produced a long catalogue of over a thousand of his offences against language;† but the moderns have not ratified the indictment. There must always be something arbitrary about such discussion; and authority, however learned in the tongues, strives vainly against the ear and taste of the skilled, the careful, the richly-endowed poet. Prof. Rajna congratulates his countrymen on the appearance of Ariosto's romance before the critics had made Aristotle's rules the touchstone for such compositions.‡ Equally may we congratulate them on its appearance before fixity had been given to the language; and we note the moment when, from the chair of St Peter, a Medicean pope bends to kiss on both cheeks the Lombard poet, as the apt symbol and herald of an Italy already one in social and artistic spirit, and soon to be united in speech, if still far from unity of government.

Any adequate discussion of Ariosto's great poem is here impossible. Whatever its popularity with Elizabethan readers, we believe it to be little read by modern Englishmen. Its enormous length, and its intimate

* See Hoby's version in 'Tudor Translations,' Pref. Epist. p. 19, Book 1, pp. 64, 71. Bandello's attitude (1554), though more apologetic, was the same.

† 'Voci e frasi barbare notate nell' Ariosto,' in 'Proginnasmi poetici,' vol. v, Prog. 31 (Firenze, 1639); and for the metaphors, vol. iii, Prog. 122 and 137.

‡ 'Le Fonti,' p. 36.

connexion with two poems of not much inferior length, are against it in days of more abundant literary wealth than the Renaissance could boast, yet of far less leisure for its mastery. The concentrated purpose which could produce, the vacant hours which could consume, these portentous works are gone for ever. Spenser, planning a creation of which Ariosto's was the chief model, completed hardly more than a fourth of the gigantic task; yet to-day they are few and weary who are 'in at the death of the Blatant Beast,' as Macaulay said with one of those little mistakes that so cheer the student of that infallible dogmatist. We cannot accept M. Jusserand's opinion that Spenser owes perhaps most to Tasso. In spite of the distinct reproduction of the 'Gerusalemme' in one or two places, like Guyon's vision of the bathing girls and the exquisite song, 'Gather the Rose,'* the connexion with Ariosto is far more extensive and important.

The English translation of the 'Furioso' (1591), preceding that of the 'Gerusalemme' (1600) by nine years,† may be taken as indicating their relative popularity in this country. The fact would influence not only Spenser's own studies, but his judgment of the line to take in constructing a national epic. Tasso's complete poem was only published in February 1581, though a portion had appeared the year before; whereas a letter from Harvey in 1580, commenting on some already existing portion of the 'Faerie Queene,' the return of which Spenser has demanded, holds that Spenser's 'Nine Comœdies' come nearer Ariosto 'than that the Eluish Queene doth to his Orlando Furioso, which, notwithstanding, you wil needes seeme to emulate, and hope to ouergo, as you flatly professed your self in one of your last Letters.‡ Obviously, as Mr Courthope points out,§ the 'Furioso' was the poem that governed Spenser's early conceptions of his own work. Thomas Warton included in his 'Observations

* II, xli; 'Ger.' xv, 58 *sqq.*, xvi, 14, 15. The bleeding tree of I, II, 30, 31, has, in its warning words, a closer resemblance to Astolfo in the myrtle ('Fur.' vi, 27, 28) than to Clorinda in the bleeding cypress of 'Ger.' xlii, 41, 42. Both Ariosto and Tasso were indebted to Dante, 'Inf.' xlii, 31-45.

† A translation of the first five cantos of the 'Gerusalemme,' by Richard Carew, appeared, however, in 1594.

‡ 'Three Proper and wittie familiar Letters.'

§ 'Hist. of Eng. Poetry,' vol. II, ch. 9.

on the *Faerie Queene* a chapter on his imitations from Ariosto; and Mr Neil Dodge has very much enlarged the number. Most of his parallels survive our scrutiny; we will indicate only some general points of connexion or contrast.

A remark of Ariosto, recorded by Pigna, that he regarded the 'Cinque Canti' as a framework into which he meant to 'weave battles, journeys, and such like matters, that might give coherence,' reveals his method as episodical, fragmentary, elaborating parts and welding them later into a whole. In 1512 he wrote to Gonzaga that the 'innumerable insertions, erasures, and transpositions' in the '*Furioso* made the manuscript illegible to any but himself.* The patchwork effect remains in the finished work. 'I need different threads for different webs (he says), which I mean to weave all together.'† He keeps his promise, though the union is plainly artificial, not organic. The haphazard conduct of the opening cantos disappears as the poem proceeds. Truant champions are brought back within the circle of the central struggle between Charlemagne and the Saracen king; and even the warriors of Damascus are swept at last into the same all-embracing net. The loves of Ruggiero and Bradamante, which may claim equal importance, are duly interwoven with the war; and the innumerable subordinate subjects group themselves naturally enough round the central theme. Spite of the frequent transitions, a few errors,‡ an occasional neglect of place and time natural to one with a stud of Hippogriffs and Rabicans, the reader's interest never flags. It is a magnificent testimony to Ariosto's art and power of controlling an immense material that, in a poem considerably longer than Spenser's,§ boredom is unfelt save perhaps in eulogies or the ever-recurring personal combats. Such a power of succinct and vivid narrative has never probably been shown by any poet; Tasso, with all

* Capelli, *Lett.* x.

† '*Orl. Fur.*' ii, 30.

‡ In xxxv, 70, he inadvertently makes Bradamante betray her sex by using a feminine '*moessa*'; in xxxviii, 21, he represents Sansonetto as present at Arles, forgetting that he is then Rodomonte's prisoner in Africa.

§ Apart from the Arguments, which are not the poet's, the '*Furioso*' contains 38,736 lines, as against the 34,632 lines of the '*Faerie Queene*' without its Arguments.

the advantage of his example, comes far short of it. He, too, is perpetually interesting, almost always loftier in tone, and of a richer poetic beauty; but he does not produce the same impression of wealth and fertility. The canvas of Ariosto is more crowded, more splendid; form and conduct apart, his poem seems even the more epic in its superior impression of the width and inexhaustible variety of life.

While we should judge Tasso's epic to have contributed most to Spenser's moral scheme, it is evident that in the actual stuff of his poem he is much nearer the purely romantic method of Ariosto. His splendid phantasmagoria of forests, castles, caves, with their mixed population of knights, ladies, giants, dragons, churls, enchanters, his whole pageantry of knight-errantry, is that of Ariosto, not of Malory, Tasso, or another. But Spenser is far behind Ariosto in the power of unity and management. He cannot maintain the elaborate allegory announced to Raleigh and observed with tolerable fidelity in the first two books; and the poem as it stands possesses no proper centre. Gloriana never appears; Arthur's appearance in each book, the sole real link between them, is purchased at the cost of logic; and, whatever compensations and rectifications may have been in store for us, they were never reached. Spenser, in fact, has undertaken a task he is not strong enough to perform, in the execution of which he becomes more episodic and desultory than his master.

For the rest, Spenser's discipleship is apparent in many points. From Ariosto he borrows that vein of prophecy by which historical or contemporary events are interwoven with the remote and mythical. From him he takes the element of magic. Atlante's shield, Astolfo's horn, reappear as Arthur's; Bradamante's potent lance is transferred to Britomart. Archimago is Angelica's friar; the magic fountain of iv, iii, 45 is that of Rinaldo; Duessa revealed as a hag is Ariosto's Alcina rather than Tasso's lovely witch Armida, whose beauty is spared to vanquish the hero a second time. Even for allegory Spenser might find more concrete and obvious example in Ariosto than in Tasso. Apart from Ariosto's Discord and Silence,* hardly

* xiv, 76-97; cf. xxvi, 122; xxvii, 37-30.

bettered by the figures which draw Lucifera's car, we have the difficult journey from Alcina to Logistilla; Rinaldo's delivery from his twining, choking passion by Disdain*; the monster Avarice discomfited by modern potentates† (the most lying eulogy in the poem); certain things in the Moon, like the swans (poets), preservers of fame‡; and the voices and phantoms of Atlante's castle, which take the sound and shape most desired by each knight.§

From Boiardo and Bello, his two Ferrarese predecessors, Ariosto had borrowed the idea of interweaving Boccaccian *novelle* with the romantic epic; the chief instances being the story of Ariodante and Ginevra,|| that of Gabrina, that of Ricciardetto, Bradamante, and Fiordispina, which must surely have been familiar, like the former, to the creator of Sebastian, Viola, and Olivia;¶ the famous Host's tale of Astolfo and Giocondo, original (perhaps) in the 'Thousand-and-one Nights' and destined to a wider than its always assured *réclame* by La Fontaine's version in the 'Contes' and Boileau's discussion thereof; and the two told to Rinaldo,** that of the cuckold's cup and that of the fairy Manto and the wondrous dog, both also transferred to La Fontaine's collection. Of these, Spenser borrows Ariodante and Ginevra, while he even ventures briefly to adapt the Host's in that of the Squire of Dames, which moves Satyrane to laughter in the third book. Further, some of his chief characters are directly borrowed, as Mr Dodge points out. Britomart in point after point is Bradamante; Arthegall, with much less fidelity and fulness, is Ruggiero; Braggadochio is Martano, especially in the shameful incident of the coward claiming by imposture the prize of the victor; and the braggart is smiled upon by beauty in the person of Florimel, as is the boasting Mandricardo by Doralice.††

* xlii, 46-64.

† xxvi, 30-53.

‡ xxxv.

§ xli, 20; xlii, 50.

|| iv, 57; vi, 16.

¶ Cf. 'Ori. Fur.' xxv, 67:

'Fa, Dio (disse ella), se son sogni questi,

Ch' io dorma sempre, e mai più non mi desti,'

with Sebastian in 'Twelfth Night,' iv, 1, 67:

'If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.'

** Both in c. xliii.

†† xxvii, 104 *sqq.* The noble stanza, however (ii, iii, 41), in which Britomart inculcates on Braggadochio the eternal connexion of true honour with effort, must seek an original, if at all, in Tasso, xvii, 61: 'Signor, non sotto l' ombra in spiaggia molle,' etc.

We could weary the reader with episodes, incidents, sentiments, similes, conveyed by Spenser, but will leave him to consult Mr Dodge. Lastly, he borrows the moralising stanzas to open a canto, putting sometimes his highest power into what in his master is often perfunctory or commonplace. The difference in this respect gives us some measure of their general difference as poets. We go to Ariosto for narrative and dramatic effect, for verve and vitality, for a general high level of execution; we go to Spenser for moral height (spite of those luxurions exceptions so ironically, yet justly, noted by M. Jusserand), for exquisite melody, beautiful passages, and a magic of restful dreamy felicity, suggested probably by Tasso, but unmatched by him or any other.

There is, however, one striking quality of the 'Furioso' of which the 'Faerie Queene' has but faint or no reflection*—the interpenetration of the poem with a spirit of humour and burlesque, appearing unexpectedly and contradicting an otherwise serious tone. This sudden transition from feeling to mockery, this astonishing disappearance of deep waters in a mere mist and light foam of laughter, was no new thing. It characterised not only Ariosto's immediate models, but the earlier forms on which they were founded. The recitation of Charlemagne tales by the *cantatores Francigenarum* in the marketplace had led naturally to change in their substance; personages, episodes, adventures were introduced from the Arthurian cycle (*materia di Bretagna*); and further there gathered an accretion of the comic on matter originally of purely grave, martial, or pathetic import.† We have but to remember the course of the miracle-play in England to see how inevitable was this second modification. A vivacious tendency, plainly visible even in the north, was fostered by the Italian's life beneath sunny skies, where it seemed sinful not to be glad. In the fifth

* A tinge of comedy is rarely perceptible, e.g. 'the raskall many' and the dead dragon in I, xii, 9-11; the Squire of Dames, III, vii, 53-61; the strife for Florimel between Satyrane, Blandamour, Erivan, and Paridell (IV, v, 22-24), suggested by Ariosto's series of quarrels in 'Fur.' xxvi, xxvii; and perhaps some of Talus' achievements in Book v. Talus seems meant as a personification of gunpowder (cf. v, i, 20), a subject which prompted Milton to the saddening pleasantries of his sixth book.

† See Rajna, 'Le Fonti,' pp. 14 *seq.*; Symonds, 'Italian Renaissance,' iv, pp. 14-16, 210-214.

circle of the 'Inferno' (canto vii, 121) are gloomy souls, immersed in clinging mud and foul water, from whom gurgles the sad chant :

'Tristi fummo
Nell' aer dolce che dal Sol s' allegra,
Portando dentro accidioso fummo :
Or ci attristiam nella belletta negra.'

Gaiety was as natural to the Italian peasant of the *trecento* as to his successor in Goldsmith's poem ; his was the same cheerful acceptance of poverty which,

'wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile' ;

the same childish delight in shows which had developed the ritual of the Church—

'The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade,
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.'

Such gaiety did not preclude, it was rather a corollary of, the consciousness of deep and dangerous passions better unawakened ; a sense that that way madness lies, under the tuition of which, 'where some stretch-mouthed rascal would as it were mean mischief,' the Italian 'puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."' Add to this original fund of good spirits the liberating effect of the classical Renaissance, the disappearance of strong religious motive before the growth of scepticism, and the constant spectacle of wicked and worldly popes ; add, further, the uncertainties of life in the Italy of the *quattrocento*, an insecurity intensified after 1494 by perpetual intestine war and the threat of foreign invasion, and we shall not wonder if the Italian takes refuge from his doubts and distresses in a temper resolutely gay, a pagan recklessness which eats and drinks because it dies upon the morrow. The universal supremacy of force and fraud must needs parch the springs of deep and tender feeling, must needs emphasise the humorous and satirical view of life. We get a great outburst of comic work, while the attempts in tragedy are comparatively few and poor.

The loss of depth, the emotional instability that cannot long maintain itself at a high level of thought and

feeling, find their best illustration in the history of Savonarola's influence at Florence, so brief, torrential, ineffectual for permanence. It is visible also in the inconstant and flippant treatment of themes so passionate as those of medieval romance. A work that shall be truly lofty and ideal in tone is not to be produced by a nation in which ideality is well-nigh dead. The chivalrous love of Arthurian romance is matter for a smile where woman is merely the instrument of pleasure; the Teutonic sense of solidarity and fealty to a cause is impossible to a people so eternally divided, a prey to chartered adventurers and opportunists, the aptest expression of whose political faith is found in 'Il Principe.' Rajna's simile for Pulci is that of a grown man building card-houses with all a child's absorption, until the sudden revulsion comes and with a burst of laughter he destroys the edifice. Boiardo does not so much reproduce the old world of chivalry as beget a new one by the union of the personages of the Carolingian romance with the spirit of the Arthurian, and the fusion of both with elements skilfully transformed from the classics. In spite of a genuine sympathy for chivalry he is often constrained to laugh; he sees its exaggerations; he must have his joke; and he almost denudes chivalry of religious sentiment.*

Similarly, it is impossible to deny to Ariosto a genuine taste for chivalry, in view of the elaborate preparation which Pigna records—his learning of French and Spanish, his translation of some of their romances into Italian, his bee-like selection of flowers over the whole field which promised to add sweetness to his own composition. He could hardly spend such toil on a subject that did not specially attract him. But it is his art which has the stronger hold on him; and he sees in the very difficulties and antagonisms of his subject the means of a rarer triumph. Whatever the national predilection for chivalry, an age of gunpowder and scepticism, of force and fraud, cannot be expected to take heroics *au grand sérieux*. By a frank acknowledgment of absurdities not only may criticism be disarmed, but scope be found for qualities in which chivalry *per se* was deficient, for a humour and

* Rajna, 'Le Fonti,' introd. pp. 25-31.

irony which may further recommend his work. Ariosto follows with more skill and fuller consciousness the example already set; while at the same time he hopes by a more intense imagination, a richer store of history, painting, moral reflection, a far greater command of literary art, to give his matter a new weight which may enable it to resist the solvent.

The note of ironical comment is clearly struck in the opening canto—more clearly and repeatedly, indeed, than anywhere else in the poem—in reflections on Orlando deprived of his love, not by his enemies, but by his friends, and on Angelica's protested virtue or calculating prudence; in the knights' perception of absurdity in fighting for a prize that has run away, and the extreme good-nature which conquers the smart of wounds of which they are reminded at every jolt of their one horse; most of all in Sacripante's speedy exchange of pathetic lament over beauty deflowered for a resolution to use his own opportunity. In the succeeding cantos there is nothing to break the serious interest, save perhaps an exaggerated detail inserted (as if the poet winked) in some account of a combat, such as the forest groaning beneath the sound of the strokes. Comic obscenity, however, appears in canto viii and at the end of canto x; and the poet's tongue is obviously in his cheek when he makes Orlando conquer a city single-handed, spitting six men on his lance like a frog-catcher, or when he professes a doubt whether he entered the orc's mouth with or without his boat, or whether the death of thirty men cost him ten strokes or one or two more.

Pulci and Boiardo had been accustomed to excuse such burlesque exaggerations by reference to that veracious chronicler, Archbishop Turpin, who was present, a participator, and must have known all about it. Ariosto uses Turpin with much slyness, introducing him first in canto xiii, as the authority for the precise number of brigands (seven out of twenty) left unhurt by the table Orlando threw at them. In another case, where Turpin omitted the exact tale of his victims, the poet remembers it perfectly—it was eighty out of one hundred and twenty.* In one fray Ruggiero's prowess is so deadly (he despatches five and more at one stroke), that the poet dares not

do it justice—Turpin, plain, honest man, would fail of credit;* but no one need regard it as an exaggeration† that in his shock with Mandricardo some splinters of the broken lances should come down lighted, having flown as high as the burning zone which Astolfo, later, traverses on his journey to the moon. Of two rustics who meet the raging Orlando, one avoids him by jumping over a cliff; it is most fortunate that his fall of sixty fathoms did not kill him, otherwise Turpin would never have heard the exact truth of what Orlando did to the other—there is nothing like the evidence of an eye-witness.‡

Satire on the chivalric lust of fighting on any or no provocation is found in cantos xxvi (Marfisa) and xxxi where, after a tough and entirely unprovoked combat maintained till dark, Guidone and Rinaldo find they are brothers; and, most of all, in the long series of quarrels that arises in xxvi, and threatens to suspend altogether the action of the poem. Only by the intervention of magic are these jars postponed and the various parties enabled to reach the camp before Paris, where disputes again break out. Four distinct quarrels between only four knights cannot all be fought at once, and the distracted Agramante induces them to decide the precedence by lot; but, ere the first combat can begin, new cause of quarrel arises for each of the combatants with one of the knights who is acting as his squire; and matters are still further embroiled by Marfisa's high-handed arrest of Brunello. There could not be a better *reductio ad absurdum* of the chivalric code than this medley of challenges and calls of honour; and it is impossible in reading these two cantos not to feel that Cervantes is anticipated by a century in the chief representative of chivalric romance, from whom he further borrows the invective against gunpowder, and finds, we think, suggestion for the Don in the mad Orlando's treatment of his unhappy mule and his frequent encounters with peasants, and for the tale of the 'Curioso Impertinente' in that of the cuckold's cup.§

* xxvi, 22, 23.

† xxx, 49: 'Turpin, verace in questo loco.'

‡ xxix, 54-6.

§ Dunlop ('Hist. of Fiction,' ch. xiv), discussing Greene's 'Philomela,' where a similar situation occurs, professes an indistinct recollection of the tale 'in some old Italian novelist.'

So, too, with that worship of women which is of the essence of chivalry. The passages in which women are praised, such as xx, 1-3, or the splendid eulogy of xxxvii, 1-23, added in 1532, and the contention of Rinaldo (iv, 66) and of their older champion (xxvii, 76-84) that there should be one law of blame or mercy for man and woman in matters of sexual frailty, a view at least as old as Plautus,* and one in which Montaigne coincides, are balanced by many a shrewd hit at the sex; for instance, their quarrelling with each other, their malice, and the whole story of Gabrina's wickedness, their covetousness, and the repeated assertion of their frailty. Women are the cause of the absence from the host of its most tried champions, Orlando, Rinaldo, Brandimarte, Astolfo, Zerbino; and Rodomonte on the Saracen side. Even Ruggiero is hampered by his love for Bradamante; and, if he owes to her his conversion, will also owe to her his death.

Angelica's beauty is baneful to all save Medoro; it corrupts Ruggiero's fidelity even after his lessons in Alcina's island; it sets the paladins by the ears; it maddens Orlando, and sends him and Rinaldo wandering over the world when they should be fighting against the Saracens. All the time Angelica is selfish, cold, calculating; see especially her hesitation whether to secure the escort of Orlando or Sacripante, and decision for the latter as the more easily dropped when he has served her turn.† Even her passion for Medoro, which springs from womanly pity for a wounded man, is used to heighten our contempt; we are made to feel that the paladins and kings who have sighed in vain are avenged in this dedication of her beauty to a common soldier-boy; and the poet dismisses her to her eastern realm with the remark that she is well able to take care of herself, and a regret that she and all disdainful beauty like hers cannot fall into the hands of the maddened Orlando. Verily, for all his smooth compliments, the woman's cause were irretrievably lost in the 'Furioso' were it not for the pathetic and beautiful figures of Olimpia and Isabella, and the grief and devotion of Fiordiligi and Bradamante.

* 'Mercator,' iv, vi.

† 'Ma il Circasso depor, quando le piaccia,
Potrà, se ben l'avesse posto in cielo.'

Even the latter is not spared one humiliation, where, when Ruggiero tries to stop her jealous struggle with Marfisa by depriving both of their daggers, the combat is resumed with fisticuffs and kickings worthy of some later heroines, who daunt with unknown terrors a naturally brave and chivalrous police. If our reprobation is asked for Clodion's jealousy, and if Marganorre's vindictive crusade is summarily avenged by Marfisa's establishment of women's rule, yet Marfisa herself, in an earlier canto (xix), has helped to defeat the unjust and cruel conditions imposed on men by the quasi-*Amazons*.

The same shafts are levelled, but much more sparingly, against religion, which, whether specially prominent or not in Arthurian romance, was at least, by its forms and representatives, inseparably united with medieval chivalry. A genuine piety shines out from many passages in the poem; in none more, perhaps, than in the stanzas which maintain tyrannous rulers to be God's punishment for sin,* or in the stirring appeal to Leo X to organise a fresh crusade.† 'Even in this life,' we read, 'God does not deny reward to goodness and punishment to its opposite';‡ and 'seldom permits the innocent to suffer unjustly.§ Charles, Rinaldo, Orlando, are alike punctilious in religious exercises before a battle; and there is a grave sincerity about Ruggiero's baptism and sojourn with the holy hermit on the rock.¶ Yet this does not prevent the poet from severely satirising the monks. Michael, despatched from heaven to find Silence and Discord, naturally seeks the former in the monasteries, where it is prescribed by the rule, but finds instead the latter, whom he had meant to seek in hell.¶ Discord, on her departure, leaves Fraud there to keep the fire alive,** and after her return is once more found by Michael, presiding in chapter over an election of officers amid a storm of flying missals.†† Similarly, the reader, who has been edified by the poet's account of the hermit consoling Isabella,‡‡ is a little shocked when Rodomonte, later, silences his inconvenient homilies by tying his hands together and hurling him three miles out to sea, the poet dismissing his subsequent fate as unimportant.§§

* xvii, 1-6.

† Ib. 73-79; cf. xv, 99.

‡ xviii, 77.

§ xxiii, 2.

¶ xli.

¶ xiv, 79-82.

** xviii, 28.

†† xxvii, 37-39.

‡‡ xxiv, 88, 89.

§§ xxix, 4-7.

The secularity and worldliness of the poem are so marked that we learn with some surprise that Orlando's madness is a divine punishment for forsaking a cause which other knights besides himself have freely postponed to their private love-affairs. Astolfo's assertion that he has been sent by God to deliver the King of Ethiopia from the Harpies, savours rather of the 'happy thought' in one who certainly started purely on a pleasure tour;* and his descent into hell, though its details are imitated from Dante, is sufficiently light-hearted. He reckons that his terrible horn will rather surprise Pluto, Satanasso, and Cerberus;† entered, he merely hears the story of Lidia's pride, the moral of which is certainly not religious, ere the smoke forces him to retire; and we can feel no certainty that his action in blocking up the Harpies' entrance will be endorsed.

So, too, the appearance of the Evangelist when he reaches the earthly paradise, though unmarked by irreverence, lacks solemnity; it is one of the few passages where we feel the poet to fall short of his attempt. St John carries Astolfo in Elijah's chariot to the moon, where he sees that limbo of earth's falsehoods and vanities which suggested Milton's on the windy outer surface of the *primum mobile*. Here is much more of satire than religion or philosophy; and we are not surprised to find St John's discourse in the following canto (xxxv) turn chiefly on literary matters, on the virtues of Cardinal Ippolito, and the desirability of a great man, bad or good, cultivating good relations with the poets. He aids the prince, very materially, in controlling the wind on his march across the African desert; and, in response to his prayers, works two striking miracles for the Christian host, the transformation of a shower of stones into horses, and of the fronds of trees into a fully-equipped navy; but the matter-of-fact way in which the windbag is handed to the Nubian chief for the return march, and the hint that Turpin is the authority for the retransformation of the horses,‡ indicate that the poet's mood is far from serious.

Yet he can be deeply serious if he will. However we

* Cf. xxxiii, 117, with xxii, 26, xxiii, 12.

† xxxiv, 5.

‡ xlv, 21-23.

may regret the missed opportunity, the farcical tone, of Orlando's restoration,* there is splendid fidelity and powerful feeling in the first stages of his agony, after he has found the evidence of Angelica's love for another ; there is sharp and genuine pathos in Isabella's death, gathering, poor soul ! her herbs, 'some with their roots and some without,' for the pretended charm that is to free her at least from an odious falsehood to her dead love, and in the beautiful stanzas that dismiss, nay ! rather accompany, her to a better world ; † and there is a noble gravity, a sense of tears in mortal things, reminding us of the closing books of the 'Iliad,' in the scenes that bring the great war to an end—the flight of Agramante from France, the naval battle lit by the glare of the burning ships, ‡ the final duel of the six champions on the lonely island of Lipadusa, § the death of Brandimarte with Fiordiligi's presentiment of and grief for it, and his splendid funeral, with its train of waving banners won in a thousand fights for Emperor and Pope by brave men long since laid to rest. || If Dante's be the poem of the Middle Ages and of the religious spirit, the 'Orlando Furioso,' not Tasso's work, not Spenser's, is the poem of the Renaissance, of the splendour of this world, and the glory, the suffering, the variety of man.

There is one great poem in our language which is a true reflection of this spirit of the Italian Renaissance, and of Ariosto in particular ; and that is not 'The Faerie Queene,' but 'Don Juan.' In 1817 and 1818 Hookham Frere published his four burlesque cantos in *ottava rima* under the pseudonym of Whistlecraft. Byron, then in Italy, was delighted with the new manner, wrote 'Beppo' in direct imitation of it, and considered Berni to be Frere's model. A year or two later he recognised a better claimant in Pulci, of the first canto of whose poem the matter of 'The Monks and the Giants' is plainly reminiscent. Later, in 1822, Byron wrote in the same metre and manner his brilliant burlesque of Southey's 'Vision of Judgment,' and also published a verse translation of Pulci's first canto. But already, at the close of 1818, he had begun, and in 1822 has more than half finished, that

* xxxix, 53-60.

† xxix, 27-29.

‡ xxxix, end.

§ Or Lampedusa, xl, 55.

|| xlili, 178.

longer poem which, whatever Pulci's priority of suggestion, can acknowledge no less a master than Ariosto himself. Byron, indeed, could owe little more than suggestion to any; and his frankly embraced burlesque aim is nearer to Pulci's purpose than to that of Ariosto, whose fun occurs as if by spontaneous reaction, and is far less constantly present. Nor does Ariosto's introduction of modern allusion by means of prophetic sculpture or painting, or in his preliminary stanzas, at all amount to the perpetually digressive habit of Byron, which reminds us most of Montaigne. Doubtless 'Don Juan' owes a debt to much other Italian work—Julia's letter, for instance, might never have been penned without Armida's passionate pleadings to stay Rinaldo's departure from the Fortunate Isles; doubtless also a desultory plan, a rambling course of adventures, a burlesque tinge, an association with the Levant, and even a great storm at sea, are features common to Italian romantic poems, though in the last point there is none who can compete with Ariosto.* But where in the 'Morgante' shall we find the poetic beauty, the rich description, the terse and vivid narrative, the power of passion and pathos that, joined with its humour, its satire, and its licences, make 'Don Juan' the most complete representation of Byron that we possess? This extraordinary combination of opposites, this exquisite irony, this spirit which laughs so often 'that it may not weep,' this plenitude of power that seems to dare the reader to be disenchanted, are shared by Byron with Ariosto, and with Ariosto alone.

We have already reached our allotted limits without attempting an examination of the Comedies, that body of brilliant realistic work which contrasts so strangely with the 'Furioso' and the chivalric spirit. In their absolute merits and in the issues which they raise—touching their connexion with Latin comedy, their importance for contemporary Italian life, the degree of their influence on

* There is that which overtakes Rinaldo in c. iv, and that which wrecks Ruggiero in xli; but his *chef d'œuvre* is the great tempest of xviii, 141-45, continued in xix, 43-53. His technical knowledge of seamanship is extraordinary, and may be compared with Tasso's knowledge of siege-works and military engines in the 'Gerusalemme.' Ariosto's description of the assault on Paris, led by Rodomonte (xiv, 103-34), though hardly so minute, is never felt as inadequate.

the English stage—they claim entirely separate discussion. Nor let the reader imagine that we have at all exhausted the question of Ariosto's influence on English literature. Much at least would have to be said of Lyly and Greene, and something of Shakespeare and Milton. We should have to allude to Butler's satire, and Davenant's avoidance, and Dryden's acknowledgment in the 'Essay on Heroic Plays.' We should have to enquire whether Atlante's magic castle—or castles, for there are two, with different surroundings, but the same properties and purpose, built, with a genie under the threshold, to detain Ruggiero and others from perilous exploits and to amuse them with false images, and vanishing in smoke on the dissolution of the charm—is not the true original alike of the Castle of Indolence, the Castle of Otranto, and the Castle of St. John. The creator of the last-named at one time read the 'Furioso' annually.

Lastly, we should have to hint, in our profane way, at suggestion of detail or spirit to be found herein for 'The Palace of Art,' 'The Princess,' the 'Idylls of the King,' and 'The Voyage of Maeldune.' Tennyson, indeed, could not miss the powerful attraction of work so dominated by the artistic, and especially the pictorial, sense. We can imagine him noting with pleasure the line about Alcina's navy—

'Sotto le vele aperte il mar s' imbruna' (viii, 13),

or the capital description of the heat (ib. 20); the sudden burst of moonlight revealing Paris, the hostile camps, and the heights on either hand (xviii, 185); Rodomonte's view from the hill-top in xxviii, 92; or that line where the storm is rising (xli, 9)—

'Mugliando sopra il mar va il gregge bianco';

with less pleasure, the ingenious

'E lasciato le stelle aveano i balli,

E per partirsi postosi già il velo' (xii, 68);

and, with reprobation, the ridiculous statement that Bradamante's tears prevented her ardent sighs from setting fire to Ruggiero's letter (xxx, 79), or that Rodomonte and Brandimarte, grappling in the water, sunk to the bottom 'to see if some fair nymph were hidden

there' (xxxi, 71)—both these last, however, intended probably as romance-burlesque, for Ariosto's humour would save him from the serious perpetration of conceits worthy of our most affected Jacobean or Caroline lyrists. Indeed his faults of literary taste are few; we wish we had space to demonstrate half his excellence.

Recalling the hours of undiluted pleasure which he has given us, we cannot but think it a pity that his vogue in this country has suffered a decay like that which broods over the city he so much loved. The grass grows now in the Via Mirasole; and few, comparatively, are the visitors to the 'little house,' in whose neglected garden, once tended by himself, I gathered a rose some autumns since. But a poet's fame, if originally sound, does not perish by the mere vicissitude of taste. In Italy, at least, appreciation of the 'Furioso,' if more discriminate, has lost nothing of its warmth. Literary England of the Commonwealth, appreciative of Tasso, would 'permit not Ariosto, no, not Du Bartas, in this eminent rank of the Heroicks,' lest room should also have to be found for 'Dante, Marino, and others'!* Even Byron seems to have regarded the 'Divina Commedia' mainly as a chamber of horrors. The nineteenth century has happily revised that estimate; it may be that the twentieth will restore Ariosto to something like the place he held in the sixteenth.

R. WARWICK BOND.

* Preface to 'Gondibert,' 1650.

Art. VII.—EIGHT HOURS' DAY IN COAL MINES.

1. *First Report of the Departmental Committee appointed to enquire into the Probable Economic Effect of a Limit of Eight Hours to the working day of Coal Miners.* [Cd. 3427 and 3428 of 1907.]
 2. *Final Report of the Same.* [Cd. 3505 of 1907.]
 3. *Reports of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies.* [Cd. 1725 of 1903, 1991 of 1904, 2361 of 1905, 2362 of 1905.]
 4. *The Conflicts of Capital and Labour.* By George Howell, M.P. Second and revised edition. London: Macmillan, 1890.
 5. *A Shorter Working Day.* By R. A. Hadfield and H. de B. Gibbins. London: Methuen, 1892.
 6. *Hours and Wages in Relation to Production.* By Lujo Brentano. Translated by Mrs William Arnold. London: Sonnenschein, 1894.
 7. *The Eight Hours' Question.* By John M. Robertson. London: Sonnenschein, 1893.
 8. *Coal Mines (Eight Hours) Bill.* House of Commons, Bill 295 of 1907.
- And other publications.

No commodity is of more direct and serious importance to the whole community than coal. It is the foundation alike of our industrial wealth and of our domestic comfort. Hence, dear coal is a matter which appeals to the business and bosom of every British householder, and dear coal has been one of the afflictions of the present winter. On the present occasion the dearness of coal is attributed to an abnormal export demand; but even while this is the case the country is confronted with a project of legislation the effect of which must be to place an additional burden on the cost of production, which is to say, on the future selling price. This project of legislation is the Coal Mines (Eight Hours) Bill, which, introduced too late for progress before the close of last session, is to be pressed through Parliament in the earliest possible days of the new session. A Miners' Eight Hours Bill is, of course, no novelty in Parliament, but the peculiarity of this Bill is that it is a Government measure. It was introduced by the Home Secretary, Mr Herbert Gladstone, and the Government

are pledged to carry it through. The question has thus assumed a more serious aspect than ever it had before; and we have now to consider, not merely the ethical and economic features of legislative interference with the hours of adult labour, but the inevitable economic effect of the legal limitation of work in coal mines upon the industries and commerce of the country.

Of recent years there has been a growing tendency in all trades and industries to insist upon a reduction of the hours of labour. This was commented upon so long ago as 1877 by Mr George Howell, M.P., who then, and also in later editions of his book on 'The Conflicts of Capital and Labour,' commended the principle of the early-closing movement. The curious feature to him was the constant yearning amongst working men for an *eight-hour day*. At all their festivals and carnival gatherings there was a standing toast that was ever enthusiastically received: 'the Four Eights—eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep, and eight shillings a day.' This was a variant from King Alfred's programme of eight hours for work, eight for sleep, and eight for recreation and improvement. But while Mr Howell accepted the general principle of the eight-hour day, he, as a leading trade unionist, roundly declared that British workmen as a rule were opposed to legislative enactment for regulating the hours of labour and conditions of work.* The demand for legislative enactment is of recent date, and it originated, according to Mr Howell, mainly with men inexperienced in labour movements and almost wholly unacquainted with the history of labour struggles.

'The miners' representatives are careful to explain that they limit their demand to an eight-hour day for miners as being an exceptional occupation. Not so the "Socialists." They declare for a universal eight-hour day, first of all for employees in Government establishments and those employed by municipal and local authorities, then for miners, and for such other industries as may be selected in detail as the most promising for attack. If an eight-hour day is to be enacted at all, their position is the most illogical. To legislate for classes or for sections of the community has been over and over again condemned by working men as a vicious policy.'

* Cf. *passim* 'The Conflicts of Capital and Labour,' by George Howell, M.P., chap. ii, vi, pp. 40, etc. (Macmillan).

Perhaps so ; but since Mr Howell wrote these words working men, or political labourists, have been contending over and over again for special legislation for themselves—e.g. the Trades Disputes Act, the Workmen's Compensation Act, etc. Mr Howell, however, recognised (in the edition of his book published in 1890) that the movement in favour of the legislative enactment of an eight hours' day was growing and might so spread among the trade unionists as to become an 'element of danger politically, socially, and industrially.' Mr Howell, it must be observed, did not object to the shortening of the hours of labour by any or every 'wise effort,' short of legislation. No sufficient reason, he maintained, had been given for inaugurating special class legislation for the mining population with regard to the hours of labour. They had shown themselves of all workers the best able to take care of themselves. In Durham and Northumberland they had secured less than an eight hours' day, and what had been done by miners in these districts could be done by miners in other districts. And on the eight-hour question generally Mr Howell remarked :

'The special point too often lost sight of is that the more leisure a man has the more money he requires to be able to use that leisure advantageously to himself and to others. Any reduction in wages, therefore, approximating to the value of the reduced working hours, would be disastrous ; consequently it is usually stipulated or contended that the wages shall remain the same, notwithstanding any decrease in the hours of labour. Speaking generally, wages cannot be reduced without injuriously affecting trade, for the working classes constitute the mass of the consumers in all countries. Increased leisure to be of any benefit to the workers and to the community must be accompanied by a higher standard of living ; and this is only possible with higher wages and more regular employment. The latter, it is urged, will result from an eight-hour day. Doubtless to some extent it will. But the amount of wages is the determining factor in all conditions of industrial life. Wherever the men can by combination effect a reduction in working hours there the circumstances will be suited to the change.'

In emphasising his 'special point' Mr Howell struck deeper than he knew. In the case of the miners there is no proposition or disposition to reduce the day-wage

with the reduction of working hours in the day. But in mining the rate of wages is graded by the price of coal, not by the demand for labour. More miners may be drawn into employment by the reduction of the day's work of each, but that will, in the first place, add to the prime ton-cost of production, and the extra cost must be added to the sale price. This we shall presently show; but though we are dealing with the purely economic aspects of the question it is well to point out that the average miner has already practically as much leisure as he can use advantageously to himself and others.

When the Ten Hours Bill was before the House of Commons, that great tribune of the people, John Bright, almost passionately declared that,

'believing as he did in his heart that the proposition was most injurious and destructive of the best interests of the country; believing that it was contrary to all principles of sound legislation, that it was a delusion practised upon the working classes, that it was advocated by those who had no knowledge of the economy of manufactures; believing that it was one of the worst measures ever passed in the shape of an Act of the Legislature, and that if it were now made law the necessities of trade and the demands alike of the workmen and of the masters would compel them to retrace the steps they had taken; believing this, he felt compelled to give the motion for the second reading of this Bill his most strenuous opposition.'*

This was an expression of *laissez-faire* economics; but at the same time it is well to recall that the industrial belief of the period was that the profit of manufacture was made in the last hour, and that the shortening of the working day was equivalent to stopping the factory.

'How is it (asks Mr Brentano) that it is not the countries which have the most perfect factory legislation, the shortest working day, and the highest wages that raise the cry that their competing power is threatened, but those in which the hours are longest and the wages lowest?'

Well, one's answer to that is—that it isn't. The loudest cries against foreign competition emanate from this country; and now the Government propose to give still

* Hansard, third series, vol. 89, col. 1148.

further assistance to foreign competition. The same writer says that

'if one reads the discussions before the conclusion of a treaty of commerce in which the reduction of a customs duty is in question, one is regularly met in Germany by the argument that the lower wages and longer hours of Germany make it possible for her to compete with the more advanced England.' But a little further on he adds: 'As a matter of fact high wages and short hours are a cause of England's advance, while it is the contrary that causes our [German] backwardness, and the same holds good of our relations to America and to Australia.' *

If high wages and short hours are the cause, or even a cause, of our industrial advance there need be no practical limit to our progress, and probably Germany would not weep if we made the attempt.

Prof. J. E. C. Munro, writing a few years ago on 'The Probable Effects of an Eight Hours' Day on the Production of Coal and the Wages of Miners' in 'The Economic Journal' (i, 248), said:

'The reduction in the hours of miners during the last fifty years has been very great, and though it has occurred during a period in which many legislative restrictions have been placed on mines, yet the production of coal has steadily increased. In 1854 the output was 64 million tons; in 1889 it was 176 million tons. It is quite evident from these figures that any tendency towards a decrease of the output arising from the action of the Legislature or the reduction of hours has been altogether counterbalanced by other forces tending to increase the output. There is no reason to suppose that the operation of these forces has come to an end.'

But with all respect to Prof. Munro this is stating a *non sequitur*. There is no reason to suppose that the forces which operated in the past have *not* come to an end. If the output is by some unknown influence to increase as the hours of working decrease, why not come down to six or three hours or even one hour a day? There are, however, stern limits between productive industry and unproductive industry, which is idleness.

* 'Hours and Wages in Relation to Production,' by Lujo Brentano. Translated by Mrs William Arnold. London: Swan Sonnenschein, 1894.

In discussing an eight hours law for mines, Mr John M. Robertson says :

'Broadly speaking the tendency is for miners' wages to fall to the point below which men cannot be got to work in mines; and the hardship of the life is thus one of the main causes why wages in it keep higher than in other occupations equally easy to learn. Assuming, then, that the majority of the miners now work over eight hours a day, an eight hours law would (a) bring more labour to the mines seeking employment; and the natural effect of this extra competition could only be prevented by very active, not to say illegal, measures on the part of the unions. In that case there would be no relief to labour in general save in so far as (b) the restriction of hours made it necessary to employ more hands to keep up the output. But the increase of labour in mines being a matter of extension, not intension, either (a) the new hands would be set to work where just before no coal was being hewn, or (b) they would be employed in second shifts. In the first case a rise in prices is clearly implied. If this rise is not maintained the extra employment will cease. But equally the running of the second shifts is compatible only with a rise in prices unless there is a fall of wages.'*

This is the theory of a social reformer who is unaware that the wages of miners cannot nowadays fall if there is a rise in prices, or that prices cannot fall without also reducing wages. If prices rose in the first case cited by Mr Robertson, wages must rise also, for wages are graded to price. How then can he say that, 'if an eight hours law were really to lessen the average working hours in mines, the effect would be either to lower wages or to raise prices and lessen employment?'.* It cannot both lower wages and raise prices, and if it raises prices it must encourage, not lessen, employment, for high wages necessarily attract labour. 'But (says Mr Robertson) more employment will mean lower wages.' That is as if more employment necessarily means a larger output because an increased production would cause prices to decline and, with prices, wages. The difficulty we foresee is that in mines there may be more employment without an increase in the output, but merely for the maintenance of the *status quo*.

As regards the practical working of an eight hours

* 'The Eight Hours' Question,' by John M. Robertson, p. 49. Swan Sonnenschein.

law, Messrs Hadfield and Gibbins argued that, on the facts present to them, it would make practically no difference, 'for the simple reason that an eight hours' day already exists to a large extent and merely requires to be put upon a legal basis by Act of Parliament.' But these writers were arguing from insufficient information; and, moreover, there is a marked difference between an eight-hour day's *work* in the mines and an eight-hour day from *bank to bank*. These writers, however, remark:

'But it should be noticed that in those districts where the eight hours' work is already the rule, very little or no break is made for meals, and that in many other districts the saving of a meal-time under an eight hours' day would more than compensate for the reduction in hours. In short, if the hewers were to surrender their meal-time they could work an eight hours' day from bank to bank, and work at the face as many hours as they do at the present time, and in no case exceed from thirty-five to forty-four hours per week.'*

In stating the case for a shorter working day, however, Messrs Hadfield and Gibbins note that, amongst the reasons given on behalf of miners, no complaint is actually made that the present time is too long, merely that more time is required for recreation and leisure.

'And, indeed (they say), if we examine the hours of labour actually worked in the mines of the United Kingdom we do not find that they are so long as those worked in many other employments, although, of course, the peculiarly unpleasant nature of the miner's work must be taken into account' (p. 19).

These writers dealt with statistical returns made in 1890. But let us now see what the Reports of the recent Committees reveal.

One of the witnesses before the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies in 1903, Mr Ridley Warham, general manager of the largest colliery in the north of England, said with reference to the influence of the export trade on price:

'To produce coal at the lowest possible cost it is necessary that a colliery should work regularly and to its fullest capacity. The export trade enables this to be done, and of course

* *A Shorter Working Day*, by R. A. Hadfield and H. de B. Gibbins, p. 111. Methuen.

the home consumer gets the benefit. He is also able to select that class of fuel which best suits his particular requirements. For instance, on Tyneside we have many works which entirely use the cheap steam coal (that is, the coal which has passed through the screens in the process of making best screened coal) for their steam-raising purposes, etc., while the large coal, at any rate in the case of Northumberland, nearly all goes foreign. Without the foreign demand for large screened, these works would be unable to obtain their small, and would have to use other coal at a higher price. There can be no doubt that should the export trade cease, or even be seriously diminished, the first result would be to reduce the price to the home consumer, owing to the amount of coal with which the market would be glutted. This state of things, however, would quickly be followed by a reaction, as many collieries would be forced to close entirely, and, the remainder working irregularly, the cost of production would increase; no fresh developments would take place, and the home consumer in the end would be in a worse position than at present, while in the case of sudden demand, as occurred in 1900, the facilities for coping therewith would be much less adequate. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the suffering which in this case would be entailed upon all those connected with the coal industry.' (Cd. 2802 of 1905, p. 88.)

By way of showing the distribution of our coal, let us now summarise the evidence to the Royal Commission of Mr W. R. Heatley, engaged in the coal trade continuously since the year 1877. This evidence related chiefly to the export trade of Northumberland and Durham, although the witness was also acquainted with the Scotch export trade and had a general knowledge of the export trades from other districts.

He stated that the principal markets for Northumberland steam coal (screened, unscreened, and smalls) lie abroad, as, apart from what is used by the collieries themselves for colliery purposes, and what can be disposed of to the factories on the river Tyne (which is mostly smalls), there is only about two per cent. shipped to the south coast of England as house coal. This house coal market is very limited, as only the coal from certain seams can be marketed as house coal, and the demand is mostly a winter one, so that in summer the coal from these seams has to be sent abroad as ordinary steam coal in order to get it disposed of. In Durham the gas coal

finds its principal market in this country; the proportion exported finds its way to the principal cities and industrial centres of Europe which can be reached partly or altogether by sea-going ships. The principal consumers are gasworks and industrial works. The coking coal is mostly used at the collieries for the manufacture of coke; such of it as is sent abroad is mostly sent for the purpose of being converted into coke. The great proportion of the coke manufactured in Durham and in the south-west corner of Northumberland is sent to Middlesbrough and West Cumberland for consumption in the ironworks there.

Putting aside the United States of America (to which our coal is only sent during abnormal scarcity there arising from a strike), and South Africa (to which our coal went in large quantities during the war), and leaving out such comparatively small markets as the West Indies and South America, the coal exported from Northumberland and Durham now goes to places which are served by ports situated on the shores of the North Sea, the Baltic, and the Mediterranean. It finds its way to such industrial centres as are served by these ports, e.g. the coal shipped to Cronstadt is consumed in St Petersburg or in the towns lying on the railway routes leading from St Petersburg to the interior of Russia; the coal sent to Swinemünde (in the Baltic) finds its way by river and canal to the interior of Germany as far as Berlin, where it meets the coal from Silesia; the coal shipped to Rouen and Dieppe finds its way to Paris by rail and by water; the coal shipped to Genoa and Savona is sent on by rail to Milan and Turin for consumption in the industrial concerns there.

The maximum price of British coal at any point in any country is determined by the price of an equivalent native fuel, be it coal or wood or oil, or of any native form of mechanical energy such as water-power.* Thus in every foreign country there are a number of places where British coal and native fuel stand in a condition of unstable equilibrium, and a slight rise or fall in one or the other will increase or reduce the demand for British

* Report of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies, Part x. (Cd. 2362 of 1906, p. 97.)

coal. This is a point to be remembered in connexion with the export trade.

In July 1906 the Home Secretary (Mr H. Gladstone) appointed Mr Russell Rea, M.P., Sir Andrew N. Agnew, Mr S. H. Cox (professor of mining, Royal College of Science), Mr John W. Crombie, M.P., Sir Robert Giffen, Lord Glantawe, and Mr R. A. S. Redmayne (professor of mining, Birmingham University), to be a committee

'to enquire into the probable economic effect of a limit of eight hours to the working day of coal-miners, both when calculated from bank to bank, and when otherwise calculated, upon—(1) production; (2) wages; (3) employment; (4) the export trade; (5) other British industries which might be affected thereby; regard being had to the different conditions obtaining in different districts, seams, and collieries';

and also into the probable effect of such a limit upon the health of the miners. Mr Russell Rea was chairman of the Committee, whose report we have now to consider.

The curious thing to note at the outset is that, while the miners as a body are demanding a legislative eight hours' day, which the Government propose to give them if Parliament will consent, few miners at present actually do work more than eight hours a day. The investigation by the Departmental Committee reveals the fact that the present actual average time underground amounts to 43 hours 13 minutes per week, which, spread over six days, gives an average of $7\frac{1}{4}$ hours per day each day of the week all the year round, except on general holidays. These are not the hours of actual work, but from bank to bank, which includes meal-times and the time spent on travelling underground to and from the place of work.

The Committee, however, arrive at the conclusion, as regards the average hours bank to bank of all classes of persons underground, taken for the United Kingdom as a whole: (1) That the institution of an eight-hour day, calculated from the first man of the shift to descend the pit to the first man of that shift to ascend, would reduce the aggregate hours underground, in a week of full working, by 10·27 per cent., assuming the customary short and idle days to remain as at present; (2) that on the average the underground workers in coal-mines put

in 13·36 per cent. less time in normal weeks than the theoretical full time of 49 hours 53 minutes ; (3) that on the customary short and idle days there is a loss of time within the eight hours' limit amounting to 6·48 per cent. of the present theoretical full working time. (Cd. 3505, p. 18.)

The 'possible' averages under a maximum eight hours' bank to bank system are—six days of eight hours each equals 48 hours per week ; five days of eight hours, plus present short day, equals 46 hours 13 minutes per week, on the present arrangement of idle and short days ; but all full days reduced to eight hours equals 44 hours 45 minutes per week.

Mr T. Ratcliffe Ellis, secretary of the Mining Association of Great Britain, one of the witnesses, assumes an immediate loss to the annual product of the United Kingdom of 21,471,000 tons if the reduction in the hours of hewers alone is taken into account ; or of 31,900,000 tons, that is 13½ per cent., if the reduction in the hours of all persons engaged in conveying mineral be taken as the basis of the reckoning ; and that, as the latter class are as necessary to production as the former, the latter figure is more likely to be the true figure. These figures were calculated on the basis of the output of 1905. While the Committee admit that the institution of a reduced and fixed working day, whether introduced suddenly or gradually, would result, at any rate in the first instance, in a diminution of production, they did not accept Mr Ratcliffe Ellis' inference as an adequate conclusion to the enquiry on this branch of the subject, or as affording an adequate forecast of the effects likely to follow a change. To do so, they say, would involve

'the assumption that both the employers and men would permit the new situation, which a legally restricted day would create, to arrive without making any provision or new arrangements to meet it, and that after it had arrived the habits of the men, and the old customs of the colliers, perhaps suited to the old system, would be continued under the new system ; for example, that the percentage of absenteeism in Lancashire, where at present the hours are longest, would continue under a uniform system to be nearly double that of the whole of the United Kingdom ; or that, in that district, two total stops, not only of all the men, but of the winding

engines, would continue to take place during the reduced hours of the working day.' (Cd. 3505, p. 20.)

Against the reduction of manual labour per man must be put the possibility of extension of labour-saving machines for cutting and conveying coal. But then the increased production per hour in a shortened day by improvements in the mechanical equipment of collieries, or even by the employment of a larger number of men, is conditioned by the necessities of underground haulage, and by the winding of minerals and men up and down the shaft. In other words, it is useless to hew more coal if it cannot be brought to the surface within the limit of a working day, and the working day is to be limited to eight hours underground for all persons. It is, for example, more than doubtful whether, even if the men could produce the present quantity of coal in the reduced hours, the underground roads are sufficient to accommodate the increased quantity per hour that would have to be sent to the shafts and winding engines. This is the difficulty which attends a compulsory 'bank to bank day'—a difficulty which would not occur if the limitation were of a 'winding day'—that is, of the period during which the machinery may operate to bring minerals and men through 'the neck of the bottle,' which is to say, the shaft.

There are, of course, the alternatives of sinking new shafts—but this means increased capital expenditure, and therefore increased standing charges; or of extending the multiple-shifts system—which is not favoured by the trade unions. The Committee are of opinion that after the initiation of the eight-hour day a determined effort should be made by coal-owners to increase the number of shifts so as to keep up the output. This is all very well as an *ex cathedra* deliverance, but it does not solve the labour problem. Mining does not attract labour so readily as other industries do, and the standing difficulty of coal-mining is the comparative scarcity of labour.

The conclusion of the whole matter, then, is that the establishment of a statutory eight-hour day for labour in and connected with coal mines must perforce result in a contraction of output, whether that contraction be temporary or permanent. The period of contraction must depend upon the extent to which there may be

co-operation between employers and employed, and upon the ingenuity of both in utilising labour-saving devices. But while the contraction lasts the effect upon prices must be material, for experience has proved that a very small shortage in supply has always a rapid and material effect on prices. Then it must be remembered that the wages of coal-miners are not regulated by the price of labour in the labour market but by the price of coal in the coal market. They rise and fall according to the average realised prices received by the coal-owners, but they are preserved from falling below what is assumed to be a living wage by the various agreements within the area of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain for maintaining a minimum wage. If, then, prices rise immediately on the contraction of supply, under the limited day, then wages will at once rise in proportion. And higher wages, added to the higher proportionate standing charges by the limitation of supply, will *pro tanto* increase the cost per ton of production. Thus the inevitable effect of an eight hours' day in mines must be dearer coal. How long the period of dearness will last no one can tell, but it will surely last long enough to be a heavy burden on our industries and householders. In effect, the country is asked to pay a very large though unknown price to enable the miners to work less, or rather to compel them not to spend more than eight hours per day underground.

There is a more serious consideration still. If the miners will not co-operate with the coal-owners in every way in devices for making up for the reduction of individual time in the pits—and it is conceivable that they may combine to keep down production in order to keep up prices and wages—then we shall have to face an industrial crisis. The Departmental Committee foresee this, and lay down the proposition that, 'in view of the much greater national importance of the coal industry of Great Britain (than that of other countries with mining laws) as the basis of all other industries,' in the event of the establishment by law of a limited working day for miners there should be retention in the hands of the Government of some powers of exercising control over mines, and of suspending the law at times of emergency, 'which would have a valuable

economic result in mitigating and minimising any actual effects of such a law injurious to British manufactures, while the knowledge that such powers existed would tend to prevent such circumstances arising as would call for them being put into force.' (Cd. 3505, p. 59.)

This is a cheerily optimistic way of dealing with a dangerous problem. Mr H. Gladstone follows the lead in his Bill (No. 295 of 1907), the fourth clause of which provides that

'His Majesty may, in the event of war or of imminent national danger or great emergency, or in the event of any *grave economic disturbance due to the demand for coal exceeding the supply available at the time*, by Order in Council suspend the operation of the Act' (for limiting the hours of work in mines) 'to such extent and for such period as may be named in the Order, either as respects all coal mines or any class of coal mines.'

In effect, then, it would be placed in the power of a Minister of the Crown to raise or depress the coal market, and any industries and occupations or investments depending on coal, at his own will, or in the exercise of his own judgment as to what constitutes a 'grave economic disturbance.' We have not hitherto had experience of corruption among Ministers of the Crown in this country, but we cannot guarantee the purity of our descendants, and Mr Gladstone's Bill proposes to put too much power in the hands of an individual.

Of the features and importance of the export trade in coal we have written above, and the serious consideration remains of the effect upon that trade of the contraction of output and consequent raising of prices, even if only temporarily. France, Austria, and Holland already restrict by law the hours of work of coal-miners, but these countries are not competitors with us in coal. Germany and America have no legislative restrictions, and these are both the largest producers and our keenest actual and potential competitors. With legislative restriction of mine-labour in this country, we shall have to compete with these countries on unequal terms—that is to say, we shall be producing under burdens from which they are free. If the eight hours' day were made international—as is advocated at the International Congress of Miners

—this objection would disappear. But meanwhile it exists, and it is a very serious one, since both Germany and America are bent on developing an export trade in coal.

But there is another consideration, and that is the effect of dearer coal on the shipping industry itself. The general manager of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company gave evidence to the Committee, not only on behalf of his company, which owns 185,798 tons of steamers, but also on behalf of the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association, which includes 3,613,442 tons of steamers, or 22 per cent. of the total British steam fleet afloat. On behalf of the steamship owners, it was represented that they were only concerned in the number of hours which the miners may work in so far as the cost of coal is affected thereby. They suggested indeed that the working days might be so arranged that the miners, whilst working a small number of hours in one day, may make up for lost time on the following day, so that the total production should not be so reduced as to enhance prices; for coal is a much more important item of cost to the ship-owner than most people suppose. In the ordinary 'tramp' the coal bill runs from 25 to 30 per cent. of the total cost of working the vessel. In the ordinary mail and passenger steamers the proportion is from 40 to 45 per cent., and the average is about 42 per cent. In very fast steamers the proportion is as high as 49 per cent. In the case represented before the Departmental Committee (the Pacific Steam Navigation Company), the percentage of cost in the working of the whole fleet, cargo and mail-steamers together, was stated to be 40 per cent. This means, in plain figures, that if the eight hours' day raises the price of coal by 1s. per ton, it will add about 1,000,000*l.* per annum to the working of the merchant steam-shipping of this country. This does not include the navy; but that also presents an important item in the case. Yet further: it used to be the practice of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, for example, to supply all its steamers with Welsh coal, and to charter colliers to carry supplies of it for the large fleet of steamers it employs on the west coast of South America. But since Welsh coal advanced the company has ceased to export it to South America and supplies its steamers

with coal brought up from Chili or round from West Virginia. What has happened in this case will happen in other cases if British coal is further advanced by causes which do not apply to foreign coal. In the Transatlantic trade it is now common enough, when Welsh coals are high, for the steamers to coal on the other side, not only to bring them across here, but also to take them back again, doing the whole run both ways on American coal. This is not generally known; but a permanent increase in the cost of the production of British coal may make a general practice of what is now only occasional or incidental. And so with the coaling at depôts on the eastern routes.

The Home Secretary thinks differently, and he has fathered a Bill for the purpose of limiting the hours of work below ground 'during the period beginning at the commencement of this Act and ending on the thirteenth day of June 1909 to nine hours, and thereafter to eight hours.' The bank to bank period is defined as 'the period between the times at which the first workman in the shift leaves the surface and the first workman in the shift returns to the surface, and the period between the times at which the last workman in the shift leaves the surface and the last workman in the shift returns to the surface'—a very defective definition without any allowance for the capacity of the winding machinery. Coal-owners, colliery managers, and miners are to be fined whenever the statutory time below ground is exceeded. The obligation applies to all classes of workmen, not to hewers only (except officials, furnacemen, onsetters, horsekeepers, and pumpmen, whose functions cannot be regulated by the clock). And the only exemptions are for the purpose of rendering assistance in the event of accident, or of meeting any danger, or for dealing with any emergency. The management, however, are to have the option of extending the hours of work in cases of necessity, but not more than by one hour in any one day, or for more than sixty days in any one calendar year—a saving grace of sixty hours per annum.

We do not propose to discuss here the details of Mr Gladstone's Bill, as it is the economic effect of its general principle that we are concerned with. But it is worth while to summarise the terms of the French law, of which

so much has been made by advocates of an eight-hour day.

On July 2, 1905, the 'Loi relative à la Durée du Travail dans les Mines' was promulgated in the 'Journal Officiel.' It marks for the first time that the principle of an eight hours' day has been recognised officially in that country. Article 1 prescribes that, six months after the promulgation of the law, the day's work of miners employed in coal-hewing shall not exceed nine hours, calculated from the entry into the pit of the last batch of men to the arrival above ground of the first batch. In mines where the entrance is by galleries, the duration is calculated from the arrival at the end of the gallery of access to the return at the same point. At the end of two years from the date above mentioned, the day's work shall be reduced to eight hours and a half, and at the end of a further period of two years to eight hours. These rules do not affect exploitations where, either by custom or by special agreements, the normal day's work is less than that fixed in the preceding paragraphs. By Article 2, in cases where a period of rest, whether underground or above ground, forms part of the local regulations, the time stipulated in the preceding article will be increased by the duration of that rest. Under Article 3 exemptions from Article 1 may be authorised by the Minister of Public Works, after taking the opinion of the Conseil Général des Mines, in mines where the application of these prescriptions might be of a nature to compromise, for technical or economical reasons, the continuance of their exploitation. The withdrawal of those exemptions will take place in the same form. By Article 4 temporary exemptions, not to exceed two months, but renewable, may be accorded by the chief engineer of the mineralogical *arrondissement*, whether on account of accidents or from motives of security, or for occasional necessities, or finally, when there is an agreement between the managers and the men with regard to the observance of local customs. The delegates appointed to watch over the safety of working miners will be consulted when exemptions for accidents or motives of security are demanded. The manager may, on his own responsibility, in case of imminent danger, prolong the day's work whilst awaiting the authorisation of the chief engineer, and

he is bound to ask for that authorisation immediately. Under Article 5 the engineers and controllers will draw up *procès-verbaux* against all infractions of the present law, of which three copies will be made. One will be sent to the Prefect of the Department, one to the police authority, and one to the offender. By Article 6 managers and overseers making inadequate provision for the men to leave the mine in the time prescribed by the present law will be prosecuted before the police tribunal and fined from 5 to 15 francs. The fine will be inflicted as many times as there are persons employed contrary to the conditions of the present law, without, however, the total sum of fines exceeding 500 francs. By Article 7 second offenders will be summoned before the Correctional Tribunal and fined from 16 to 100 francs for every person employed contrary to the law, the total fines, however, not to exceed 2000 francs. In the discussion on the Bill the Minister of Public Works, referring to the objection that the reform extended to hewers only, said that it must be understood that the Government intended that the day's work of all those employed in the coalfields should diminish in the same ratio.

It is to be recalled that Mr W. E. Gladstone, father of the author of the Bill now before Parliament, during his famous Midlothian campaign, suggested the application of local option to the eight hours' question. The miners generally did not 'catch on' to this suggestion—perhaps for trade union reasons; but it is nevertheless still worth consideration. In fact it might be made a valuable provision in Mr H. Gladstone's Bill, which also should be made to apply to the 'winding day,' not to the vague limits of the time between the moment at which the first workman in a shift leaves the surface to the moment when the last workman in the shift returns to the surface. To the general principle of an eight hours' day for miners there is no objection even on the part of coal-owners. But the economic consequences of the compulsory limitation of—not eight hours' labour, but eight hours underground, which may mean only six hours' labour, or even less—are too serious to be ignored at the mere demand of the labourists.

Art. VIII.—THE POETRY OF MR ALFRED AUSTIN.

The Season : a Satire; third edition, 1869. *The Golden Age : a Satire*, 1871. *The Tower of Babel : a Celestial Love-Drama*, 1890. *Savonarola : a Tragedy*, 1891. *Alfred the Great*; fifth edition, 1901. *Fortunatus the Pessimist*; second edition, 1892. *Prince Lucifer*; third edition, 1891. *The Human Tragedy*; fourth edition, 1891. *English Lyrics* (edited by William Watson); fourth edition, 1905. *The Door of Humility*, 1906.

And other works.

THE traditional division of poetry into lyric, dramatic, epic or narrative, and satiric, is superficially descriptive rather than analytic and philosophical, except for the distinction drawn by it between lyrical poetry and poetry of all other kinds. Here is a distinction which really goes to the root of things, and it is one which may be expressed in terms equally familiar, by saying that all poetry is either objective or subjective. Poetry is the representation of life as apprehended or experienced through the medium of intensified and sustained emotion, and the poet's art, as Tolstoy has truly said of all art, is the means of arousing in others emotion similar to that which has been experienced by the poet himself. But this emotion may be either direct and simple, the poet himself being the hero of it, in which case it will have reference to his own private life, and be tinged with his own idiosyncrasies, or else it may be emotion aroused by the human lot generally, or by special aspects of it, which the poet apprehends through the medium of his intellect and his sympathies, but which are not identified with, and still less are bounded by, his own personal adventures or the peculiarities of his own temperament.

Now the gift of expression being presupposed, the difference between the qualities requisite for the production of these two kinds of poetry is this, that in subjective or lyrical poetry the primary requisite is a peculiar personal sensitiveness or passion which connects the poet directly with other things or persons; but for poetry of the objective kind the primary equipment of the poet must include much more than this. It must include a wide outlook on life, an instinctive insight into the

motives of other men and women and the varieties of human circumstance, together with some formal or at all events some virtual philosophy, by means of which the facts of life are bound together or focalised, and, being thus referred to the origin or the ultimate potentialities of humanity, are made the subjects of emotions indefinitely wider than, but comparable to, those which are excited by the passions of the individual human being. In subjective poetry, such as that of a Sappho or a Keats, philosophy and a general knowledge of men and women go for nothing. In objective poetry, such as that of a Dante, a Shakespeare, and a Goethe, they are not indeed everything, but they are the first thing. They are not the fire on the altar, but they are the offering to which the fire is applied. In other words, when we are dealing with any objective poet—and the greatest poets of the world have belonged to the objective order—the ultimate standard by which his rank and his significance are to be measured is what he means as a thinker, as an observer, and as an impassioned critic of life, not the manner in which he produces his notes as a singer. The importance of the latter is vital, but it is subsidiary to the importance of the former.

We have been led to make these observations by the volumes now before us. Without prejudging the question of Mr Austin's true place on Parnassus, we may say that his poetry, considered comprehensively, belongs to the objective order, and requires, in common with that of the greatest poets of the world, to be judged by the kind of standard to which we have just alluded. Whatever its merits otherwise, it is more than a series of 'effusions' which can be dismissed as good or bad in accordance with their individual prettiness. It must be taken as the work of a man who has, for a long series of years, endeavoured with a consistency which can only now be appreciated, to deliver a message to the world (if so hackneyed a phrase may be forgiven to us), the content of which, from his earliest expressions of it to his latest, has known little other change than that of continuous development. What Mr Austin's message to his contemporaries is becomes much more apparent when we glance at his works collectively than it is if we confine ourselves to a perusal, however careful, of any one of them. We will do our

best to present it in brief terms to the reader, as it is only through a consideration of this that we can estimate Mr Austin fairly.

Cardinal Newman said, when defending himself against the unhandsome critics who maintained that no Roman Catholic could ever be a loyal English citizen, 'I will drink to my Queen first, and I will drink to the Pope afterwards.' Mr Austin, who was brought up a Catholic, would in his early days have said, under similar circumstances, precisely the same thing; and he would have said it with a meaning most probably more far-reaching than Newman's. Whatever might be the influence of dogma or faith upon his nature, he would have said that he—the man who was thus influenced—was not an abstract man, but a concrete individual Englishman, who, no matter what his religion, confronted this world and the next as a member of the great race to which he owed his existence, and through his connexion with which it was his destiny, his birthright, and his pride, to live and act. Mr Austin's character in these respects has been happily touched upon and illustrated by a brother poet, Mr William Watson, who has contributed a critical preface to a collection of Mr Austin's minor poems. 'To be frankly local,' Mr Watson truly says, 'in the sense in which Burns and Béranger—yes, and one may add Homer and Virgil—are local, has not seldom been a direct road into the general heart of man,' and Mr Austin, he proceeds, local as he mainly is at once by temperament and intention, may justly regard his localism as one means of reaching the universal. Mr Watson explains himself by saying that in the Poet Laureate's character two 'dominant notes' are 'love of country' and 'love of *the* country,' and he shows by the case of Shakespeare how this double patriotism may make the poet greater as a poet by making him a virile and impassioned citizen. There are two points, however, which we think Mr Watson has neglected, and which require to be mentioned here. Mr Austin's devotion to his own land, and his patriotic sense that, for himself at least, it is superior to any other, is accompanied, as it could not have been in the case either of Burns or Shakespeare, by a sympathy with the local genius of other countries also, especially of Greece and Italy, which is

founded on wide knowledge of their literatures and personal familiarity with their life. His British preferences have therefore no tinge of provincialism. Further, that love of 'the' country, as opposed to the town, which Mr Watson rightly specifies as one of his most distinctive traits, implies far more than a susceptibility to those aspects of nature which 'haunted Wordsworth like a passion,' and were the main inspiration of Keats. For Mr Austin love of the country is closely associated with a philosophy of social life which is, in an age like the present, so distinct and challenging as to merit the appellation of polemical. It is a philosophy in which there is no note of asceticism, but which is nevertheless a protest against excessive personal luxury, and the kinds of ambition and the kinds of activity which minister to it. Every rank and avocation, from the peasant's up to the prince's, has, in his view, its proper dignity, and, when set in appropriate circumstances, its proper beauty. Wealth, as he conceives of it, is ideally the symbolical adornment and the necessary material mechanism of certain high activities, far-reaching social services, and lives whose wholesome tenour becomes influential by reason of their conspicuous stateliness, and is not merely the instrument, as to many of its present possessors it seems to be, of a competitive self-indulgence which degrades and vulgarises those who make it their chief object, and generates a bitter and gratuitous discontent amongst others by offering them a base example which they are not able to imitate.

There is nothing original in such a philosophy of life, and herein lies one of Mr Austin's characteristic merits. His poetry lies on the high road to the universal for yet another reason besides those specified by Mr Watson. It is essentially the poetry of common-sense and healthy directness. This was exhibited very clearly in the first poetical composition by which Mr Austin gained the ear of the public. This was a satire written in the couplets of which Pope is the most familiar master, and Mr Austin's critics at the time set him down as an imitator of Pope. To that poet he did no doubt owe certain turns of phrase and certain tricks of treatment, but otherwise he had little in common with him except a practical attitude of mind and a closeness to common life. Mr Austin's

literary parent in this case was not Pope but Dryden, and especially Dryden as translator of the Sixth Satire of Juvenal. The reception of 'The Season' by the public was, he says in one of his prefaces, so satisfactory that he was encouraged some years later to follow up that work with another of the same kind entitled 'The Golden Age.' Here he sounds again the note of Dryden and Juvenal, and attacks the objects of his animosity with yet more sweeping blows. In 'The Season' Mr Austin confines himself to the West-end of London, and invokes the

' Muse whose sway extends
Where Hyde begins beyond where Tyburn ends.'

And though he admits that he is somewhat young for a censor, he declares that his youth is an invaluable advantage to him as a satirist, since nobody will be able to say of him that in denouncing fashionable society he is carping at pleasures and successes which he might not enjoy if he chose. His censure, therefore, is quite impartial. Society, he declares, is composed of men unworthy of friendship, and women unworthy of love. The women care for nothing but the gratification of their vanity; the men for nothing but the gratification of their appetites.

' Divergence, think you? Be not duped; their aim,
In seeming diverse, is in substance same.
Cribbed and confined, both need some sensuous sport,
The one for praise, the others hunt for port.
And all must own that neither act their best
Till the half-drunk lean over the half-dressed.'

In these lines we have a sample of Mr. Austin's earliest style. That of 'The Golden Age' is similar. In this work he extends his indictment of Mayfair and its denizens to his fellow-countrymen generally, and their dominant ideals and activities. We shall best do justice to the author's meaning by quoting a few sentences from his own analysis of his poem.

'The rage for gold is by no means confined to the base-born or the vulgar. It is most obvious in the manner in which it degrades aristocratic tastes and aspirations. . . . Feudalism is supplanted by Competition, and Force deposed in favour of

Fraud. . . . Thanks to Gold, Woman is as case-hardened as Man. The Lords are as servile as the Commons, and for the same motives. . . . Our foreign policy is as much directed by the love of gold as our domestic fortunes. Gold is the genius of both. The author summons Britain to confront the world in arms, if necessary. Failing spirit enough for that, the author prays that the glacial period may return, and the Island be once more wrapped in impenetrable mists.'

Mr Austin, looking back in his maturity on the performances of his adventurous youth, would probably himself admit that they have the defects of their qualities, and exhibit in the domain of criticism the same want of balanced judgment which for most young poets is the secret of their inspiration in the domain of passion. Mr Austin's criticisms of life indeed, as expressed in his two satires, do not differ from those of any more sober censor, except for the flights of exaggeration with which his poetic genius invests them. His story, for example, of the fashionable young lady and the dressmaker, which sums itself up in the epigrammatic line, 'And Clara dies that Claribel may dance,' is a story which has been told by a whole series of forgotten novelists and tract-writers, and nothing new, except its form, is imparted to it by Mr Austin, who associates it with a turn of phrase which had never been used before by any one but a well-known poet, who observed in a previous century that 'Wretches hang that jurymen may dine.' We are, however, not insisting on Mr Austin's want of moral originality as a defect. We should, indeed, do better to call it his want of moral eccentricity; and we insist on it here because we regard it as one of his signal merits. These satires, and the fact that he began his poetic career as a satirist, introduce us to a fundamental trait of his character, and exhibit him as being before all things a normal and healthy man, in close contact with realities, even if he does not always understand them, judging his fellows in the light of lofty and courageous principles, and denouncing vice and frivolity, not as a fanatic, but as a man of the world and a philosopher. He is not a poet as distinguished from a man of the world, but he is a man of the world distinguished by possessing the temperament of a poet.

The poetical works of the Laureate are too numerous

and voluminous to admit of our referring in detail to more than the most important and representative of them; but the foregoing examination of his attitude and character generally will enable us to see at once into what groups his works naturally divide themselves, and to understand what, in each case, have been his aims and the nature of his inspiration. He is, as we set out with observing, not distinctively a lyrical or subjective poet. The lyrical impulse is nevertheless strong in him; and a series of lyrics—many of them being of an autobiographical kind—has accompanied his larger and less personal works. Of these last the most important consist of five dramas, and one long romance or philosophical novel in verse. The five dramas are 'The Tower of Babel,' 'Savonarola,' 'Alfred the Great,' 'Fortunatus the Pessimist,' and 'Prince Lucifer.' The romance is 'The Human Tragedy.' Our most satisfactory course will be to deal with these groups separately, taking the dramas first, then 'The Human Tragedy,' and the lyrical poems last.

His dramas are themselves separable into two groups. The first comprises 'The Tower of Babel,' 'Savonarola,' and 'Alfred the Great,' and may in a broad sense be called political. The second comprises 'Fortunatus the Pessimist' and 'Prince Lucifer'; and may, in contradistinction to the former, be described as mainly philosophical.

To 'The Tower of Babel' the author gives a second title, namely, 'A Celestial Love-drama,' which we regard as being infelicitous, and doing injustice to his intentions. Nothing could well be more remote from the interests of the present day than a celestial love-drama enacted on the plain of Shinar. But the main interest of Mr Austin's poem is, as he himself gives us to understand, not the philanderings of one of the sons of God with one of the daughters of men. He means us to take the poem as a symbolical representation of the ambitious attempts of human society to escape from its own limitations by means of an enlarged control over the resources of material life. 'The Tower of Babel,' for Mr Austin, means the modern world endeavouring to found happiness and dignity on a mere accumulation of wealth, in the manner which he attacks in 'The Season' and 'The Golden Age.' The love-story of his drama deals with the visit of a winged spirit to the earth, in the course of which he

becomes enamoured of the wife of the chief builder of the tower. The wife has long regretted what she divines to be the insensate ambition of her husband, and she finds relief in a purely platonic intimacy with this visitant from another world. The husband, however, having been at last killed when the tower is thrown down by the deity, the wife finds happiness in a complete union with her lover; and the moral of the drama is that, though man, by material means cannot lift earth to heaven, the higher affections are a means by which heaven may be drawn down to earth.

In 'Savonarola' and 'Alfred the Great' he preaches a cognate moral, but his means in both these cases are much better suited to his ends. The Florence of Savonarola and the Medici is for him not an historical Florence only. It is a symbol of the world to-day, and the corruption due to an excessive struggle after the merely material appliances of civilisation. The love-story here, which has no winged spirit either for hero or heroine, is meant to portray in the colours of daily life those simple yet supreme satisfactions of the human spirit which, adorned by culture, yet uncorrupted by luxury, constitute, as Aristotle taught, the apex of the moral triangle, and lie not only between, but above, the too much and the too little. At the same time, in Savonarola's end Mr Austin symbolises the weaknesses which beset endeavour of even the noblest kind, and the irony of fate which either thwarts it or denies completeness to its results. 'Alfred the Great,' a work on a very much smaller scale, again celebrates a healthy and elevated love as the master-key to human felicity; but this doctrine is here connected with an exhibition of the nobility of inherited power which realises that its chief splendour is derived from far-reaching and heroic work successfully performed for others. The times of King Alfred are, for the imaginations of most Englishmen, almost as shadowy as those of King Arthur; but Mr Austin, to institute an inevitable comparison, makes of his national hero a far more living and a far more intelligent man than Lord Tennyson, with portent and miracle to aid him, made of his 'blameless king.' Mr Austin's typical English ruler, who himself translates Boethius, seeks to disseminate learning amongst his semi-barbarous subjects, to unite

a dismembered country under an intelligible system of government, and to lay the foundations of an efficient national navy, is, as a symbolical figure, much more useful and stimulating than the wielder of an enchanted sword, and the head of a body of knight-errants—men whose main business, when they were not unhorsing and maiming one another, was to prosecute a series of private and now meaningless adventures.

Mr Austin's two philosophical dramas, 'Fortunatus the Pessimist' and 'Prince Lucifer,' are, we think, in respect of their general scheme, still better constructed, with reference to his inner purpose, than 'Savonarola' or 'Alfred the Great.' The action of both takes place in the present day; but Mr Austin, while keeping in touch with contemporary conditions and types of character, contrives with much artistic ingenuity to generalise them and even to universalise them. We will give the reader the story of both these poems, which will enable him to understand the scope of the poet's meaning, and to follow us presently when we refer to their strictly literary merits.

Fortunatus is a cultivated modern Englishman, enjoying the rank of duke and possessing great estates, apparently in the county of Kent. But though the scene of the drama is thus specialised by a variety of local touches, the Kent of Fortunatus is no more a single region than Shakespeare's forest of Arden, or his fairy-haunted wood near Athens. Fortunatus is a man of middle age, but still full of youthful vigour. Nature has made him a poet. Experience of the world, of women, and of politics has made him a complete, though not an unkindly, cynic. One woman especially has assisted in thus hardening him—somebody's faithless mistress, who, having artfully entangled him in her meshes, declares eventually that she is about to become a mother by him, with the deliberate design of forcing him to make her a duchess. After this episode Fortunatus grows confirmed in the opinion that, if women have any value for a wise man at all, they are valuable merely as toys of fancy or ministers of passing pleasure. In the opening scene he is in conference with his private secretary, who puts before him a long series of petitions from the vicar, the schoolmaster, and various bodies of workmen, all of whom ask either for new buildings or for some

extravagant increase of wages. 'Let them all have what they want,' Fortunatus answers in effect. 'It will teach the fools that such gifts make them no happier than they were.' He starts, when this business is over, for a ride in an adjacent forest. When he is far from home his horse casts a shoe; and while he is chewing the cud of his annoyance a pedlar makes his appearance, of whom he enquires whether there is any smith in the neighbourhood. The pedlar, to whom Mr Austin gives the name of Abaddon, and who is a kind of Mephistopheles masquerading in the guise of Autolycus, answers him with a cynical humour which harmonises with his own mood, and ends by informing him that though there is no smith within reach, there is a man called Franklin—a superior kind of yeoman farmer—who lives close by in the forest, and who will shoe his horse for him as well as any professional. Franklin is out when Fortunatus arrives, but his daughter Urania is at home, and a pretty little child, April. Urania receives the stranger with a simple and captivating dignity, and the child comes to him at once, as though she instinctively felt him to be her friend. Finally Franklin appears. He is in his own way as charming as his daughter, and, though he shoes horses, and she cooks, makes hay, and assists in the shoeing, both have travelled and are highly cultivated. The acquaintance ripens and the inevitable soon happens. Fortunatus falls in love with Urania, the quality of his passion refining itself as his knowledge of her grows more complete, until at last he formally asks her to marry him. She has meanwhile learnt from the pedlar who the stranger is. His position, however, does not dazzle her; and, though she honestly admits that he has gradually stolen into her heart, she tells him that a curious obstacle stands between him and her. This obstacle is the fact that a man exists somewhere whom she feels to be far nearer to her inmost heart than he. This is the anonymous author of some poems which she once read. He is for her the ideal of what a man ought to be; and she could not marry any one but this man himself or his equal. It finally turns out that the author was Fortunatus himself, who had written the poems in that spirit of trustful and sympathetic optimism which his purified passion for Urania has at last caused to revive in him. Meanwhile

several other things have happened. Fortunatus inherited his dukedom as the successor of a distant kinsman, the previous heir-apparent having more or less mysteriously disappeared. This missing heir turns out to be none other than Franklin, who, possessing some moderate fortune of his own, preferred a simple life to one burdened with adventitious splendour. He now feels that he has done wrong in evading his natural responsibilities. He assumes the rank which Fortunatus, who becomes his son-in-law, willingly surrenders to him, and the two men both find wisdom in this exchange of positions. Meanwhile April, whose instinctive affection for Fortunatus had done much towards restoring him to his better self, is discovered to be his own child by the mistress already mentioned, who had, it appears, deserted him as soon as she found that he refused to be the tool of her ambition. The pathos of the child's death, and of her passionate clinging to himself, completes the conversion of the pessimist from a cold and mocking cynicism to a sorrow for the evil in human nature, and a restored belief in its fundamental goodness and in the profound significance of the affections and of social duty.

Prince Lucifer introduces us to a world no less modern than that of Fortunatus. The scene of this drama is the Switzerland of the present day. Here Prince Lucifer, who is really nothing less than an emperor in voluntary retirement, has established himself in a restored castle, the philosophic quiet of which he much prefers to a throne. Having outgrown all belief in any personal deity, he had desired to abolish in his dominions both worship and marriage. His people, however, could not be got to agree with him. They obstinately clung to both; the result being that the monarch, disgusted by their conservatism, has retired into private life, to cherish his sublime philosophy among the peaks and avalanches of the Alps, where he finds in the sky, the Matterhorn, and the beautiful mountain flowers, more ennobling companions for his soul than the personal Creator of the theologians. One day, in one of his rambles, he encounters a young shepherdess, Eve, who in following a pet lamb has landed herself on a ledge of rock—a highly dangerous situation—from which the prince bravely rescues her. The beauty and simplicity of this daughter

of nature, totally different from anything which he has ever known before, refresh and captivate his fancy, and the incident is the beginning of an acquaintance which, since the shepherdess proves herself an admiring and untiring listener, ripens into an intimacy of a charming and wholly innocent kind. Father Gabriel, Eve's confessor, to whom she lays bare her heart, discovers nothing in it unbecoming a pure and marriageable maiden, and bids her go in peace. Her intimacy with her princely lover is therefore continued by her in good faith, but little by little she becomes so imbued with his ideas that she at last confides her life to his keeping without the benediction of the Church. The two go round the world together enjoying a continuous honeymoon, and return to their castle still happy in each other. Then the child which is born to her falls dangerously ill and dies. During its illness she profoundly grieves her lover by desiring to go back to the devotions which, under his influence, she has discarded, and to invoke the aid of the Madonna. This turn of events is all the more embarrassing because the Prince's late subjects have meanwhile come round to his own way of thinking. They are now willing, if only he will go back to them, to shut up all their churches and forswear matrimony also; and he is already congratulating himself on the grace with which his shepherdess will share his throne with him. His love for Eve, however, forces him to the inconsistency of sanctioning her return to the superstitions of her girlhood, and finally, when the child dies, his own grief united with hers so far softens his intellectual pride and obstinacy that, won by her passionate appeal, he consents to become her legal husband. By thus bowing to the demands of an immemorial social law he becomes conscious himself of a new harmony in his own nature, and, the husband touched afresh by the great mysteries of religion whilst the wife remains still alive to the claims of the human intellect, the two find a new union in some common spiritual meeting-place. Eve says to him in conclusion, 'Who once has doubted, never quite believes,' and he answers, 'Who once believed will never wholly doubt.'

Mr Austin's meaning in both these works will be sufficiently apparent to the reader from these outlines of their respective stories. We will now, in a similar manner,

give an account of 'The Human Tragedy.' This is a romance or novel in verse, and is written in the metre which Byron made popular by his 'Don Juan.' The story is as follows. The hero, Godfrid, is on a visit at a quiet but beautiful country house, where he is thrown into constant association with his host's daughter Olive. He is enchanted by her beauty and by her evident admiration of himself. He quotes poetry to her, and at last gives her a kiss; but his means being not sufficient to enable him to marry with prudence, he manages to avoid any formal declaration of his sentiments; and the 'Promethean monster' with its 'roaring feet,' as Mr Austin calls the train, carries him away uncommitted. Olive, however, has given her whole heart to him; and feeling that, if she cannot have him, nothing else matters, she allows her parents to marry her to a Yorkshire baronet, Gilbert; and vows herself to a blighted life of joyless wifely loyalty. Godfrid is miserable enough, though he is not absolutely broken-hearted; and feeling with some justice that he has not behaved very well, having sent her a ring and some verses, seeks solace in foreign travel. In the second Act we find that chance has led him to Spiaggiascura, a primitive Mediterranean village on the confines of France and Italy. A religious sceptic, he still laments the loss of the faith which was his in boyhood, and finds, consequently, a forlorn pleasure in visiting a neighbouring shrine of the Madonna, which is remarkable for the care bestowed on it and for the flowers which are always on the altar. One day he meets the custodian, a beautiful orphan peasant girl, as illiterate as Prince Lucifer's shepherdess, but endowed by her devotion to Our Lady with an education more than liberal. Godfrid becomes conscious of a spiritual, though not of an intellectual, sympathy with her, and she gradually usurps in his heart the place once occupied by Olive. Olympia (for that is her name) reciprocates his personal sentiments. He is, however, obliged to confess that, though he appreciates, he does not share, her faith; and she declares that, unless he is able to believe as she does, she can never, much as she loves him, be more to him than a sorrowing friend. Her own conviction is, however, that his faith is not dead but sleeping, and at her suggestion, and in her company, he starts on a pilgrimage to Milan, where the beauty of

the cathedral and the advice of an aged priest will, so she confidently declares, restore him to the sacred fold. She is too sanguine. Willing as Godfrid is to assist in his own conversion, ecclesiastical architecture and sympathetic clerical advice, though they appeal strongly to his heart, leave his intellect and his will untouched. Nothing more is to be done, and Olympia sorrowfully leaves him. Thus thrown back on himself, Godfrid finds his way to Florence, where the beauties of art and nature and the august memories of the past afford him some partial anodyne for the pain which an over-obstinate orthodoxy has inflicted on him. From this mood he is roused by a sudden encounter with Olive, who is passing through Florence as a bride; but he finds that she is a bride in tears. Her husband, she fears, is dying of a fever; there is a difficulty in procuring nurses, and she begs Godfrid to help her. Godfrid undertakes the duties of a nurse himself. Gilbert ultimately recovers, but Godfrid is quite worn out, and the convalescent husband one day surprises his friend sleeping on a sofa the sleep of utter exhaustion, whilst Olive is silently watching him with an expression of hopeless affection, the meaning of which Gilbert, in a flash of insight, divines. Olive is aware that her husband has read her secret, and though neither of them alludes to it, she begins from that moment to lose her health and spirits, till she is brought to the bed of sickness from which her husband has lately risen, and in a short time she dies. Gilbert and Godfrid are united by a common sorrow, and both long for some manly means of escaping from the lethargy of regret. This is opportunely provided for them by public events in Italy at the date here in question, which Mr Austin specifies as the spring of the year 1859. The average English reader has probably no very clear notion of what the military and political movements of that period were, and Mr Austin's allusions to them are not in themselves enlightening. It will be enough to say that Godfrid and Gilbert join the army of Garibaldi immediately after Olive's funeral, and Mr Austin dismisses his two heroes for the time with the curt observation

'As for the twain, they vanished in the rattle
Of jolting tumbrils and the joy of battle.'

Between the second Act and the third, an interval of eight years elapses. Godfrid and Gilbert, when we meet them again, are in Capri. Italy meanwhile has been partially 'liberated.' Rome, however, still remains under the tyranny of the pontiff despot, and to both of them this seems a blot on an otherwise smiling prospect. Godfrid nevertheless is able to enjoy life in a chastened way amongst the beauties of his adopted home, and Gilbert makes up for the loss of Olive by securing the affections of Miriam, a captivating daughter of the island, who shares with him his burning detestation of the temporal power of the Pope. In the midst of their idyllic existence they are all three enraptured by the intelligence that Rome is to be attacked at last by a new army of liberation, whose ranks they forthwith join. Fortune appears to smile on them, and the morning of Mentana finds them elated with visions of victory, of a glorious entry into the Eternal City, and of the ignominious flight of the Pope, cardinals, spies, and all sorts of ecclesiastical 'shavelings.' Then comes the catastrophe. The army of liberation is annihilated by the unexpected chassepots of the French, and Mr Austin's third Act closes with a jubilant ovation to the wearer of the triple crown, to whose spiritual and almost superhuman aspect the poet does full justice. As for Godfrid, Gilbert, and Miriam, they are all supposed to have fallen, but as a matter of fact they are saved, Godfrid being rescued by Olympia, who reappears as a nursing sister at Rome. The fourth Act opens at the time of the Franco-Prussian war. Rome at last is, in Godfrid's sense, 'freed' by the withdrawal of the French troops—the last support of the temporal power of the Vatican—and Italy, being now unified and ruled by a liberal monarch, Godfrid is inclined to rest satisfied with this substantial result. Gilbert, however, completely emancipated from the prejudices of an English squire, has turned into a wild revolutionary, and not content with having given one country a constitutional ruler, he is burning to deliver humanity from all kings and rulers whatsoever. In these aspirations he is eagerly supported by Miriam. He and she therefore take themselves off to Paris. There at first they throw in their lot with the republicans, but finding that republicans are human beings with as many frailties as monarchists,

they finally support the Commune, which seems to their critical faculties to be the obvious forerunner of the millennium. They invite Godfrid to join them, but he cannot share their optimism, and refuses to become a communist. He, however, accompanies Olympia, who is summoned to Paris as a nurse, and engages with her to undertake the care of the wounded. When they reach the scene of action the Commune is in its last throes, and they are just in time to save Gilbert and Miriam from massacre. Whilst engaged in this heroic rescue they are both of them killed themselves, and the ecclesiastical authorities, recognising the nobility of their conduct and the touching purity of their relationship, sanction their interment in the same grave at Spiaggiascura. Gilbert and Miriam are, in a quiet way, apparently happy ever afterwards, and dabble no more in revolutions, but they bring up their child to hope for 'the common happiness of all mankind.'

Such is the story of this, the longest and most ambitious of Mr Austin's works. It is a story which is interesting, and is told with sustained vigour; but what we desire to dwell upon here is not the narrative, but its meaning. What the poet means to do is to give us a philosophy of life—a philosophy which, as his own notes indicate, practically comes to this. If we take the typical man and woman, we shall find that their highest aspirations are inseparable from their profoundest sorrows. In the first Act we are shown by the case of Olive how love may bring about sufferings proportionate to its own purity. In the second Act we are shown how a love equally pure may cause similar suffering when crossed by what is no less sacred—religious conviction on the one side, and intellectual honesty on the other. In the third Act we are shown how love and religion both lead to tragedy and disappointment on a yet larger scale by being allied with a third influence, namely, that of an impassioned patriotism. In the fourth Act we have love, religion, and patriotism all lost in the grave owing to an abortive ebullition of a generous enthusiasm for humanity. Mr Austin thus evidently designs the effect of his poem to be cumulative. Suffering first joins hands with love, then with love and religion, then with love, religion, and devotion to some special country, then, and

most fatally, with all these three, and a wider devotion to the whole human race added to them.

In these three works, 'Fortunatus,' 'Prince Lucifer,' and 'The Human Tragedy,' the genius of Mr Austin reaches its high-water mark. The two dramas are obviously not meant for acting; and, unlike the 'Faust' of Goethe—itself wholly unactable—they have no situations which could be made effective on the stage; but, as related to the intention of the author, they are skilful and impressive in their construction, and they exhibit marked originality in the manner in which characters and incidents belonging to the present epoch are detached from what is merely temporary and affiliated to what is enduring and universal. This is specially true of 'Fortunatus.' The manner in which modern Kent, with its woodlands, its clergy, its landed proprietors, and its peasants, is converted, without afflicting us with any sense of the incongruous, into a world in which the spirit of evil follows his trade as a pedlar and plies his spells at night within a magic circle of glow-worms, shows Mr Austin to possess the imagination of a true poet. In 'The Human Tragedy' the modernism is more literal; and here, on other grounds, a tribute should be paid to the writer, who essays to lift actual events, still comparatively recent, into the loftiest regions of feeling and comprehensive thought by means of a narrative whose events, otherwise treated, might have been those of an ordinary novel.

All these three works resemble a novel in another way. The general effect depends much on the manner in which the love-incidents are handled; and this is evidently the opinion of Mr Austin himself. Indeed, as is the case with most poets, his conception and treatment of love throw special light on the character of his genius. They are not only elevated; they are consistently philosophical also. Through its varieties, as an individual experience, he is always seeking to discern and to signalise its general meaning. For him, as for Goethe, the cures for doubt, intellectual and moral, are two, action being one and love the other; and the latter—such is his doctrine—acts as guide and lamp-bearer to the former. In seeking, however, to exhibit the passion under this general aspect he tends to become careless of verisimilitude in the particular examples which he gives us of it. Thus, in

order to invest it with a sufficiently unsophisticated simplicity, he ascribes to three of his most important heroines—Eve in 'Prince Lucifer,' and Olympia and Miriam in 'The Human Tragedy'—the circumstances, breeding, and education of Swiss or Italian peasants; and it is difficult for the reader to believe in the astonishing influence which he represents them as exercising, not only over the feelings and tastes, but also over the political convictions, of highly-placed, fastidious, critical, and educated lovers. His Urania in 'Prince Fortunatus' is in these respects a more credible character; but of all his heroines we think that Olive, in 'The Human Tragedy,' alone lives for the reader as an actual human being. Her character and influence, indeed, are in entire accord with her circumstances; and Mr Austin, in dealing with her and her story, exhibits great delicacy of touch and a most accurate knowledge of human nature. Our advice to those who would appreciate Mr Austin justly is that they should first dwell on those features in his works whose merits are most obvious—such, for instance, as this picture of Olive—and use those merits which they cannot fail to understand as a key to others which, for various reasons, may be more obscure.

Let us now, for a moment, turn to Mr Austin's lyrics. Of these the longest and latest, 'The Door of Humility,' though lyrical in form, is in substance reflective and philosophical, in these respects resembling Lord Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.' Space will not permit us to criticise this work in detail. We must content ourselves with observing that its purport is analogous to that of 'Prince Lucifer,' and that it points to man's concrete experience, coupled with the lessons of history, rather than to the pure intellect, as the quarters in which we must look for an eirenicon between faith and contemporary doubt. Of his lyrics generally, which are far too numerous to admit of particular examination, the dominant characteristics are those mentioned by Mr Watson. Some of them deal with Italy, some of them deal with himself, but the subject of most of them, and the deepest source of his inspiration, are the country scenes and the country life of England. No poet, not even Wordsworth, has excelled Mr Austin in his passionate devotion to these, and, we may add, in his intimate knowledge of them. His verses are

full of the spirit of English gardens, of flower-scented air, of showers amongst heavy leaves, of winding lanes, of farm buildings with mossy roofs, of pouring mill-dams, and the rippling of shy brooks, and amongst such scenes move the healthy rural population, from squire and peer down to peasant, which forms in his estimation the backbone of England.

Enough, we think, has now been said to show that for the post which Mr Austin occupies he has many signal qualifications. No other living English writer of verse, so far as we know, unites in the same degree the qualifications of the scholar, the scholarly traveller, the keen student of politics, the close observer of actual warfare, the speculative thinker, the devoted cultivator of the Muses, and the friend of the farmer and the cottager. If these qualifications entitle an English poet to the dignity of official representative of poetry in his own country, Mr Austin is more amply qualified than either of his two illustrious predecessors. But we have not called attention to Mr Austin's many accomplishments, described his principal works, and indicated his far-reaching, many-sided and lofty aims merely in order to show that he is worthy of the official laurel. Our principal object has been to bring home to the general reader the fact that when Mr Austin addresses his contemporaries as a poet, they are not being addressed by any mere maker of verses, but by a systematic thinker and a man of exceptional gifts, who has serious things to express, and who is compelled by the fatality of his nature to use verse as his means of expressing them.

There is one aspect of his work, however, which it still remains for us to consider. Matthew Arnold defined the substance of religion as 'morality touched with emotion.' The substance of great poetry may be defined analogously as comprehension touched with emotion. But the definition is not complete. It gives us the substance of poetry as it exists in the consciousness of the poet himself. It throws no light on what is of equal importance, namely, the technical medium by which this emotion is to be transferred to others. A poet is in the position of a composer who is compelled to be his own pianist, and however great may be his genius, this will not reveal itself in an adequate way to the world except through

his skill in striking the keys of his musical instrument. The poet's instrument is his style, and no estimate of him can be complete unless we consider, not only his compositions, but the manner also in which he renders them.

How far, then, does Mr Austin, through his style, do justice to the contents of his personality? To most readers it will be obvious that his technique has grave defects, but, before commenting on them, let us give some examples of that technique at its best, so that the Laureate may be judged by standards which he has himself set up. In our opinion the most finished of his works are 'Fortunatus the Pessimist' and 'Prince Lucifer,' more especially the former; whilst the most ambitious is undoubtedly 'The Human Tragedy.' To these works, therefore, we will in the main confine ourselves. They will afford us specimens of Mr Austin's lyrical style as well as of his narrative and dramatic.

Let us start then with 'Fortunatus.' The author here shows that he is capable of writing dramatic blank verse admirably. His pedlar—his Mephistopheles-Autolycus—though the conception owes something to Goethe, is in many respects most original, and he speaks as pithily as his prototype. 'Who may you be?' Fortunatus asks him when he first unsuspectingly meets the fantastic itinerant in the forest.

'Abaddon. I am the Pride of Life.

Fortunatus. The devil you are!

*Abaddon. The Devil I am, that's certain,
Though you will not believe it, since 'tis true. . . .*

Fortunatus. You are a humourist.

*Abaddon. So would you be, were you the Pride of Life,
And not its dupe. I have nothing here for you.
Still, look upon my shrewd time-serving things.
Corsets and laces . . . kerchiefs, collars, cuffs.
. . . Lord, how many,*

*As we stand here, are longing for this lace—
Venetian point—at least I tell 'em so.*

. . . It is worth

*A library of doubt, and makes more converts
Than all the Encyclopædists.'*

This is the occasion on which the pedlar informs the duke that he can get his horse shod at the home of Franklin

and Urania. Having told him the way he takes his leave, saying :

‘She loiters in the garden. Fare you well !
Get a new shoe. ’Tis sure to carry you home,
And bring you back again.’

When the duke subsequently returns in accordance with this prediction, he meets the pedlar again, outside Franklin’s gate, and asks him jocularly if his name is still the Pride of Life. The pedlar answers :

‘It is, where I just come from. But for you
I have another. *Lust of the Flesh* we call it.
. . . You are not virtuous,
So need I practise no disguise with you.
Lust of the Flesh—behold me ! She’s within,
Baking with alabaster arms the loaves
Of household continence. She is alone.’

The pedlar departs, and Urania is heard within, singing :

‘Now that milch-cows chew the cud
Everywhere are roses, roses ;
Here a-blow, and there a-bud,
Here in pairs, and there in posies.
Roses from the gable’s cliff
With pale flaky petals strowing
All the garden-paths, as if
Frolic Summer took to snowing.’

Let us now take two specimens of the dialogue on its loftier levels. Franklin had been expatiating to Fortunatus on the advantages of rural retirement. Fortunatus answers :

‘But in these lone
Sequestered silences of chase and pool,
This wildwood realm of antiquated boughs,
But tenanted by foxglove and by fern,
Wherein you hedge your honeysuckled home,
Though Love might brood there aptly, only doves
Ponder on constancy.’

The following lines are taken from a later scene, in which Fortunatus first avows his honourable passion for Urania, who is half-relenting. He says :

‘No wonder that I stammer, for my heart
Is where my voice should be—the old, old words.

The old, old want, yet different from the old,
 As you from all else differ—highest, best—
 And highest, best, most longed-for, and most loved.
Urania. Why did we listen to that nightingale,
 Or I to you ?'

No one can doubt that a writer capable of such verse as this appreciates and possesses a command over the classical technicalities of his art. The reader will find in 'Prince Lucifer' abundant evidence to the same effect. Our quotations from this poem shall exhibit Mr Austin's skill in associating lyrical methods of expression with a dramatic purpose. Nothing could be more appropriate and beautiful than the following lines, in which Father Gabriel allays the scruples of Eve when she has confessed to him her affection for a lover whom she does not name.

'Be not troubled, daughter dear.
 Oft you see a streamlet clear
 Chafed to foam by rocks that thwart.
 So, child, will your limpid heart,
 Torn by love, be, after all
 White as is a waterfall.'

Mr Austin introduces into this drama a feature borrowed from the Greeks, namely, a chorus, but the speakers are not human beings, they are voices of eternal nature which comment on the ways of man, and are attributed (not, we think, very happily) to a waterfall and two mountains. In these elemental utterances there is a lyrical note and a command of lyrical music, whose value the subjoined passages will enable the reader to appreciate. When Lucifer first meets Eve, and the passion of love is being reawakened in him, a voice speaks thus from the Matterhorn :

'Why doth He come from afar? Now the marl and the
 granite are sundered,
 There is rest in the heart of the hills where the earthquake
 tormented and thundered.
 When the avalanche fury is spent, there is peace after
 roaring and rending ;
 But the passions of Man persevere, and the tumult of Man
 is unending.'

The same voice comments on the fate of women when

Eve, too rashly happy in Prince Lucifer's entire love, comforts her friend Elspeth, whose own lover seems to be tiring of her.

'Man comes and idly he 'gathereth flowers, and gathereth these,
And soon they are joined with the bygone hours, with the bygone breeze.
He sees and plucks them, and savours awhile, then he flings away,
And forgets their freshness, their fragrance, their smile, till death's dark day.
Then they, they revive for their fierce, false lover, and close his eyes,
And over him tenderly linger and hover, as he dies, as he dies.'

To these passages we may add another, taken from 'The Human Tragedy,' as an example of Mr Austin's lyrical voice when pitched in a different key.

'Sleep, lady fair.
O but thy couch should be
The fleeciest cloudlet of the summer air,
The softest billow of the summer sea,
Or that forsaken nest
I keep warm within my breast
For thee, for thee.'

And now, continuing our illustrations of the poet's style, let us deal with 'The Human Tragedy' as a sustained metrical narrative, and present the reader with some of its best stanzas. Godfrid, having confided to Olympia the fact that he is in mental trouble, and she having replied that she finds in prayer, and in communion with the Madonna, 'A swift and certain medicine for her needs'—

'Yes, but' (he answered) 'mine a deeper woe
Than bead, or prayer, or psalm can hope to probe.
I at my mother's knee was taught to throw
Myself on Heaven, and cling to Mary's robe;
But, like yon waves that wander to and fro,
Homeless and aimless through the whirling globe,
I flow now where Fate bids me, nor demand
Why there I ebb, and here I hug the strand.

Still to the Sovereign Will I humbly bow,
If I no longer grace or gifts implore;

And, Heaven's own handmaid, listen to my vow,
 Or Hope will die, where Faith had died before.
 And see, Olympia—is't not so?—I now
 But seek one intermediary more.
 You through Madonna all your wants prefer;
 Well, I will pray to you, then you to Her.'

Olympia is horrified. Godfrid is sorrowfully dismissed by her, and carries into a nocturnal tempest his regrets for his lost Catholicism, but the morning produces in his mind a kind of humanistic Renaissance.

'Radiant with smiles, with limbs of rosy hue,
 Up from Tithonus' couch Aurora came,
 Her golden chariot scattering sparks of dew,
 Her glowing coursers breathing genial flame;
 And, as of old, the glorious retinue
 Of youth and beauty trumpeted her fame.
 Fleet from her presence fled the winds; the waves
 Crouched at her feet, owning themselves her slaves.
 You cannot kill the Gods. Their shadows still
 The cherished rites of Pagan eld renew,
 Haunt the cool grot, or scour the thymy hill,
 And in the wood their wanton sports pursue.
 This very morn I heard Pan's pastoral quill,
 And tracked Diana's sandals o'er the dew,
 Caught dimpled Venus veiled in feathery foam,
 And Faunus scampering to his sylvan home.'

Here we have fair examples of Mr Austin's best manner as a narrator, and to these it must be enough for us to add the following lines, as showing how naturally this manner can, on occasion, rise into majesty. He is referring to the unification of Italy under the sceptre of the House of Savoy.

'The Long-expected of the Nations stood
 Resplendent on the mountains. Morning sang
 For heart of joy.'

These passages from 'The Human Tragedy,' together with those which we have selected from his two best dramas, though we might have multiplied them with advantage, had this been practicable, are enough to demonstrate the one fact on which we are here anxious to insist, namely, that Mr Austin knows as well as anybody what musical, polished, and lucid verse is, and is perfectly capable of

producing it. He need fear no rivalry in these respects from any living writer.

But though this is true of him at his best, his misfortune is that he is not at his best always, but on the contrary falls short of it with an astonishing and what seems to be a systematic frequency. The truth seems to be that the blemishes which disfigure Mr Austin's style are more than accidental, being, in fact, the result of a false theory of style deliberately adopted. This, at any rate, is the conclusion suggested by the perusal of a work of criticism, now almost forgotten, called 'The Poetry of the Period,' written by Mr Austin himself. In that work he made two remarkable attacks on the literary methods both of the then Poet Laureate and of Browning. Tennyson he denounced as a cultivator of over-elaborate artifice and preposterous finish, whilst he condemned Browning for a use of intentionally and laboriously tortuous phrases, the darkness of which made the careless reader imagine that he was gazing into an abyss of wisdom too profound for his comprehension, whereas really they were sham windows behind whose blackness there was vacancy. In opposition to the methods which he imputed to these two poets, he held up that of Byron as a far truer model for imitation. Byron represented for him a mastership of a kind of speech which became poetry inevitably and inerrantly in the process of spontaneous utterance. True poetry, he contended, was poetry which is produced thus. Indeed we may sum up Mr Austin's avowed theory of poetical style by saying that, according to him, a poet need only be sufficiently full of his subject, and the first word which occurs to him is inevitably and always the best. And this theory he undoubtedly follows in his practice. He looks on the true poetic style as the style of an improvisator, and all his own poems are of the nature of improvisations, to correct which, he probably thinks, would be like taking the bloom off a plum.

In our own judgment this theory is an absolutely and fatally mistaken one, and we see in Mr Austin's own works one prolonged demonstration of its error. All his faults are traceable to this one source. It has made him the most careless, inaccurate, and unequal verse-writer with whom we have any acquaintance. In one

case out of ten his method may be successful, but in nine cases out of ten it is a failure. We will briefly mention some of the most glaring defects which result from it. Of these the most unpardonable is a frequent failure in his grammar. He uses constructions for which a fourth-form schoolboy would be caned, and constantly, when not lapsing into sentences which are literally not construable, he so misplaces his nouns, verbs, and parts of speech generally that he might pass for a half-educated foreigner rather than for an educated Englishman. His early satires are freest from this class of fault, but even in 'The Season' we find such a passage as the following :

'When mighty scribes wax emulous, to lull
 Uneasy dreamers and delude the dull,
 Of suppurating sores that ulcerate
 And draw the life-blood from the soundest State,
 As "social evils" elegantly prate.'

What Mr Austin apparently means is, 'When mighty scribes are emulous to lull dreamers, and prate of ulcers as social evils'; but it took us a quarter of an hour to make this out. A stanza in 'The Human Tragedy' opens with this statement—'Then Godfrid Gilbert saw.' Opening the book after an interval of some years, and lighting on these words, we were wholly at a loss to know what the poet meant. We first thought that some new character had slipped into a later edition of the work, and that his name was Godfrid Gilbert. We were then in absolute doubt whether Godfrid saw Gilbert or Gilbert saw Godfrid, and only by a long study of the context could we assure ourselves that this last and least obvious of all the possible meanings was Mr Austin's. In another stanza he says that Godfrid

'still lacked, vicissitudes despite,
 The philosophic vision.'

These words can be turned into tolerable English only by repunctuating them, so as to make them mean that, despite his philosophic vision, Godfrid lacked vicissitudes; but Mr Austin really means the precise reverse of this, the secret of the passage being that, with a truly astounding perversity, he makes the phrase 'vicissitudes despite' do duty for 'despite vicissitudes.' He has, again,

a number of other habits which he indulges in merely for the sake of making his verses scan. For example, he writes 'to plummet' a depth instead of to plumb, merely because the former contains two syllables instead of one. Worse still, without any compunction he uses, for the same reason, transitive verbs as intransitives. Thus, in one of the passages which we quoted for the sake of its fine music, he says 'the earthquake tormented and thundered.' Tormented what? we ask. The verb 'torment' means nothing without some accusative to follow it. Mr Austin might just as well have said that Godfrid 'put on,' if he wanted to tell us that Godfrid put on his socks. Another defect in his style, less crude than the above, but more deeply seated, is one which he has in a measure, we think, derived from Byron. Byron, when he began 'Childe Harold,' adopted what has been well described as a kind of 'Wardour Street English'—a modern English sprinkled with pinchbeck and irrelevant medievalisms. Byron, with sound judgment, presently dropped this affectation. What Byron threw away Mr Austin has picked up. At any moment, if he wants two syllables instead of one, he has no compunction in writing 'doeth' for 'does.' In the next verse, if he wants a monosyllable, he writes 'does' instead of 'doeth.' Normally, if he has to mention the foot-gear of a modern lady, he speaks of her 'shoes.' If he wants a rhyme to 'moon,' he will give us the same lady going about in 'shoon.' Similarly, when he is concerned with the movements of the Garibaldian army, he describes the soldiers as being armed with 'glaives'—a word which was an archaism even in the time of Spenser—while he speaks of an Italian peasant-girl as being 'leal' to the Madonna. Now when Spenser, and even Byron, used archaisms of this description they had a deliberate purpose in doing so. They wished, by means of the exotic associations with which archaic words and forms are, as it were, scented, to create a certain medieval atmosphere. But Mr Austin has no such purpose as this. He seems, indeed, to be wholly insensible to those various and subtle secondary powers which association gives to words not in general use, unless, indeed, it is his opinion, as we are sometimes tempted to suppose, that any word is effective in poetry which would be ridiculous in ordinary life. If Mr Austin's

Catholic heroine had not been a modern Italian, but the daughter of a Jacobite Scottish chieftain, there might have been some propriety in saying that she was 'leal' to the Madonna; but to apply such a word to a daughter of the Mediterranean seaboard is like talking of her 'tartan,' when what is meant is her petticoat. Spenser said that his knights wielded their 'glaives,' because his aim was to transport his readers from the present into a consistent past. He puts himself into a literary costume designedly suited to the remote period in question; but when Mr Austin talks about glaives in one stanza, and about the new French Chassepots in the next, he is like nothing so much as a man who takes a walk down Piccadilly with a Roman sandal on one foot and a Wellington boot on the other. There is a further class of defect which it is necessary to mention also—one which is certainly not peculiar to Mr Austin, but which is in his works conspicuous to an almost unique degree. This is his practice of reckless padding. The more valuable parts of his verse we may compare to blocks of marble; but whenever he has not at hand a sufficient supply of these, or he finds a difficulty in making two or three of them join, he fills in the gaps with any literary mud or rubble which happens to come handy. Sometimes he does this for lack of a rhyme, sometimes for lack of a clause which shall round off a stanza. He thus almost spoils one of the most charming of the passages which we have quoted by speaking of a 'gable's cliff' instead of a gable, because he wants a rhyme for 'if.' Again, when he is speaking of a farewell pledge given by Olive, Mr Austin, solely in order to find a rhyme, tells us that this pledge was given 'by parting's ledge.' If this is 'a vile phrase,' as we need no Polonius to tell us that it is, what will the reader think of the following incredible line which the author thrusts into a description, otherwise charming, of spring—'The pasture's frisky innocents bucked up'? The responsibility for this utterance rests on the word 'up,' which is wanted as a rhyme to 'cup.' In another passage we have padding pure and simple;

'Up came the sun, impetuous and red;
The moon turned deadly pale, fronting her foes;
Refused, spite overwhelming odds and ills,
To share her sway, and died behind the hills.'

Here we have every possible fault compressed into a small space. In the first place the conceit of the moon as the jealous adversary of the sun adds nothing to the effect of Mr Austin's then hurrying narrative, but merely trips up the attention of the reader who pauses, as he must do, to understand it. It is, moreover, a very poor conceit in itself. It contains a gross inaccuracy of expression, which inaccuracy is eked out with a piece of absolute nonsense. Who are the moon's foes? If Mr Austin means anything, she has one foe only, who is the sun. If it is permissible to speak of her foe as her foes, it would be permissible to speak of the wife of a monogamist as his 'wives.' Further, the most careless reader will be at once driven to ask himself what in the world is the meaning of 'overwhelming odds and ills'? If there are any phenomena of nature which put the idea of 'odds' out of the question, surely these are the movements of the sun and moon. And if we put the question of odds aside, what state of mind, we must ask, is possible for any educated human being in which the moon can be pictured as receiving, at the hands of the sun, a series of 'overwhelming ills'? These examples which we have given of the defects of Mr Austin's style are not occasional blots. Similar blots are scattered over every one of his pages, and a careless reader may be pardoned for regarding them as the principal feature of his works.

We are not calling attention to these defects in Mr Austin's style with a view to depreciating his merits. On the contrary we have devoted the larger part of this criticism to showing how various his merits are, and how unusual is the combination of them in the person of a single individual. Our object in dwelling on his defects has been rather to explain the reason why a voice which has so much to utter should in many quarters have met with very inadequate attention; and, by warning the reader of the obstacles which he will encounter in Mr Austin's manner, to induce him to look through these to the matter which lies behind them. Even so, we should have felt reluctant to speak of his faults with severity if it had not been for the ample evidence which he affords us that he is perfectly able to avoid every one of them if he chose. In the whole of his prose works they are all of them conspicuously absent. There he is classically

lucid and classically void of affectation. There there are no lapses from grammar, no superfluous clauses, no affectations of praise, no torturings of the English language into feeble and irritating oddities. The faults in poetry which Mr Austin commits he commits with his eyes open. We have therefore no compunction in speaking of them with corresponding deliberation, more especially as he will probably disagree with us in considering them faults at all. If such is his attitude he will at all events be consistent with his principles; for it is to a deliberate theory of poetical style that we believe his faults to be due. To repeat what we have said already, we believe Mr Austin to be of opinion that, a genius for poetry being given, the first words which occur to the poet will be the best words. We ourselves believe, on the contrary, that, exceptional passages being allowed for, the first words that occur to him are far more likely to be the worst; and of this generalisation we look on Mr Austin's poetry as affording a signal example. We must, however, in parting from him—or, as he himself would say, 'in standing by parting's ledge'—do him the justice to observe that if the gospel which he has to deliver had been less comprehensive and weighty, or less sincere and consistent through all its variety of detail, the defects of his delivery would have been incomparably less noticeable. In his 'Human Tragedy,' for example, whilst seeking to show, as he does, that the brightest lights of the spirit are darkened by the clouds of failure, he transmutes at the same time this doctrine into its converse, that the darkest clouds of failure have the brightest light for lining. Here we have pessimism defeated and turned into a noble optimism; and we can only regret that a poem which has for its kernel a meaning of this scope and character should interpose between this meaning and the reader those 'overwhelming odds and ills' of style which its author does not so much lapse into as intentionally cultivate, or at all events refuse to remove.

Art. IX.—THE RIGHT TO WORK.

OF all the proposals put forward by the Socialist party none is more superficially attractive than the demand that the State should make provision for the unemployed. The tragedy of unemployment appeals to all of us. Even those who have been relieved by the generosity of their parents, or by the favour of fortune, from the necessity of working for their living must feel sympathy with the man who is willing to work but can find no one to provide him with employment. That there are many such men in this country and in every country at this moment and at every moment is indisputable, and no one who has the least spark of human feeling can fail to be eager to find some sure means of diminishing their number or of abbreviating their period of unemployment. All this is common ground; it is only when we pass to the question of how to do what we all want done that divergence of opinion arises. There are some people who appear to imagine that every ill that human flesh is heir to can be swept away in the twinkling of an eye by passing an Act of Parliament. Even if they are not prepared to draft this wonderful measure themselves they have not the slightest doubt that it can be drafted, and they are willing to pin their faith to any scheme that is preached with sufficient emphasis or advertised with sufficient skill. When any one ventures to point out that the particular scheme which has momentarily secured their support is no remedy at all, they close the discussion by asking with impatient contempt, 'What then is your remedy?' They never pause to reflect that progress cannot be secured by blindly following the leadership of the blind, and that it is easier to advertise a quack medicine than to find a real remedy for a long standing disease.

Nor can it be admitted that those who point out the failure of popular panaceas are always under an obligation themselves to propose some positive scheme of reform. Often the only remedy required is a negative one. Part of the trouble from which the world suffers is due to positive wrong-doing, and that cannot be prevented until men are willing to adopt the negative remedy of ab-

staining from wrong action. What proportion of our present day troubles may require this negative treatment we need not attempt to consider. It is however worth while to remember that in a certain code of conduct accepted as sacred, now and in past ages, by many millions of men, seventy per cent. of the rules laid down begin with the words 'Thou shalt not.' The importance of thus saying 'No' is not limited to individual conduct. It applies equally to measures proposed by the State. When the community is threatened with Acts of Parliament which would only aggravate the disease they are intended to cure, it becomes the urgent duty of men who love their country to oppose such false remedies to the utmost of their ability, and frankly to say, 'We are not prepared to cure in a moment diseases that have endured for centuries, but we are resolved, so far as our strength permits, to prevent you from making the disease worse.'

There is no pleasure in coming to such a negative conclusion. It is far more agreeable to delude oneself with the belief that all the poverty and suffering and sorrow in the world can be promptly cured by administering to the body politic a few well advertised social pills. Those who fail to succumb to such delusions have to bear the brunt of being called cold-hearted and hard-mouthed, indifferent to the welfare of the poor, and defenders of the wealth of the rich. These accusations are not pleasant, but they must be accepted as part of the day's work by all who venture to point out that some momentarily fashionable remedy is either useless or actively harmful. The best consolation lies in remembering that it is not the business of thoughtful men to shout with the crowd, but to try and find out the truth.

For these reasons it is of the utmost importance that the country should examine, carefully and critically, the proposal put forward by the Labour party for the creation of a statutory 'right to work.' This proposal is embodied in a Bill introduced into the House of Commons in July last and formally read a first time. The same Bill, if opportunity serves, is to be introduced next session. The essential clause of this Bill declares that,

'Where a workman has registered himself as unemployed, it shall be the duty of the local unemployment authority to provide work for him in connection with one or other of the

schemes hereinafter provided, or otherwise, or failing the provision of work, to provide maintenance, should necessity exist, for that person and for those depending on that person for the necessities of life: provided that a refusal on the part of the unemployed workman to accept reasonable work upon one of these schemes, or employment upon conditions not lower than those that are standard to the work in the locality, shall release the local unemployment authority of its duties under this section.'

A subsequent clause provides that where unemployment is due 'to deliberate and habitual disinclination to work,' the individual concerned may be subjected to control for a period not exceeding six months, 'which period must be passed in the performance of reasonable work under the supervision or control of the local unemployment authority.' The rest of the Bill deals with the machinery for carrying out the principle above quoted. In addition to the 'local unemployment authorities,' there is to be a 'central unemployment committee,' composed of representatives of trade unions and of the principal government offices. These bodies between them are to frame schemes for setting the unemployed to work. The money is to be found partly by the local authorities and partly by the Imperial Exchequer.

To most people these proposals will seem somewhat startling. That, however, is only because we have forgotten the follies as well as the wisdom of our ancestors. Similar proposals were actually embodied in the statute law of England more than three hundred years ago, while even before that date voluntary attempts were made by the municipalities to organise work for the unemployed. As early as 1557 the old palace of Bridewell was converted into an institution in which various industries were carried on by men who could not obtain employment elsewhere. This London example was followed by a good many other municipalities in the full spirit of modern municipal socialism. Moreover, just as the Labour party to-day provides for the case of persons afflicted with 'a deliberate and habitual disinclination to work,' so did our ancestors provide for the incorrigible idler. Under various statutes vagrants and idlers of either sex were liable to be whipped 'till their bodies be bloody,' with the additional refinement in some cases

of being bored through the ear. They might also be committed into slavery for a period of years, and if they ran away they might be enslaved for life. When these gentle methods of persuasion failed, the incorrigible idler was finally disposed of by hanging.

Some modern socialists are fond of appealing to the socialistic legislation of Queen Elizabeth as a glorious example for the statesmanship of to-day. They forget to say whether they are also in favour of reviving the whippings and the slavery and the hangings that were part of the Elizabethan régime. Nor do they attempt to explain how it happened that legislation which they regard as so supremely excellent should have proved so complete a failure. The powers conferred upon the guardians of the poor by the Act of 1601 have never been specifically repealed. They were even extended so late as the year 1819. Even now it is doubtful whether a socialistic board of guardians would not be legally entitled, under the Act of Elizabeth, to raise money from the parish in order to provide a 'convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other necessary ware and stuff to set the poor on work.' At any rate down to 1834 the socialists had their chance. For more than two centuries the system which they wish to revive could legally be put into operation in any parish, and was put into operation in many parishes. Yet everybody knows that the system was an absolute failure. Instead of diminishing poverty it added to the numbers and to the degradation of the poor. On this point the evidence collected by the Poor Law Commissioners of 1834 is conclusive. It shows that where the poor law was administered on the principles which it is now proposed to re-establish, idlers were multiplied and poverty was increased.

As even this long experience does not suffice to convince some minds, it is worth while briefly to describe the main features of a more modern experiment. Early in the year 1848 a revolution took place in France. The king was expelled and a republican government was established. The new Government was inspired by socialistic theories and was completely dominated by the working classes of Paris. One of the first acts of the new Government was to decree the right to work which our English socialists sixty years later are now

shouting for as a new thing. The text of the decree is as follows :—

‘Le Gouvernement provisoire de la République française s’engage à garantir l’existence de l’ouvrier par le travail. Il s’engage à garantir du travail à tous les citoyens.’ (Decree of February 25, 1848.)

On the next day, Feb. 26, the Government proceeded to decree the ‘immediate establishment of national workshops (*ateliers nationaux*).’ It was easier to make this decree than to carry it out. But a happy accident occurred. A young man named Émile Thomas, armed with a letter of introduction, called on March 3 on the Minister of Public Works and offered to organise the unemployed in accordance with the ideas of Saint Simon. He hoped, with the aid of the pupils of the Central School of Engineering, to maintain order among the men, especially by employing moral influence. His offer was accepted by the Ministry with effusive gratitude. A disused building in the Parc Monceaux, which had been part of a royal villa, was assigned to him for his headquarters. Here M. Thomas and his mother established their private *ménage* in some upper rooms; accommodation being also provided for the principal officials. The rest of the building was left free for the work of brigading the unemployed. No time was wasted. On March 5, two days after his first interview with the Ministry, M. Thomas summoned a conference of the mayors of the different districts of Paris and expounded his scheme. He promised to be ready on March 9 to enrol a first batch of 3000 men from one of the most distressed districts, the other districts to follow in daily sequence. On March 8 he gathered together the pupils of the Central School of Engineering at the Parc Monceaux and explained their duties to them. ‘I found them,’ he says, ‘filled with zeal and animated with the best intentions.’ The next morning the enrolment of the first 3000 men began. The unit of organisation was the squad of eleven men under a ‘chief’; next came the brigade of five squads under a ‘brigadier,’ and so on. The rates of pay were not high. The workers received 2 francs on days of activity and 1½ francs on days of inactivity; the squad chiefs received slightly more, and the brigadiers

received 3 francs a day whether work was going on or not. The first job was to root up the trunks of the trees that had been destroyed during the revolutionary fighting on the boulevards, and to plant new ones. This only required the labour of a few hundred men; and it was decided to send the others on foot to fetch tools from the forts round Paris, and to fetch young trees from distant nurseries. 'This method of transport,' remarks M. Thomas, 'was at once absurd and ruinous; but what did the loss of a few hundred francs matter in comparison with the terrible example of giving a subsidy to idle men?' The next day an additional 1200 men arrived, many of them bringing personal recommendations from prominent politicians asking that they should be given posts as superintendents. The difficulty of finding work for all these men grew every day more serious. 'Each day I went to the Ministry of Public Works; each day I returned with the reply, "the engineers have found no jobs yet."'

On March 15 M. Thomas had 14,000 men unoccupied. To meet this serious situation the government engineers were instructed by the Ministry to specify works that were possible, rather than works that were really useful, and a number of schemes of road-making and levelling were adopted, and gave work to most of the men already enrolled. But fresh supplies of unemployed continued to arrive, and even at this early stage it was discovered that many of the men were not passionately eager for work. They preferred to draw $1\frac{1}{2}$ francs a day for inactivity, rather than 2 francs for doing more or less hard work. To meet this difficulty the inactivity pay was reduced to 1 franc, but still the numbers continued to grow. Indeed so lax was the administration that many men came to draw their 1 franc as unemployed, and then quietly went off to earn their living in their ordinary employment. Other men inscribed themselves in several different brigades and drew pay from each. All this irregularity went on in spite of a host of clerks and supervisors, who had been provided with posts at headquarters on political recommendation. Émile Thomas writes that he received recommendations from all the members of the provisional government—from one member no less than 700—and also from their

wives, their children, and their doorkeepers. He adds that the *ateliers nationaux* were looked upon by the Ministry as a drain for drawing off the suppurating horde of place-hunters and parasites.* Less bitter but more tragic is the account he gives of the receipt of an order from the Ministry of Public Works to deal all at once with the claims of six hundred persons, 'dramatic artists, painters, sculptors, designers, bank clerks, and shop assistants.' These men had addressed to the Ministry the following pitiful plea:—

'The republic has guaranteed work to every citizen. We have none. We do not ask that work should be given to us, as was promised, each in our own occupation. We know that this would be impossible. But at least give us the opportunity of honourably earning the bread we need. We are at the end of our resources, and the municipal authorities refuse to give us tickets of admission to the *ateliers nationaux* because we wear the clothes to which we have been accustomed and not the dress of workmen. Yet we are worthy of pity as well as they.'

M. Thomas promptly took on the whole of the 600 and employed them to act as inspectors of pay-sheets, and to visit the ordinary workmen in their homes and report on their 'physical and moral condition.'

It is important to note that only a few attempts, and those only affecting a very small number of men, were made by M. Thomas to organise any industry other than road-making, levelling, and unskilled work of that character. On the other hand, M. Louis Blanc obtained the permission of the Government, to organise, partly on co-operative, partly on socialist principles, a workshop for the supply of clothes and saddlery to the army. Some workshops for women were also started, and one or two other stray experiments were made. The taxpayer bore the cost of all these enterprises, and most of them disappeared in the general crash that brought the *ateliers nationaux* to an end.

* 'L'administration des ateliers nationaux était devenue pour chacun de ces messieurs de pouvoir une sorte d'exutoire par où ils écoulaient soit les protégés de leurs amis, soit les solliciteurs et les coureurs de places, parasites inévitables,' etc. ('Histoire des Ateliers Nationaux,' by Émile Thomas, p. 85.)

As above stated, it was on March 9 that the enrolment at the *ateliers nationaux* began with 3000 men. By the end of April this number had risen to over 100,000, and most of the men had ceased to make even a pretence of working. Early in May one of the Ministers delivered an oration to these 'national workmen,' and ventured to refer to the duty of working. The remark was received with murmurs of disapproval. Meanwhile the financial situation was growing every day more serious. The provisional government had been replaced by a National Assembly regularly elected by the whole of France. The necessity of finding the money for the *ateliers nationaux* fell upon the Assembly, and every additional million francs demanded met with increased protests from the deputies. These national workshops, or gangs of national workmen, had been in existence barely two months, and already they were recognised as a dangerous drain upon the strength of the nation. M. Émile Thomas, the enthusiastic organiser of the scheme, did his best; he seems to have acted honestly, and he certainly preached honesty to others. At the same time he could not resist the temptation of utilising the great army of men whom he controlled as an instrument with which to threaten the Government. At last the situation became intolerable, and on May 26 he was craftily kidnapped, by order of the Government, and sent under police escort to Bordeaux. An attempt was then made by the Government to substitute piece work for day-work, and also to send back to the provinces the men who had poured into Paris to enjoy the subsidised idleness provided in the *ateliers nationaux*. On June 22 an order was issued that all the national workmen between 17 and 25 were to enlist in the army, and that if they failed to do so they would cease to be entitled to maintenance. A large number of the rest of the men were ordered to enrol themselves for work in the country. An insurrection instantly broke out, barricades were erected, and for three days it was uncertain whether the Government or the unemployed would win. It was only on the fourth day that General Cavaignac was able to report that 'order had triumphed over anarchy.' Some 3000 persons were killed in the fighting, on one side or the other, and 3376 insurgents were arrested and transported to Algeria. That was the end

of the 'right to work' under the French Republic of 1848. In the words of Levasseur, 'Jamais insurrection parisienne n'avait jusque-là fait verser tant de sang et causé tant de deuils.'

It is important to note that the Government responsible for the famous decree of February 25 establishing the 'right to work' was not a Government chosen by the people. It consisted of a little group of socialists who, by virtue of an unexpectedly successful street riot, had been able to seize supreme power. They had for at least two months the whole machinery of the Government of France at their command, and they failed miserably.

Let us turn to another nation where a similar disaster was happily prevented by constitutional means. In the year 1893 the Swiss socialists put forward a proposal for the passing of a federal law which would guarantee sufficiently paid labour to every Swiss citizen. This proposal was supported by 52,000 signatures, and was, in accordance with the excellent constitution of Switzerland, submitted to a vote of the whole people.* The voting took place in June 1894, and the proposed 'right to work' was negatived by 308,289 votes to 75,880.

The prudence thus displayed by the democratic people of Switzerland has unfortunately not been repeated in the proceedings of the more aristocratic Government of Great Britain. Under the late Ministry, which was in name Conservative, an Act was passed which went perilously near to establishing the right to work. Under this Act a new authority has been created with the idea of providing employment at the expense of the ratepayer for those who claim to be unemployed. Fortunately the authors of this Act had not the courage to permit the new authority to make a direct levy upon the ratepayer, but it can act indirectly by inciting the borough councils to invent artificial jobs in order to make work for the unemployed. Some of these bodies had already shown that

* The substantive clause of the proposal submitted to the Swiss electors was as follows: 'Das Recht auf ausreichend lohnende Arbeit ist jedem Schweizerbürger gewährleistet. Die Gesetzgebung des Bundes hat diesem Grundsatz unter Mitwirkung der Kantone und der Gemeinden in jeder möglichen Weise praktische Geltung zu verschaffen.' (The right to sufficiently paid labour is guaranteed to every Swiss citizen. The federal legislature, in co-operation with the cantons and communes, will give practical effect to this principle in every possible way.)

they needed no such incitement. Both in the metropolis and in provincial boroughs relief works have been frequently started during the last few winters, with the result that the money of the ratepayer has been wasted, and the number of the unemployed has been increased. One Local Government Board inspector reports ('Times,' Nov. 22, 1905) that in the principal towns of the West Riding of Yorkshire the conditions under which relief works have been established 'afford every likelihood of a stereotyped class of men being evolved who will be content to live on three days' work a week.' Another inspector writes:—

'Irregular relief work has such charms that numerous instances have been noted of men throwing up regular wages at 18s. and 19s. a week to earn from 5s. to 7s. in a stone-yard.'

In the case of the Manchester and Salford relief works it is reported that

'Many men under a labour test left their work and forfeited the day's relief in order to join a procession of the unemployed.'

An official from a country union writes in December 1905 ('Times,' Dec. 26, 1905):

'The scum of England is besieging London in the hope of sharing in the Queen's Unemployed Fund. Last week our worst character, who is known in all the gaols but two, and in many of the workhouses in England and Wales, took his discharge and announced his intention of proceeding direct to London to share in the great fund.'

As an example of the kind of work provided by our sapient municipalities, we find that the borough of Stepney, in the winter of 1904-5, abandoned the use of road-sweeping machines and employed hand labour instead, with the result that work which should have cost only 486*l.* actually cost 3569*l.*

This may be regarded as an extreme case, but it only differs in degree from the experience of other borough councils in London. In every case the employment of the unemployed led to a wasteful expenditure of public money. The work was done less efficiently and at greater cost than it would have been done by ordinary workmen.

The efficient workman lost a job in order that room might be made for one or more inefficient. Mr Humphry, a poor law guardian of Paddington, writes :

'I can speak from experience of one case of a vigorous young labourer bearing a very good character who was discharged from the parks because the unemployed were going to do his work ; he told us that there were forty-six more in the same position !'

Thus the famous right to work resolves itself into the right of one man to take another man's job.

As a final example of the results that ensue when public bodies attempt to make work for the unemployed, take the case of the reclamation works at Farnbridge undertaken by the Central Unemployed Body for London. On Nov. 26, 1906, in answer to a question in the House of Commons, the President of the Local Government Board stated that the total sum estimated to be expended on these works was 17,950*l.*; that about 200 acres of land were to be reclaimed ; and that the value of the land after reclamation would be about 5*l.* an acre. So that the Central Unemployed Body is spending nearly 18,000*l.* in order to get back 1000*l.*

Let us now pass from these examples of the failure of professedly practical schemes for making work for the unemployed, and proceed to consider the economic and moral principles involved. The proposition put forward by the socialists is that every man has a right to work. It is an excellent proposition for attracting applause, but it will not bear a moment's serious consideration. As it stands the proposition is meaningless, for the right to work is clearly worth nothing unless somebody is willing to pay for the work done. What the socialists really mean when they say that a man has a right to work is that he has a right to claim wages at the expense of people who do not want his work. That is a very different proposition, and we will presently deal with it.

First, however, it is important to note that the socialists themselves deny that very right to work which they profess to claim. They contend that a man has no right to work, though he may be anxious to work, if the conditions of employment are such as meet with

their disapproval. English socialists have not yet gone so far as specifically to claim that they are justified in using physical force to prevent men from working, although one of their number has publicly pointed out the persuasive value of broken bottles. Continental socialists are less modest in their demands. In the city of Basle in Switzerland there is a police regulation of long standing which very properly prohibits the use of violence, threats, or personal abuse with the object of compelling persons to take part in labour disputes or to abstain from work. During the summer of 1907 the socialists of Basle formally proposed that this regulation should be repealed. Their proposal was submitted, by means of the referendum, to a popular vote of all the electors of the city and was rejected by an overwhelming majority.

It is clear from this illustration, as well as from the logic of the case, that when the socialists demand the right to work the thing they ask for is not the thing they want. They ask for work; they want wages. Most of us can sympathise with the demand for wages. Most of us are wage earners, dependent for our living upon the wages we earn. But most of us have long ago learnt that in order to get wages a man must offer work which somebody wants, and must take the trouble to discover that somebody. If he fails to do this he is not justified in asking Parliament to force other people to pay him a wage for doing something which they do not want done. Possibly many people might be willing, as they certainly ought to be willing, to give him a helping hand. The duty of the strong to help the weak, of the fortunate to help the unfortunate, is instinctive in us because we are human beings. The beasts of the forest have no such instinct; they are pitiless to one another. But this duty that men feel because they are men, is not discharged, it is not even recognised, when the State compulsorily takes from Tom, Dick, and Harry, part of the wages which they earn, or part of the property which they possess, and hands the money over to some individual whom they perhaps have never seen. There is no trace of human kindness in such a transaction as this. The whole proceeding is impersonal and mechanical. It cannot possibly create any feeling of comradeship, or of sympathy with suffering. On the contrary, it

may easily create a bitter sense of injustice and wrong. Therefore, on moral grounds, there is nothing whatever to be said in defence of the socialist proposal that people who have failed to find work—including those who have not looked for it—should be provided with wages by the State at the expense of men who have been more persistent or more fortunate. Such a policy, if carried into execution on any considerable scale, would certainly arouse an angry feeling of resentment, and thus tend to destroy that very sense of human comradeship which is so important an element of social progress.

This moral mischief would be so serious that we should hardly be justified in risking it for any economic advantage however great. When, however, we examine the economic aspects of the proposed right to work, we find that this socialist proposal is as unsound economically as it is dangerous morally. If every man knew that when he was out of work he had only to present himself at some government dépôt, and that he would there obtain a definite wage in return for some undefined work, a large number of men would abandon their present occupations for the sake of a softer job.

That, indeed, is part of the programme of the Socialist party. They have a belief that by making soft jobs at the taxpayer's expense they can improve the general condition of the wage-earning classes. The fallacy arises from neglecting to ask what the taxpayer would have done with his money if he had not been compelled to give it up to the Government to pay for these soft jobs. Of necessity he would have spent it, directly or indirectly, in paying wages. When a lady buys a hat she is, in effect, paying the wages, not only of the workgirl who made the hat, but also of the operative who wove the ribbons or plaited the straw, and of the sailors, railwaymen, carters, clerks, shop-assistants and others who, by their labour, all contributed to the bringing together of the materials of which the hat is composed, and to its conveyance to the final purchaser. All these persons are ultimately dependent for their wages—or to be strictly accurate, for a proportional part of their wages—upon the lady who buys the hat. It may be that some ladies buy too many hats. That is a moral question upon which a few words may presently be said. For

the moment we are only concerned with the economic fact that a lady, by buying a hat, provides payment for the persons employed in making the hat and conveying it to her head. The same economic sequence of events applies to any money that is saved. By saving money a man transfers his power of spending it to the company or firm or corporation or government with whom he invests the money. In every case the money is spent, and, in being spent, provides for the payment of wages. When, then, money is taken from the taxpayer by the Government in order to provide wages for the unemployed, the people whose wages it now provides must suffer.

The position will be made clearer by taking a simple illustration. Suppose that an extra tax of 50% a year is imposed upon a well-to-do citizen in order to obtain money for paying wages to the unemployed, and suppose that the well-to-do citizen finds that the most convenient way of meeting this extra burden is to get rid of one of his gardeners. It then becomes obvious that the supposed remedy has done nothing to remove the evil of unemployment. One unemployed man has been brought into employment, one gardener has been thrown out of employment.

That is what always happens, and always must happen. Every penny of public money raised by taxation comes out of private pockets, and therefore every plus of public expenditure is accompanied by a minus of private expenditure. At the very best, government expenditure, whether for the benefit of the unemployed or for any other purpose, only shifts employment. It takes away work from the persons who would have been employed by private individuals and gives work to the persons selected for State employment.

Up to a certain point this transference of employment is necessary. It is necessary that some men should be deprived of work as labourers or gardeners or grooms in order that they or other men may be employed as soldiers or sailors or policemen. It is necessary that cotton-spinners and iron-smelters, bootmakers and barbers, should often be short of work in order that money may be found to pay the salaries of his Majesty's judges and of a limited number of Cabinet Ministers and

government clerks. Until the anarchist millennium arrives these government employés are necessary to keep the social machine in working order. Without them the economic structure of society—bad though it may be—would be dissolved into a worse chaos. But government employés, whatever their rank, and whatever the excuse for employing them, must justify their expenditure by the work they do. Unless this government work is more valuable to the nation than the work done by the persons thrown out of private employment there is no net gain. An unemployed man who is set to do useless work as an excuse for paying him wages is a mere drag upon the wealth of the nation. Economically it is far better that the money required for his wage should remain with the taxpayers to be spent by them, let us assume, in paying for the work of an additional boot-black. In each case the nation has to keep a man and to provide him with food and clothing and house-room, but in the case of an unemployed man who is only playing at work the nation gets back nothing; in the case of the boot-black it gets back cleaned and polished boots.

The sole test then is the test of utility. Does the nation want the new work, on which it is proposed to employ the unemployed, as much as it wants the old work now being done by persons who will be thrown out of employment when the taxpayer is called upon to pay for the new work? Only one answer is possible to that question. If the nation really wanted this new work done, we should set about doing it without regard to the problem of employment. We do not engage postmen in order to provide wages for the unemployed. We engage them because we want our letters carried. In the same way if we came to the conclusion that it was desirable to plant forests on the moors of Scotland or Yorkshire we should set about that business with the sole idea of doing the work as efficiently and as economically as possible. We should get together the workmen best suited to the job, and give them, as far as possible, permanent billets. Their employment on this work would make no difference to the present unemployed problem. The trees that it is proposed to plant upon Scotch moors will give back no return for many years to come. In the meantime the

men employed in planting and tending them can only be paid with money which otherwise would have been used to pay the wages of other persons. Consequently, there is no addition to the sum total of present employment. One man has been thrown out of work and another man brought into work. In a word, we cannot create additional employment unless simultaneously we create additional wealth with which to pay for it.

This proposition is so important that it is well to enlarge upon it. By employment is clearly meant paid employment. Nobody would stir up a political agitation to secure the privilege of working without pay. What then is pay? In the first instance pay is made in money, but the money is promptly converted into the things and services the workman wants for his own life and the life of his family—bread and butter and cheese, coats and shirts and stockings, chairs and tables, saucepans and fire-grates, timber for flooring, and tiles for a roof. Without these things he cannot live; these and similar commodities and conveniences are the things he works for. They are his pay. At once, then, it becomes clear that we cannot increase the sum total of paid employment unless we also increase the volume of commodities and conveniences which all men want. None of the proposed schemes for State employment for the unemployed do this. They are all designed, not to produce things that somebody wants, but to provide an excuse for paying wages to people who cannot find work. In every case the work is made for the sake of the workman, and that very fact implies that the work is not wanted for its own sake. It is therefore less valuable to the nation than work undertaken for ordinary commercial or national motives. Yet, in order that this work may be paid for, the taxpayer is deprived of the power to pay for work that he wanted done. His employes will lose their employment. Men who were doing something that was wanted will cease to work, in order that others may be employed upon something that is not wanted. Under such conditions the production of desirable things, or wealth, will be diminished; there will be less wealth available for the payment of labour, and therefore less employment. This is why schemes of State employment for the unemployed of necessity intensify the very evil they are intended to remedy, and ought, therefore, to

be resolutely and relentlessly opposed by all who wish to diminish the hideous evil of unemployment.

We can only diminish that evil by improving the organisation of industry so that work is made less irregular, and by increasing the efficiency of labour so that more wealth is produced. In the case of seasonal trades, men should be encouraged to learn a second trade so that they may be able to work all the year round. In the case of intermittent work such as dock labour, it ought to be possible to organise unskilled labour on a semi-military system through the agency of some labour company or labour trust. In such an organisation the men would receive a retaining wage as servants of the labour company, and an additional payment when sent out to work. There seems no reason why a company for the supply of manual labour should not be as commercially successful, and as nationally beneficial, as a railway company that supplies transport or a gas company that supplies light. More generally, we want to encourage permanence in the contracts between workmen and employers. The period of engagement ought in most industries to be lengthened, and the contract of employment ought always to provide for reasonable notice on either side before the engagement is terminated. In these and in other directions there is enormous scope for the improvement of our industrial organisation both in outline and in detail; but this valuable work has been largely neglected, while money and time have been lavished upon charitable and semi-socialistic schemes which only deal with external symptoms and leave the inward disease as bad or worse than before.

In addition to improving the organisation of industry we must, if we wish to make any serious progress, increase the efficiency of labour. The most potent instrument for this purpose is the extended use of machinery. There was a time when the working classes of this country were bitterly opposed to the extension of machinery, and even now traces of the old spirit are still to be found; but on the whole the value of machinery to the wage earner is now so fully recognised that it is hardly worth while to say a word in explanation of its economic effect. Not only does the machine increase the earning power of each individual workman, but by multiplying commodities

it lowers their price and benefits the workman in his capacity as a consumer as well as in his capacity as a producer.

In the same way Free-trade, by placing at our command the more fertile soil or the more favourable climate of other lands, enables us to add to those commodities which are the real wages of labour, and thus to increase employment. The wheat grown on the broad and sunny plains of Argentina is cheaper and better than the wheat grown in the moisture-laden atmosphere of England. It yields cheaper and better bread. But if bread be cheaper every housewife in the country will have more money left to spend on other things, and by buying these other things she is giving employment to British labour in factory and in workshop.

Next in importance, if not of even greater importance, is the question of the output of work by the individual workman. No one familiar with the facts will deny that the wealth production of this country is very seriously diminished by the prevalence of the absurd theory that a man who works hard is keeping another man out of a job. If this were true, then it would follow that the best way in which a workman could help his comrades would be by doing no work at all, which leads to the absurdity that constant employment will be secured for everybody when nobody does any work. The fallacy, of course, arises from forgetfulness of the fact that the wealth produced by the work of one man constitutes the wages of another, and that the real employers of the working classes are, in the main, the working classes themselves. The more wealth each workman produces the greater is the sum available for the wages of other workmen. Unfortunately the absurd theory above referred to is not only widely held but widely acted upon. Many workmen, when paid by time, deliberately make a rule of doing, not the maximum which their strength and health would reasonably permit, but the minimum which will pass muster with the foreman. The amount of labour power thus annually wasted and lost for ever is incalculable. This important question may be commended to the consideration of trade union leaders. There is no point on which their influence could more profitably be employed for the advantage of the men they lead. It would be well if every trade union

placed at the head of its rules some such declaration as the following :

‘It is the duty of every member of this society to work to the best of his ability in return for the wages he has agreed to accept. Any member who is proved to be deliberately evading this obligation will be expelled from the society.’

It is hardly necessary to add that the moral obligation to work to the best of one's ability is not confined to the wage-earning classes. A clear obligation rests upon men and women of independent means to do useful work however wealthy they may be. By working they give back to the community something in return for what they consume, and to that extent they increase the wealth available for the use of the nation. To sum up in a sentence: the right to work which socialists claim does not exist and cannot exist; but the duty to work does exist, and if we all discharge that duty to the best of our ability there will be no lack of means to provide for the payment of everybody.

There will, however, still remain the possibility that the wealth produced so plentifully may be spent so carelessly that many members of the community will still be unable to obtain the requisites for decent human life. The question of expenditure must therefore be considered as well as the question of production. Indeed, as an immediate issue, it is almost the most important, for if the expenditure of all classes were wisely directed we could, even with our present production of wealth, secure an immense improvement in the comfort and well-being of the poorer classes.

There is first the question of drink. No one familiar with the facts will deny that it is quite a common thing for a workman who is earning 25s. to 30s. a week to spend five or six of those shillings on drink alone. In bad cases the proportion of drink expenditure to home expenditure is far higher. Now not only does this extravagant expenditure upon one item of personal gratification lower the standard of home life; it also diminishes the earning capacity of the workman himself.

Betting is another habit which is often carried to such excess as to destroy the industry of the workman and to deprive his family of the necessities of life. Hardly less

serious is the waste due to the carelessness or the ignorance of the housewife. Those who work among the poor are constantly reminded that the waste of good food that daily goes on in poor households is appalling, and that there is a similar waste of clothing through inability or unwillingness to give what our grandmothers were fond of calling 'a stitch in time.' In this matter, unfortunately, false economic theories and foolish social standards block the way to improvement. In all classes there is an idea that wasteful expenditure is 'good for trade,' and that the prevention of waste savours of meanness. Purely wasteful expenditure—for example, burning electric light in an empty room or throwing good food upon the dust heap—only destroys wealth, and thus diminishes the means available for paying wages. As Bastiat pointed out more than sixty years ago, when a window-pane is broken a job is indeed made for the glazier; but if the pane had not been broken the shilling paid for its replacement would have been available for some other purpose, say, to pay the baker for making a cake, and the world would have been a shilling cake to the good. The present generation has unfortunately forgotten the instinctive wisdom of its grandparents, who acted upon the maxim 'waste not, want not'; nor has it yet been educated to the wider truth that all waste involves a needless diminution of the wealth out of which wages are paid, and thus reduces the income of the wage-earning classes. If the waste and the drink and the betting that daily go on could be brought to an end, the improvement effected in the condition of the wage-earning classes would secure far more than is offered by the whole budget of social reforms which Parliament is asked to provide.

Needless to say, it is not the poorer classes only who are to blame for foolish expenditure. At both ends of the social scale there is a wicked waste of national wealth, and even the middle classes will, in their franker moments, admit that, while possessing most of the virtues of mankind, they are not quite perfect, even when they call themselves socialists. A prominent and prosperous socialist, when recently challenged with regard to the spaciousness of his own manner of living, seemed to think that it was a sufficient defence to answer that he was enabled to rob the community because of our iniquitous

social system, which he hoped would some day be changed. Yet surely the proposition here implied is the very negation of social morality. The possession of wealth means power to command human labour. When we spend our money we are in effect ordering our fellow-creatures to do something that we want done; and whether it is a wise thing or a foolish thing that we want, the thing will be done. Surely, then, some responsibility rests upon those who possess this irresistible power. No man has a moral right to compel a whole army of workmen to spend their days in the performance of tasks which merely minister to his pleasure. The chance which has placed such power in his hand does not relieve him of the duty of acting as a responsible member of the human family, not as an irresponsible unit in a chaos of atoms.

This is why it was cautiously hinted above that some ladies possibly spend too much money on hats. We should all be sorry if no pretty hats were ever to be seen; but we have to realise that one fashionable hat will often cost as much as twenty quite reasonably pretty ones which would have given pleasure to twenty women instead of one. Of course it is possible that a lady, when she buys an expensive hat, is thinking more of the pleasure she will give to others by displaying a beautiful object for the public eye to rest upon, than of the pleasure she will herself derive from the pride of possession. That is a good enough defence, if defence were needed, for a reasonable expenditure on personal adornment, and few men would be rash enough to attempt to say what is a reasonable scale of feminine expenditure. The whole point is that what we spend upon ourselves cannot be spent upon others. The fact that we give employment by our personal expenditure is no moral defence for it. We should give just as much employment, neither more nor less, if we spent the same amount of money on other people. A man may add another storey to his own house, or he may build half a dozen houses for his poorer neighbours. In each case the same amount of honest employment has been given, but in the one case he has added a little bit to his own personal satisfaction, in the other case he has conferred a boon of the utmost value upon those less fortunate than himself.

It does not follow that a man has no right to think of himself in spending his money. The whole question is one of balance. We owe a duty to ourselves as well as to others; we owe a duty to others as well as to ourselves. And this is the final reason why we should refuse to treat the State as a universal providence, for if we look to the State to supply all our wants and discharge all our duties we destroy at one and the same time our capacity for individual initiative and our sense of moral obligation. If the rich man is told that he is to be taxed 2s., 3s., 4s. in the £ to provide work for the unemployed, pensions for the aged, or food for other people's children, why should he worry to make good use of the power that fortune has placed in his hands? It will be vain to tell him that he ought not to squander his fortune on selfish ephemeral pleasure, but so to use it as to add to the permanent wealth of his country and to the happiness of her people. He will only reply, 'I have paid my income tax. Let me eat, drink, and be merry till January next.'

There is too much of this spirit in our midst at present. Let us beware of making it universal. Nothing that government officials can do will ever make up for the loss of the sense of individual duty; for if that disappears the all-powerful State itself will become impotent by the drying up of the human sources of its power. But there is a force that will work as long as men are left free to be men—the force of sympathy. It is to that force we have to appeal. We have to urge that those who are strong, whether in body or in brain or in purse, shall use their strength to help the weak. No class is exempt from this obligation, which lies upon rich and poor alike; but the rich with greater power have greater responsibility. Nor is that responsibility discharged by sending cheques to fashionable charities. Most rich men have brains as well as cheque-books, and it is their duty to think out for themselves how they can best spend their money so as to benefit their fellow-men. They will doubtless make blunders, and have to retrace their steps. But the blunders will be less serious and more curable than they would be if the State, with its wholesale, mechanical, impersonal methods, were to try to do what can only be effectively done under the guidance of individual thought, under the inspiration of human sympathy.

Art. X.—THE HAGUE CONFERENCE.

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12. *The Law of Private Property in War*, with a chapter on Conquest, being the Yorke Prize Essay for 1906. By Norman Bentwich. London: Sweet and Maxwell, 1907.

13. *A Digest of International Law, as embodied in [official documents, especially of the United States], and the writings of jurists.* By John Bassett Moore, LL.D. Eight vols. Washington : Government Printing Office, 1906.

THE changes in men's point of view towards the problems of their nature and destiny, which have powerfully moulded their social and political relations to one another, so far as those relations have been confined within the city or the State, seem to have done nothing for the improvement of their international relations. It may be that those mental changes have exhausted, in the nearer and more necessary fields, the moving force which they were capable of exercising; or it may be that the help of the sword, in conquering and defending the new mental positions, has had to be paid for. Certainly the troubled times of the Renaissance and the Reformation had for one of their net results to exalt the irresponsibility of international action. To bring that action under some responsibility is the object of a great cry which goes up from modern Europe, a cry based on no new spiritual vision, but wrung from suffering and fear. During more than a generation no two Christian European States have been at war with one another; but the spectre of war has become more terrible. The burden of taxation caused by vast armaments and the cost of keeping them abreast of invention; the fear of the still greater losses which would attend even a short war; armies increasing automatically by the general liability of increasing populations to military service; the dread of bloody battles and devastating invasion on a scale increasing with the increase of armies—all this has been more acutely felt as manners have become milder and life easier, and therefore more valued. To the rational objections against all that tends to war there has been added a nervous tension. All history has known the electric tension of a mistaken patriotism, uniting for war a country divided yesterday within itself. We have now learnt the passionate tension which unites people in different countries in a cry for peace, while as yet few have considered whether they are prepared to renounce for themselves the desires which make for war.

The Peace Conference of 1899, which represented the first attempt of official agencies to lead the popular cry, was essentially a diplomatic one. It did not pretend to be a legislature, nor did it ape the ways of one, or aim at any results which it was plainly impossible to reach by agreement. Even 'putting an end to the progressive increase of armaments by sea and land,' which figured in the Tsar's invitation to it, could not, when first broached, be considered as entirely impracticable, although the Powers, when met together, found it to be such, at least for the time. Pursuing the diplomatic path of agreement, the Conference arrived at a codification of the laws of land war, for which the way had been prepared by official discussion at Brussels in 1874. Pursuing the same path, but venturing beyond the limits of previous official discussion, it made an important first step in facilitating the practice of international arbitration by establishing, with the name of a court, a list of judges to choose from, and some broad outlines of procedure.

The Peace Conference of 1907, proposed by President Roosevelt, but convoked by the Queen of the Netherlands on the invitation of the Emperor Nicholas, in whose favour the President gracefully retired, spread its sails more widely to the popular gale. It launched into a great variety of topics, almost wholly unprepared by official discussion, and of which some, as the British proposal for the abolition of contraband of war, had not been mooted even in scientific assemblages, though not quite unknown to scientific literature. And, most of all, it marked its popular affinity, if not its popular origin, by adopting the forms of a legislature, indeed of a democratic legislature, short only of the point at which those forms usually bear the fruit for the sake of which they have been devised. Speeches and votes gave a parliamentary air, not only to committees, sub-committees, and drafting committees, but even to full sittings. For the purpose of announcing the result of a division the votes of all States were treated as equal. For the purpose of carrying any matter a stage further they were treated as unequal. Sometimes a resolution approving the proposal of one delegation did not prevent an inconsistent approval being given to the proposal of another delegation, and the two resolutions would then go together to

a drafting committee, there to be voted on again. Sometimes a majority was so frightened by its victory over an important minority that any further proceeding on the matter in question was dropped. If a real similarity can be traced between the Conference and a legislature, the comparison, for all the proceedings below the full sittings, must be made with the old Hungarian diet, in which the Palatine, represented at the Conference by the common-sense of the body, quashed a resolution which he disliked with the formula *suffragia non numeranda sed ponderanda*. For the full sittings the comparison may be made with the Polish diet, in which each individual enjoyed a *liberum veto*, since even the final vote did not bind any State without its own consent.

The most curious thing about this parody of a parliament is that, to some extent, it would seem to have imposed on those concerned in it. When the proceedings on the British proposal for the abolition of contraband of war had been dropped because France, Germany, Russia, and the United States opposed it, while twenty-six States voted for it, Sir Edward Fry attempted to unite the twenty-six in a treaty to that effect, which, of course, would have been outside the Conference. All but Haiti refused. The phantom of a legislature, powerless to enable the majority to carry their resolution as one of the Conference, revived with sufficient strength to prevent their carrying it into effect among themselves by a diplomatic step at the time and place of the Conference. M. Mérey de Kapos-Mére for Austria and Count Tornielli for Italy took the lead in saying that their votes in favour of the British proposal had been given as a part of the proceedings of the Conference, of which the principle was that unanimity, or an approach to it, was necessary for a result (*qu'on ne saurait agir qu'à l'unanimité ou à la presque-unanimité*). To sign at it a convention outside it would damage the Conference, and might prevent the Powers from agreeing to hold another.* Perhaps we may say that, in the general opinion of the Powers, the Conference combined diplomacy with an appeal to public opinion, which was encouraged to form itself by debate, and to some extent to triumph over

* 'Courrier de la Conférence,' No. 89, September 26.

opposition. 'Let me be permitted,' said M. Renault, as reporter on the scheme for an International Prize Court, 'to draw attention to the beneficent influence of the atmosphere (*milieu*). How many years of diplomatic negotiations would it have needed to bring about an agreement on so difficult a subject, starting as we did from such opposite points! The Conference has changed years into weeks, thanks to the approximation between men and ideas which it causes, and to the sentiment of justice to which it tends to give the victory over particular interests.'* It will be well for Great Britain and the other Powers to bear this in mind, and on future occasions to guard against the possible surprises of an 'atmosphere' by carefully preparing the ground through diplomatic conversations of the ordinary kind.

In any case it appears to us that in future all voting had better be avoided. No doubt, if agreement was not to be made a rigid condition, voting seemed inevitable to all who were unable to think except in the forms of democratic government, but with it, on the same democratic principles, there was bound to come the equality of votes for the purpose of display, and with that again, as we have seen, the worthlessness of votes for any purpose but that of display. The equality may have given a temporary satisfaction to the political feelings of many who joined in the cry of distress for which they hoped the Conference would find a remedy, but the worthlessness must have taught them that votes were not helping them in the noble effort to bring international action under responsibility. The equality of votes flattered the small States, of which, not to mention that strength must always tell, the opinion on international doctrines is diminished in value by their inexperience of the situations to which they have to be applied. But that pleasure must have vanished when they found that the delegations of the larger States were prevented by the force of things from admitting them to a real equality. 'The last speech of the most industrious and eloquent first Brazilian delegate, M. Ruy de Barbosa, was described by one of the leading continental members of the Conference as a fierce (*farouche*) exposition of the extreme conception of

* 'Courrier de la Conférence,' No. 75, September 10,

the equality of all States and Governments.'* Perhaps it might have been less fierce if the conception had not been pampered. In a word, the voting was a sham, and of shams we ought to have no more.

Passing from the methods of the Conference to its work, we claim to be not among those who belittle the mark which it will have left in history. But the logical order of treatment obliges us, after noticing the popular aspect of its origin and ways, to take first the questions on which the popular cry had mainly fixed. It was not likely that those questions should prove the greatest successes of the gathering. It is a familiar character of popular movements to aim at their end by the most direct road, ignoring obstacles instead of seeking a way round them. 'The armaments are oppressive; let them be immediately limited.' One could have better understood a demand for their immediate abolition. Any armament beyond the measure of an internal police force implies the conviction that an attack from the outside is possible and must be guarded against. To invite Governments, while still possessed by that conviction, to calculate the smallest armaments which it is necessary for their defence to maintain, is to invite each to pass in review its whole geographical and political situation, the quarters from which danger may arise and the friends whose aid may be hoped for. This is what we have done for ourselves in fixing the two-Power standard for the British navy, but the frame of mind in which it is done is not that which is most suited to a Peace Conference, not to mention the friction which would arise in the necessary comparison by the different Powers of the estimates respectively formed. Had anything happened between 1899 and 1907 to increase the probability of a satisfactory result from such investigations? There had been two great wars, the South African and the Russo-Japanese, and a third not inconsiderable one in China. Whichever side one may blame for any of them, this was a fact not of a nature to increase the feeling of security. We ourselves had concluded a friendly agreement with France, and were concluding one with Russia, and their principal effect on outsiders seemed to be to elicit the question

* Special correspondent in 'Times' of October 21.

against whom they were directed. Then, again, the Morocco question was thought, rightly or wrongly, to have endangered peace. And the unwholesome atmosphere of which these things were signs was displayed in a concrete shape by an enormous increase of armaments. It is, then, no wonder that a matter which in 1899 it was felt to be safest to avoid, notwithstanding its express mention by the august initiator of the Conference of that year, was not differently regarded in 1907. For a moment England seemed disposed to take it up with a magnificent if ill-directed courage. But it was dismissed with the declaration 'that it is highly desirable that the Governments should resume the serious study of the question,' from which it would be satisfactory to learn, could we believe it, that they had ever seriously studied it.

We would not, however, be understood to imply that Europe must always groan under the crushing weight of armaments. International problems will always arise so long as any part of the earth remains for which the existing political arrangements are not generally accepted as final. But in proportion as European States are grouped together in alliances and friendly understandings, those problems as they arise will have to be dealt with by the action of the groups, each of which, it may be hoped, will be less under the domination of some sinister interest than even the great Powers, taken singly, have hitherto been. Diplomatic solutions will more and more impose themselves on masses of such magnitude in place of violent ones, and as peace is felt to rest on a firmer basis our need for excessive armaments will be diminished. In this sense the Triple Alliance and the Anglo-French *entente cordiale* have been welcomed as making for peace, an opinion which we believe to be just, and to carry with it the best hope of an alleviation of military and naval expenditure.

After the limitation of armaments the most loudly voiced popular demand was for some notice of the outbreak of war. If this could be secured the cost of that large part of preparation might be spared which consists in not merely being provided with all necessary men and things, but in having them all so arranged that they may be capable of instant employment. Even here, however, the Conference was unable to give satisfaction. By the

convention which it adopted 'the contracting Powers recognise that hostilities between them ought not to commence without a preceding and unequivocal notice, which shall have the form either of a declaration of war expressing its motives, or of an ultimatum with a conditional declaration of war.' But this did not go beyond the most general practice of the last half-century; and, so far from insisting on a substantial interval of notice between a declaration of war and the commencement of hostilities under it, the Conference did not even accept the very moderate proposal of a twenty-four hours' interval made by the delegation of the Netherlands. Nor is that result at all surprising. As a given negotiation becomes more acrimonious it is usually accompanied by advancing the last stages of preparation for a warlike issue, and the declaration of war by either party is deferred until the preparation of the other party has reached a point at which it is felt to be no longer safe to tolerate it. If a further lapse of time were then required before active steps could be taken to meet the danger, the definite pronouncement would have to be accelerated, and negotiations might be cut short of which the pacific issue was not quite hopeless. Even since the vote of the Conference a preliminary declaration without an interval of notice cannot be relied on. Each party will hold that the case of danger which can no longer be safely endured is reserved, and will throw the blame on its adversary, whom it will accuse of causing the danger. The moral to be drawn for England is that the necessity that, in order not to be taken unprepared, every nation must rely on its own vigilance and on no formal rule, has been rather emphasised than removed.

We now arrive at another topic of great popular interest, that of international arbitration, on which we are able to say that the Conference appears to us to have taken a valuable step in advance. But we must caution our readers against expecting too much. If any one dreams that even among men of good will—*homines bonæ voluntatis*—arbitration might be a means of finally extinguishing war, let him consider what figure arbitration would have made in 1857 between Sardinia, championing the resurrection of Italy, and France as her ally, on the one hand, and Austria on the other hand,

with her legal title and her political convictions, with which even our good Queen Victoria sympathised ; or again, of what use arbitration could have been in 1877 for averting a war between Turkish misrule and Russia as liberator. In other wars of no distant date quarrels centuries old have come to a head between populations so great that you cannot anathematise them without doing what Burke said he could not do, drawing an indictment against a nation. The kingdom of heaven, from which such causes of war shall have been eliminated, will come, not by observation, not by setting up any ambitious machinery, but by scarcely perceptible steps. The exception of vital interests and honour, or some other equivalent formula, will long have to stand as it does in the treaties which States conclude with one another for obligatory arbitration, barring the rare cases of those States between which, from their geographical and political situations, it is inconceivable that an important difference should arise. It expresses intelligibly enough the bed-rock against which all arrangements must be brought up until the international society is provided with a government. Meantime the essential is to bring the practice of international arbitration as close as possible to the line which limits it.

Let us see what was done for that end by the Conference of 1899. It established a rudimentary court consisting of a list of judges from which the parties on each occasion were to choose, but all the steps by which they were to come before that court were left to themselves. They had to draw up their own 'agreement of reference (*compromis*), in which the subject of the difference is clearly defined as well as the extent of the arbitrators' powers'; and this, as every lawyer knows, is not always an easy task for litigants. Now, by Art. 53 of the improved rules adopted for the Hague Court at the Conference of 1907, that Court is not only competent to settle the agreement of reference if both the parties request it to do so, but it is competent to settle it on the demand of one alone of the parties, after they have tried in vain to come to an agreement by the way of diplomacy, (1) when the difference falls within a general treaty of arbitration, and the other party does not declare that in its opinion it is one of those to which obligatory

arbitration does not apply ; (2) when the difference arises from debts claimed by one Power as due by contract to its subjects from another Power, and the offer of arbitration on them has been accepted. This is a distinct step towards establishing a court before which one State can summon another. It is true that it does not go that whole length, for the refusal of an offer of arbitration on contractual debts, and a declaration that the claim is non-arbitrable in the case of other claims, are left as means of escape. But let a State have concluded a treaty stipulating arbitration prospectively, or let it be exposed to contractual claims even without such a treaty, then, if it does not avail itself of those means of escape, it may find the agreement of reference settled for it on the demand of its antagonist, and the Hague Court will be seised of the case.

But this is not all. It was thought by many that, in order to attract more cases to an arbitral jurisdiction, it was necessary, not only to make the access to that jurisdiction easier, but to give it a reputation such as can only be acquired by a real permanence and embodiment. The value of names appearing in a list to choose from must be diminished by the uncertainty of their being chosen, and a good judgment given by persons who are immediately again dispersed, leaving no bench behind them to enjoy its credit, can but ill uphold the majesty of the law. To this view, which was more especially that of the United States delegation, it was not sought to give effect by a transformation of the existing Hague Court. The difficulties in the way of realising it were too great for that. It was determined to found a new court, working side by side with the existing one, to either of which States in difference may address themselves, leaving the superior vitality of either to the practical test of its popularity and efficiency. This project failed to be embodied in a general convention by reason of the impossibility of satisfying the desire of the smaller States for equality in the composition of the bench. The number of judges could not well exceed fifteen, and to apportion that number among all the States of the world it would have been necessary to group them, and even to allow to some only occasional turns. In the end the Conference, by what was called a *vœu*, recommended the adoption of

an amended plan of convention for the establishment of a court of arbitral justice, and its effectuation as soon as an agreement should be come to on the choice of judges and the constitution of the court. The first article of the plan ran thus:—

‘With the object of promoting the cause of arbitration the contracting Powers agree to organise, without interfering with the Permanent Court of Arbitration [the existing Hague Court], a Court of Arbitral Justice of free and easy access, uniting judges representing the different juridical systems of the world, and capable of ensuring the continuity of arbitral justice.’

This short paragraph contains more than one trace of United States authorship. By uniting the different juridical systems of the world it was meant to claim for the Anglo-American ‘common law’ an equal place by the side of the Roman law, a very proper idea, which, however, would not have suggested itself to the Roman lawyers of Europe or America, though we are glad that they accepted it. And the design of ensuring the continuity of arbitral justice points to the hope, natural to an Anglo-American lawyer, but less so to one trained in the juridical systems in which precedent is of less value, of a stable body of international law being built up by the decisions of a permanent bench. The name ‘Court of Arbitral Justice’ is, we fear, likely to cause some confusion with the existing Hague Court, which is called the Permanent Court of Arbitration; the more so since, if the two ever came to work side by side, the character of permanence could be predicated of the former much more appositely than of the latter. In what does not concern the constitution of the court, the plan for the one and the amended regulations for the other were conceived on the same lines. The Court of Arbitral Justice, by Art 19 of the plan, is to have, through a delegation of three judges, the same power to settle the reference to it on a unilateral demand which we have quoted from Art. 53 of the amended regulations of the Hague Court. There is reason to believe that the Government of the United States is disposed to press on the Spanish American States and Brazil the institution of a Court of Arbitral Justice for America in accordance with

the plan annexed to the *vœu* of the Conference. It is obvious that that can only be done if the smaller American republics will consent to waive their cherished equality in the nomination of the judges; but such a result is not unlikely, the influence of the United States being great, and common-sense having a better chance to prevail in pure diplomacy than under the incentive to self-assertion supplied by a world-wide assemblage with nominally equal voting.

It must be mentioned that an attempt was made, on a British proposal, to frame a list of subjects on which arbitration should be obligatory. Only eight subjects obtained in committee a majority in favour of their inclusion in such a list, and among these were such as weights and measures and the tonnage of ships. The attempt consequently failed, amid some public hilarity. The Conference did not expand the recommendation made in 1899 of juridical questions, and especially of those relating to the interpretation or application of international conventions, as suitable for arbitration. But it made a real step in advance by not allowing, as we have seen, pecuniary contractual claims to be exempted, by an allegation of their non-arbitrable character, from the competence of the Hague Court to settle an agreement of reference on the demand of a single party.

The pecuniary contractual claims urged on a Government by another Government on behalf of its nationals form a subject of great practical importance, independently of the general question of arbitration, especially having regard to the protection incidental to the Monroe doctrine which the United States extend to the weaker Spanish-American republics against which such claims are oftenest made. The Conference dealt with it in a manner in our view quite satisfactory. The coercive measures which Great Britain, Germany, and Italy employed against Venezuela for the enforcement of demands of that character were the occasion of a despatch which M. Drago, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Argentina, addressed to the United States through the Argentine Minister at Washington, of date December 29, 1902. He maintained the proposition, since much discussed under the name of the Drago doctrine, that

coercive measures ought never to be employed for the redress of default in the service of a public loan, whether of interest, sinking fund, or principal; and he dwelt on the danger that such financial intervention might lead to the establishment, contrary to the principle of President Monroe, of European control, perhaps even of European territorial possession, on the American continent. On the question of equity there is no doubt that a public loan presents a very special case among contractual debts. The subscribers to it, or those who purchase its bonds in the market, trust the debtor State for a long period, during which many things, specifically unforeseen, may happen to impair its power of due payment without its good faith being necessarily impeachable; and for the risk thus foreseen in a general way a high rate of interest is exacted. On the other hand, a contractor for public works or a furnisher of supplies looks for speedy payment, and bases his prices on the market of the day, without reference to remote contingencies. An honest insolvency, such as the laws of all countries make some allowance for when it happens to a private person, is by no means improbable in the former case, but is scarcely to be thought of in the latter. The arguments urged in M. Drago's despatch did not, however, stop at these considerations of equity. He asserted that 'one of the conditions proper to every sovereignty is that no executory proceeding can be commenced or completed against it, because that mode of recovery would compromise its very existence and cause the independence and action of the Government to disappear.' Since this argument would not be limited to the case of public loans, it threw some doubt over the scope of the Drago doctrine, although it was only for them that it was enunciated. But the learned Argentine Minister has since presented his doctrine in a fully developed form. In cases of 'public loans it should be sufficient internationally if the foreign and internal holders receive equal treatment. Other pecuniary claims against a Government should first be brought before its courts of law, and the time to be allowed for payment of the sum adjudged by them should be submitted to an international arbitration, in which the debtor State's financial situation should be examined. The award would have the force of a treaty, and M. Drago does

not absolutely exclude the employment of force for its vindication.

The United States delegate, General Porter, introduced the subject at the Conference by a proposal in which no distinction was made between public loans and other contractual debts. No such distinction has indeed been drawn by any Government. Lord Palmerston, whose doctrine on the subject was reaffirmed by Lord Salisbury, reserved in principle the right to demand redress in the case of public loans, though insisting on the differences which, as a matter of 'British and domestic considerations,' made it generally unwise to tempt British subjects into risky investments by demanding such redress on their behalf. The United States usually refrain from intervention in the case of all claims based on contract, and the continental Governments of Europe usually intervene in support of all, regarding them as an element of the national fortune. But the rule which General Porter sought to apply to all contractual debts was substantially that which the Drago doctrine in its perfected form sought to apply to those not arising from public loans. There must first be the offer of an arbitration in the Hague Court, the award of which shall determine not only the validity of the claim and the amount of the debt, but also the time and mode of payment. Only if such offer is refused, or if the debtor State fails to perform the award, may the recovery of the debt be prosecuted by armed force.* The proposal was adopted by the Conference, M. Drago making for Argentina the reservations (1) that for common contract debts arbitration must be preceded by the remedies in the courts of the debtor State being exhausted and justice denied; (2) that for redress in the case of public loans military aggression and the physical occupation of American soil shall in no case be permissible. We hope that nothing may prevent the ratification of the convention which embodies this resolution of the Conference. In order to determine the time and mode of payment the Hague Court must

* The text of this convention adds another case, that of the debtor State making the settlement of an agreement of reference impossible. But the convention for the improvement of the Hague Court, as we have already seen, gives that Court in such a case the power to settle the agreement of reference.

examine the financial situation of the debtor State and the honesty of the excuses made for its failure to perform its engagements. Thus, in a matter by no means inconsiderable, the court will be elevated into one of justice transcending the letter of the law, and will receive an accession of importance equal to that which we have pointed it out as receiving by being empowered in certain cases to settle an agreement of reference on a unilateral application. These steps in the progress of arbitration ought to satisfy its friends that it makes real way. Before they were thought of we had advocated the prohibition of force in support of claims arising from public loans as cutting off a class of interventions which are rarely justified and by which crying injustice has been done. But we are well content with the turn which the matter has taken, since it bids fair to remedy effectually an ignoble and dangerous branch of international practice, at the same time that it marks a stage of advance in another important direction.

We cannot express the same approval of the work of the Conference relating to the proposal of an international prize court. We have no doubt of the desirableness of such a court if a proper arrangement for one can be made. The prize jurisdiction of the captor's country, bound as it is by the prize law favoured by the supreme authorities of that country, has never been considered binding on foreigners, except so far as this, that the individual losing party is left helpless by a decision against him in its highest court. But his Government can espouse his cause; and on many occasions that Government and the Government of the prize court have entered into conventions under which the judgments complained of have been reviewed by mixed commissions, and damages have been paid by the State of which the court has been found by them to have pronounced erroneous judgments. But the tardy justice done by mixed commissions, instituted after the close of a war with much diplomatic toil and as the result of much international friction, and then only when the grievances complained of by individuals amount to a sum sufficient to induce their Government to seek an extraordinary remedy, has rather made apparent than effectually supplemented the inadequacy of a national jurisdiction in prize cases. It is

anomalous that the lawfulness of a capture should, so far as jurisdiction is concerned, be finally determined by the captor's State. The question has often been mooted, both by individual thinkers and by private bodies like the Institute of International Law, and in 1907 Great Britain and Germany did well in laying before the Conference respective schemes for establishing an international prize court. They would have done better had they tried to meet the difficulties of the question by a joint scheme.

The greatest difficulty arises from the very fact which is the greatest source of the necessity, namely, the divergent views of prize law entertained in different countries. What is the law which the international court shall administer? For example, is the notice of blockade, to which a ship desiring to enter a blockaded port is entitled, to be measured by the British or the French rules? Is conditional contraband to be allowed? If not, can coal and provisions ever be absolute contraband? Does the declaration of the commander of a neutral convoy exclude the right of search? And so forth. One way of meeting the difficulty would be to withhold consent to the establishment of an international prize court until it can be combined with a settlement of all the major points of difference, in other words, with a codification of prize law. It is possible, so far as we at present know the dates, that such may have been the original intention of the British Government; in other words, that when its prize-court scheme was presented by its delegation it may have expected that such a codification would be achieved by the Conference. But the delegation certainly took an active part in the elaboration and adoption of the scheme after it was clear that no codification would be attained. The drafting committee (*comité d'examen*) on blockade reported to the fourth committee (*commission*) of the Conference that, at its first meeting, the British delegation proposed to suspend the discussion of that question, 'on account of the profound divergence between the continental and Anglo-American systems, both long practised, the absence of instructions, and the want of time for arriving at a compromise acceptable to the Governments interested in so delicate and complicated a matter.' It must also have been apparent, from the early days of the Conference,

that an agreement as to contraband of war was as little likely to be arrived at. Therefore the proceedings as to an international prize court must have been conducted with the knowledge that the great difficulty of the case could only be met by a satisfactory declaration of the line which such a court should take in face of conflicting claims of law.

On that point the scheme adopted by the Conference laid down that the international court, which, it must be carefully borne in mind, was to be one of appeal from the national prize court, should apply in the first place any rule 'provided for by a convention in force between the capturing belligerent and the Power which, or a subject of which, is a party to the suit, and, in default of such, the rules of international law. If there are no rules generally recognised, the court decides according to the general principles of justice and equity.' Now the court appealed from will have decided according to the view of international law entertained by its own, the captor, State, and it would be utterly unjuridical to reverse a judgment which it was right in giving. And this was admitted by the eminent French jurist, M. Renault, who wrote, as reporter of the drafting committee :

'What will happen if positive law, written or customary, is silent? The solution dictated by the strict principles of judicial reasoning does not appear doubtful. In default of an international rule firmly established the international jurisdiction will apply the law of the captor. No doubt it is easy to object that we shall so have a very variable law, often very arbitrary and even such as to shock us, certain belligerents using to an excess the latitude left by positive law. That would be a reason for hastening the codification of the latter in order to efface the gaps and uncertainties which are complained of, and which cause the difficult situation that has been pointed out.'

Yet this cogent statement did not prevent the reporter from affecting the character of the statesman instead of his own proper character of the jurist, and proposing 'the general principles of justice and equity' as the ultimate rule for the international court—a solution which he himself called bold, as inviting that court to make the law (*faire le droit*). Nor did he attempt to minimise the

effect of the proposal, describing it as 'of such a nature as seriously to ameliorate the practice of international law.' We do not understand how such a solution was accepted on the part of Great Britain, when the true line to take was so forcibly pointed out by the very authority who advised the departure from it. Nor is it easy to reconcile its acceptance with the British withdrawal of blockade from the purview of the Conference. If, on that subject, 'the profound divergence between the continental and the Anglo-American systems' was demanded more time than the Conference could command for its settlement, and if it was expected that that settlement must take the form of 'a compromise acceptable to those Governments interested,' one can only be surprised at finding such divergences, on that and on other subjects, remitted to the decision of judges of whom there might probably be a majority representing the system adverse to that of which it was thought necessary to make the defence a matter between Governments.

There has been in this country such a general expression of opinion against the ratification of a convention containing the objectionable clause that we have no fear on that score. But we must notice that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in a speech in which he joined in that opinion, contemplated the previous or concurrent codification of prize law as a condition for the establishment of an international prize court. Now, of the two ways in which the difficulty about the law of such a court can be surmounted, we decidedly prefer the other, namely, a satisfactory declaration of the line to be taken by the court in the face of conflicting claims of law. To put off the court itself till codification can be carried through would not only, as we have shown, be inconsistent with the course taken by us at the Hague, it would put it off to the Greek Kalends, ignoring the advantage which may be expected from it. The court would be a shield against the accusations of partiality which are made against national prize courts—though happily there is seldom a foundation for them in any country—and it would get rid of those better founded complaints which arise from undeniable personal or national tendencies, sometimes traceable in matters not falling under rules of law, such as the strong leaning in favour of captors

which so great an authority as Chief Justice Marshall pointed out in Lord Stowell, at the same time acknowledging that he showed no disposition to press his principles with peculiar severity against neutrals. But, more than this, Governments are increasingly disposed to champion the commercial interests of their subjects, and differences between them thereby tend to arise about matters which, from their nature, belong less to law than to discretion, and as to which, therefore, an international jurisdiction is most desirable. For instance, after what happened during the South African war, a claim to search for contraband at any distance from the ship's destination cannot be said to be generally recognised, but to define the limiting distance for such a search by any general rule seems impossible. It would therefore be especially appropriate to an international court to decide whether any particular search was too remote. Whether therefore, the question of an international prize court be deferred till the next Peace Conference, or whether, as we should prefer, it should not be allowed by the Foreign Offices to sleep so long, we would take it up from the Conference draft. We would claim that Art. 7 of that draft be amended by naming the principles maintained by the captor's State as the law to be applied on the international appeal, failing relevant conventions and generally recognised rules. And we think that, after the frank recognition of the legal justice of that claim which was made at the Hague, it would be admitted if a firm stand were made on it. The scheme is, in general, a good one, and need not be further unripped. It would only remain to deal with the objections to the nomination and rotation of judges which were urged by China, Persia, Brazil, and eight Spanish-American republics.

The laws of war command less popular attention than the topics which have thus far occupied us, and there is danger lest the good work done on them by the Conference should pass unnoticed by its critics. Much of that work must always be known only to those professionally concerned with the subject, but we will cite some portions which ought to convince every one of its aggregate importance. The law of naval bombardments has been laid down for the first time. Undefended places on the coast are to be bombarded only for a refusal to

furnish requisitions of victuals or other supplies, necessary for the actual wants of the naval force before the locality, and in proportion to the resources of the latter, never for the non-payment of contributions in money. On the proposal of Germany, for which great credit must be given her, the inviolability of postal correspondence has been proclaimed as a rule of naval war, whether its character is official or private, and whether the bags containing it or the ships carrying them are neutral or belligerent. If the ship is seized, her mail-bags must be forwarded by the captor with the least possible delay, except in the case of their coming from or being destined to a blockaded port by means of a breach of blockade. Among the amendments made to the laws of land war voted in 1899, one prohibits any compulsion of the population of an occupied territory to give information concerning their own army or the means of defence of their country; and that this must be interpreted to include a prohibition of their forced employment as guides is confirmed by the discussion. A regulation establishes the liberal practice which has grown up of sparing merchantmen which are found in an enemy's port at the outbreak of a war, or enter it or are met at sea by an enemy's cruiser while ignorant of the commencement of hostilities. One utterance of the Conference, not expressed as a rule, but as an earnest desire (*vœu*), would, if carried out in practice, work so great a change in war, both by land and sea, that we can scarcely criticise it till we know better what it means. It is 'that in case of war the competent authorities, civil and military, shall make it a special duty to assist and protect the maintenance of peaceful relations, and in particular of commercial and industrial relations, between the inhabitants of the belligerent States and neutral countries.' Does this mean, among other things, that an invader occupying a seaport in his enemy's country shall make it his special duty to promote the export thence to neutral countries of goods the payments for which may find their way to his enemy's war-chest? We imagine that at present the export trade of the occupied port, at least in belligerent ships, is as effectually stopped as if those ships were captured at sea by the occupier's cruisers.

There may, however, be some whom no record of

progress in the other laws of war can console for the non-adoption of their cherished project of the immunity at sea of the enemy's property as such. This, proposed by the United States, was practically defeated, in spite of an illusory majority in its favour, by the solid opposition of Great Britain, France, Russia, Japan, Spain, Portugal and Mexico ; besides which the delegations of Argentina and Colombia must be mentioned as deeming the right of capture necessary for the defence of Powers weaker at sea. Space forbids our entering here on the controversy ; only, since the Conference expressed the desire (*vœu*) that the Powers should apply, as far as possible, to naval war the principles of the laws of land war, we will recommend the advocates of the change to prepare for the renewal of the controversy at the next Peace Conference by a careful study of the true analogies between naval and land war. Besides this, and the questions of contraband and blockade which have been already mentioned, there were other important questions of naval war on which the Conference arrived at no conclusive decision. Such were the questions whether the conversion of a merchantman into a ship of war may take place in the open sea ; that whether neutral prizes may in any case be destroyed at sea ; that whether unanchored contact mines, or any contact mines which do not become innocuous as soon as they get loose, may ever be employed ; and those which concern the duties of neutral States. On the first and second of these no final vote took place ; on the third there was a final vote which the British delegation declared ' could not be regarded as a complete exposition of international law on the subject ' ; and on the questions mentioned in the fourth place there was a final vote in which the British delegate declined to take any part. Indeed it would seem that the Conference succeeded in nearly reaching the limits of possible agreement in the present state of opinion and of real or fancied interests, and that the condition of further progress is that the way shall be prepared by larger and more thorough study on the part of Governments, and that in that study each Government shall not maintain a proud aloofness, but seek by private conference with its neighbours to lay a foundation for a general agreement.

For the purpose of such preliminary study the recent

Conference has prepared the way by making better known than before the sentiments with which different Governments approach the questions remaining to be decided. Previously those sentiments had to be inferred from the actions of the Governments, in which the occasion might count for more than any general attitude, or from the opinions of private thinkers, which might not always coincide with the official opinions of their respective States, and would, in any case, be opinions of what is just or desirable without authority to arrange a necessary compromise. Now the Governments have descended into the arena of public discussion, and with an illuminating effect, which has disclosed some features that might be regarded as discouraging if we forgot that a conference so ill-prepared and so conducted as the late one has been is only a first experiment. In the works of many writers on international law, chiefly German, we have been familiar with the assertion of a necessity overriding the laws of war; but this was between belligerents. The action of the Conference about contact mines has been based on the right to plead necessity against neutrals. A drifting contact mine which has not become innocuous is a source of danger to neutral life and property in parts of the sea where neutrals have a perfect right to be, a danger the reality of which is testified by the disasters that continued to occur in the seas of the Far East long after the close of the Russo-Japanese war, and it has not yet been found possible to prevent anchored contact mines from getting loose even in moderately bad weather. Yet the Conference, while nominally prohibiting the employment of unanchored contact mines not becoming innocuous an hour after the control over them has been lost, and of anchored ones not becoming innocuous as soon as they have broken from their moorings, excused from the prohibition Powers not possessing such mines as contemplated, but undertaking to transform their mines as quickly as possible. This was what, as we have mentioned, the British delegation refused to consider as a complete exposition of international law on the subject. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein replied that

‘a belligerent who lays mines assumes a very heavy responsibility towards neutrals and towards peaceful shipping. No

one will resort to this instrument of warfare unless for military reasons of an absolutely urgent character. . . . But it would be a great mistake to issue rules the strict observation of which might be rendered impossible by the law of facts.'

The plea of necessity thus flung in the face of neutrals was not allowed to shake the firm stand which the declaration read by Sir Ernest Satow had taken.

'By acceptance (it ran) of the proposal made by us at the beginning of the discussion, dangers would have been obviated which in every maritime war of the future will threaten to disturb friendly relations between neutrals and belligerents. . . . It remains for us to declare in the most formal manner that these dangers exist, and that the certainty that they will make themselves felt in the future is due to the incomplete character of the present convention.'

Observe the words 'will' and 'certainty.' The avowal that Germany will not scruple to sink British ships and sailors by drifting contact mines, if necessary for her victory over a third Power, stands opposed to the declaration that Great Britain will resent any such conduct. Nothing less would have been sufficient on the British side. But we are not pessimists. What the frank exchange of declarations will kill is not peace but the wrongful use of contact mines. All the same, the incident may cause any who believe in public conferences without preparation to reflect.

Another grave difference between Governments disclosed at the recent Conference relates to the duties of neutral States in naval war, in the final vote on which the British delegation, as we have said, declined to take any part. Great Britain, as a neutral, has limited the hospitality which she will extend to belligerent men-of-war by the closest analogy of which the case admits, to the acknowledged law in the case of a belligerent force crossing the land frontier of a neutral State. That force must be interned; but the exigencies of navigation require some allowance to be made for a man-of-war crossing the water boundary of a neutral State. The British regulation, in its latest form, allows her to stay only twenty-four hours, or twenty-four hours after her necessary repairs have been completed. She may receive only such repair as will enable her to keep the sea, and so much coal as may be sufficient

to carry her to the nearest port of her own country, or to some nearer named neutral destination ; and she may not receive even that quantity within three months from her last coaling in British waters. She may receive no coal when proceeding to the seat of war, or to any position on the line of route with the object of intercepting neutral ships carrying contraband of war ; and she may not bring a prize into a British port except in case of distress. Rules more or less similar have been adopted by numerous States as the standard of their conduct, and have been recommended by the Institute of International Law. Nor are we aware that any difference of principle between the duties of neutrality in land and in naval war has been suggested before 1907 by international jurists. But the Conference has voted it open to neutral States to permit belligerent ships to remain in their ports and territorial waters without limit of time ; to fill their bunkers there with coal even when on their way to the seat of hostilities ; and to bring prizes into their ports and leave them there under sequestration pending the judgment of the prize court. It has also voted that, when a prize has been captured in the territorial waters of a neutral State and has been carried out of them, that State may refrain from applying to the belligerent Government for the redress of the violation of its neutrality. Such a negation of all recognised principle is, of course, only to be explained by jealousy of the advantage which recognised principle gives to a great naval Power having coaling stations of her own all over the world. It is a reservation of the right to favour the enemies of such a Power, and to receive favour when an enemy of it. It is as though a rule should be laid down that when two Powers are at war the army of one of which, on a war footing, exceeds that of the other in a certain proportion, a neutral State should be free to allow a passage across its territory to the forces of the latter but not to those of the former.

It was not to be supposed that such votes would be registered without some attempt to give them a legal colour. Accordingly it was argued that, because in time of peace ships of war are usually allowed to enter neutral ports and to choose their time of departure freely, that permission cannot be suddenly withdrawn in time of war

—an argument formerly used for the traffic in contraband being as free in time of war as in time of peace, but long since decisively condemned in that application. It was also said that 'the essential thing is that all shall know what to expect, and that there shall be no surprise,' and that the abstention from rendering aid to a belligerent, which from the time of Vattel has been regarded as the essential thing in neutrality, is merely a duty to be reconciled with the duty of hospitality. Finally, that 'the starting-point of a regulation must be the sovereignty of the neutral State, which cannot be affected by the sole fact of a war to which it intends to remain a stranger.'* The only possible meaning of sovereignty in such a connexion is freedom of choice not seriously restricted by rules, a sense which, if it were admitted, would make all international law an infringement of sovereignty. These principles are familiar to us in international action, and are by no means unknown to the twilight of diplomatic expression. They are the relics of the time before the theory of neutrality had begun to be elaborated. Now that they have come out into quasi-scientific daylight we may hope that the voice of the British people will be as clearly expressed against them as we are sure that it will be against floating mines not rendered innocuous. It may be assumed that the British Government, by its withdrawal from the final vote, intended to indicate as firm a stand against them as in the case of floating mines it announced by its protest. Great Britain, as a belligerent, will no more tolerate a violation of the principles of neutrality because what those principles forbid has not been laid down in precise and agreed rules than, as a neutral, she will tolerate a violation of the same principles for the same insufficient reason.

Such was the Second Peace Conference. Its reputation has suffered because too much was expected from it by those whose influence was most concerned in calling it into being. But it was a great event. The procedure which it initiated, and which, with modifications, will probably long play an important part; the real though

* These quotations are from M. Renault, reporting the scheme adopted in the 'Convention concerning the Rights and Duties of Neutral Powers in the case of Maritime War.' The report is given in the 'Courrier de la Conférence,' nos. 94-96.

unassuming good work which it did ; the light which it has thrown on the disposition of certain Governments towards the principles of neutrality in naval war, and the attitude of the British Government in defence of those principles ; and the British proposal to abolish contraband of war—all these ensure to the Conference of 1907 that it will not be forgotten either in international law or in international politics.

At the head of this article I have placed the two sources which have made so early an appreciation of the Second Peace Conference possible. Mr Stead deserves the warmest thanks of all persons interested in international law and its progress for the zeal with which he conducted a daily journal during the four months of the session, and succeeded in publishing in its pages, in full or in abstract, most of the important documents submitted to or issuing from the Conference or its committees. In this he triumphed over the unwise and somewhat inconsistent officialism of the body, which, while admitting public discussion and voting, was at first unwilling to admit outsiders to a sufficient knowledge of what was being discussed and voted on. The result was probably due to the superior common-sense of the members as individuals to that displayed by the body, or by the diplomatic influences under which it began to act.

Next I have placed two works which belong, the former entirely and the latter in some degree, to the movement which brought about the Peace Conferences. 'The Arbiter in Council' shows wide reading and high purpose. It is put in the form of conversations between men of different professions, but its dominant point of view is that of the preacher, and the motives and restraints which it discusses are those which are felt by private persons in their affairs. It takes little note of the moral agencies by which nations are impelled, weak as they are in most individuals, but integrated in the action of masses, and made more intense by the sympathy which attends such integration. Sir Thomas Barclay attacks the subject from the technical side, but has great faith in the possibility of effecting much in a short time by skilful arrangements.

Then come three general treatises on international law, of which Dr Oppenheim's is a work of great merit, on the scale of Hall or of the English editions of Wheaton. We commend it highly to students, who will find in it abundant references to the latest continental literature on the subject. M. Mérignhac is one of the best of the younger men who are coming forward in France. The part of his work as yet published deals with the fundamental ideas of international law with a patient detail to which we are unaccustomed in this country in the treatment of the philosophical part of the subject. English students will do well to read it and reflect on it. Of my own work I can of course say nothing, except that it contains the compressed outcome of many years of study, and that the editor has kindly placed it among the books which are to head this article. With these I have named the book by Mr Atherley-Jones and Mr Bellot on 'Commerce in War' as being, like them, no offspring of any present movement or recent incidents. Its 'purpose is to provide a full exposition of the rules of international law which govern the commercial relations of the subjects of neutral and belligerent States.' This its limited scope has enabled it to do, with fuller quotations from treaties, ordinances, judgments, and the opinions of great jurists than could be found room for in a general treatise on international law.

Messieurs Smith and Sibley, Professor Holland and Dr Lawrence have all written with special reference to the Russo-Japanese war or to the Second Peace Conference when it was in prospect; and the choice of a subject for the Yorke prize, won by Mr Bentwich, may well have been made under similar impressions. The list is closed by the monumental Digest with which the enlightened liberality of the United States Government and the well-known learning and accuracy of Mr Bassett Moore have enriched this department of literature. It would be a great gain if other countries would similarly open their records and make their contents accessible.

J. WESTLAKE

Art. XI.—GREEK TEMPLES AND EARLY RELIGION.

1. *Aegina, das Heiligtum der Aphaia*. By A. Furtwängler, E. R. Fiechter, and H. Thiersch. Two vols. Munich: Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences, 1906.
 2. *The Argive Heraeum*. By Charles Waldstein, with the cooperation of other scholars. Two vols. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co., 1902 and 1905.
 3. *Die Archaische Poros-Architektur der Akropolis zu Athen*. By Theodor Wiegand, in conjunction with W. Dörpfeld and others. Two vols. Cassel: Fisher and Co., 1904.
 4. *Primitive Athens as described by Thucydides*. By Jane Ellen Harrison. Cambridge: University Press, 1906.
 5. *Life in Ancient Athens*. By T. G. Tucker. London: Macmillan, 1907.
- And other works.

THE temples of Greece may be divided into two principal classes, those which stood within or near the city walls, often crowning an ancient citadel rich in memories of the heroic age, and those which were in the open country, surrounded by groves and running water or high on the shoulder of some wild mountain. The former may be compared with Christian cathedrals, so many of which stand in old centres of Roman administration and seem to prolong the tradition of a long-vanished empire. The latter have a parallel in the monastic churches, placed far from cities among scenes of natural beauty, to which the whole countryside used to flock for worship and for merry-making at certain great festivals.

The temples standing in or near towns take precedence. Most of the sites with which the spade of the excavator has been busy in recent years have been sacred to goddesses—Demeter at Eleusis, Athena at Athens and Lindus and Tegea, Hera at Samos, Artemis at Ephesus and Sparta. The name matters less than was formerly supposed. To her worshippers in each of these centres Hera or Artemis or Athena was 'The Goddess,' pre-eminent above all others, invoked upon all occasions and in all needs. It was only by degrees that distinct departments of activity were allotted to them, and it was only in the minds of Alexandrian mythographers that the process was ever

completed, that Artemis lost her interest in agriculture and devoted herself wholly to sport, and that Athena became a mere patroness of letters. One and all in early days they were mother-goddesses, and watched over the welfare of mother and young in the home and in the fold, givers of increase not only to man, but to his flocks and fields. It is true that male deities presided over the great centres of national religion, Dodona, Olympia, Delos, and Delphi. But the masses of archaic offerings at Olympia lay thickest about the very ancient temple of Hera; and at Delphi it was to mother-earth, fittingly enough, that the first sacrifices were offered in that 'recess of earth' where all the mysterious forces of nature seem to sit enthroned, the earthquake that rives the rocks, the torrent that furrows the valley, the thunder-cloud that broods on the mountain above.

To Apollo at Delphi and Delos, as to Zeus at Olympia and Dodona, there came frequent official deputations bringing gifts. With few exceptions these costly works of art, of which we read in Herodotus and Pausanias and in the temple inventories, have perished. The masterpieces of Ionian and Sicilian goldsmiths, the cups and crowns, the jewels which glittered on the shelves of the little treasure-houses, have vanished even more completely than the marbles, so many of which perished in lime-kilns on the spot, or the bronze statues, which were carried away captive into Italy, where for the most part they too perished in the furnace. What of the innumerable humbler offerings of bronze and earthenware so abundant on other sites? The truth is that these evidences of the constancy and intensity of the people's faith are relatively few at Delphi and at Delos. It is on the sites where the great goddesses were worshipped, on the Acropolis at Athens or in sanctuaries like those which Professors Waldstein and Furtwängler have recently explored in the Argolid and Ægina, that the offerings of devout pilgrims are found in thousands.

Of the urban sanctuaries, by far the richest in material remains, as well as in historic associations, is the Acropolis of Athens. Before long it should be possible to construct wonderfully vivid pictures of that great rock-citadel and rock-sanctuary in the successive stages of its history. The whole of the summit was cleared between

1885 and 1889, but only a part of the results has as yet been published. One of the best pieces of work done in connexion with these excavations is Dr Wiegand's book on the Poros-architecture of the Acropolis. By 'poros' the ancients seem to have meant any soft limestone or free-stone as distinct from marble, and more particularly the soft yellowish limestone of the Piræus. These inferior but more tractable materials were extensively used in architecture and sculpture before the use of marble became general in the early part of the fifth century. Dr Wiegand, well-known as the explorer of Priene and Miletus, was one of the fortunate students whose period of study at Athens coincided with the Acropolis excavations, which were the training-ground of so many English and German scholars. He has here brought together every scrap of information furnished by the *disjecta membra* of earlier buildings which were found scattered all over the surface of the Acropolis, but in greatest numbers near the south-east angle of the Parthenon. Architraves embedded in the outer wall of the Acropolis, other members buried in the foundations of the Propylæa, shattered fragments laboriously fitted together in the museum, have yielded each its quota of evidence, until, after years of laborious measuring and tabulating, it has been possible to re-erect a portion of the façade of two of these buildings, to identify some of their sculpture, and to trace the stages in the growth of the old temple of Athena.

What are the buildings thus recovered for us? First, the Hekatompedon, a temple of Athena which, as its name implies, was a hundred feet long, and stood between the sites now occupied by the Erechtheum and the Parthenon. It was built probably in Solon's time, certainly before 550 B.C., and made way about a generation later for a more ambitious structure on the same site, which may plausibly be associated with the reign of Pisistratus. The latter, a monument of the developed canonical archaic style, had a peripteral colonnade of poros; but marble was used for its metopes, pediment-sculptures, and roof, including geison, sima, and roof-tiles. It incorporated the cella-wall of the older temple but not its entablature. The famous 'Bluebeard,' or Typhon, the monster with three human bodies ending in

snaky coils which every visitor to the Acropolis Museum will remember, adorned the pediment of this older temple, and the marvellous preservation of its colouring makes it certain that it was not long exposed to the weather. The other half of the pediment may have contained the group—also in great part preserved—of Heracles in combat with the Triton. The polychromy of this poros sculpture was gorgeous, almost barbaric.

The same range of colouring was applied to the architecture, though the scheme here on the Acropolis was less gaudy than on the older temple at Ægina. The architrave, columns, and capitals were covered with fine white stucco in imitation of marble. The triglyphs were a deep bluish black, the metopes white, some being of marble, some covered with white marble stucco. Blue and red were sparingly used to pick out smaller members, such as the *regula* and painted fillets above the metopes. Green was used only in certain brilliant decorations on the under surface of the raking cornice above the pediments. These were enriched with incised and painted figures of red-legged storks, sea-eagles each gripping a fish in his beak or talons, and beautiful conventional lotus patterns which must always rank among the highest achievements of archaic decorative design. An appendix to Dr Wiegand's book deals with the poros sculptures representing lions and prostrate bulls. Portions of three such groups have been recognised besides the better known one which stands partly restored in the Acropolis Museum. They have the same gorgeous colouring as Triton and Typhon; a typical lion's face had black eyeballs with glaring red pupils and was framed by tufts of green hair. One of them—it is in high relief against a blue background—seems to have been meant for a pediment. It represented a lioness planted on the body of a prostrate bull and rearing up in a menacing attitude to defend her prey from another lioness which was shown stealing towards her. This group, originally over twenty feet long, may have filled the pediment of one of the five smaller poros buildings of which Dr Wiegand has identified the remains. One of them, we may note in passing, had an apse, a feature for which there are several parallels in early Greek architecture. It is impossible to say exactly where these buildings stood. Any picture

of the Acropolis in the sixth century which we may construct in imagination must include them as well as the old Temple of Athena and the old Erechtheum with the sacred olive growing in a walled court hard by; it must also include the colossal gaudily painted animal groups, and against the deep blue of the sky a host of exquisite feminine statues in white marble, their clinging Ionian draperies discreetly picked out with touches of bright colour, the hair always red or yellow in accordance with Athenian fashion.

Dr J. E. Harrison's 'Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens' has stimulated a whole generation of students, and readers who have looked forward to the publication of a second edition will learn with regret that she has decided not to reprint it. There is no one better qualified than Miss Harrison to write the book which shall gather together all the different threads of information about the mythology and the history, the religious and civil associations, the temples and works of art of the Acropolis. This makes it all the more disappointing that her newest book, 'Primitive Athens as described by Thucydides,' has so limited a scope. It is a full and able exposition of Dr Dörpfeld's views of Athenian topography. The excavations of 1885-1889 on the Acropolis and those of 1891-1895 at the foot of the Pnyx necessitated a reconsideration of many assumptions which had been accepted since the days of Leake. The task of interpreting the new evidence fell largely upon Dr Dörpfeld, who, first as a young architect at the excavations of Olympia and afterwards as secretary of the German Institute at Athens, has obtained an unrivalled knowledge of the evolution of Greek architecture and of Athenian topography. In the art of reading and recording architectural evidence as revealed by excavations he has no equal, but he is prone to underrate the value of other kinds of testimony.

Prof. Tucker's book is professedly popular and avoids disputed questions. It is satisfactory to know that a later volume of this useful series of archæological hand-books is to be devoted to the Acropolis. Due emphasis is laid on the natural surroundings and conditions which helped the citizens of Athens to become the teachers of the world.

‘From the bare facts that the Athenian lived in a land which supplied a frugal and simple, but sufficient and wholesome diet, in a climate which makes for sociable outdoor life without producing languor, in an atmosphere which sets off whatsoever things are shapely and beautiful, on a soil furnished with a plentiful supply of excellent material for plastic art—from these simple facts should we start before we attempt to understand those ways which characterise what is loosely called his “civilisation.”’

Perhaps the impression which the book leaves is too much that of a stately metropolis. For the greater part of the fifth century the Athenian thought of the Acropolis somewhat as the modern Roman thinks of the colossal monument of Victor Emmanuel on the Capitol: it was a busy mason’s yard where, amid the ceaseless din of hammer and chisel, white colonnades rose year by year from a forest of scaffolding, so slowly that the loungers in the market-place often wondered whether they would live to see them finished. And in fact only two of them, the Parthenon and the Temple of Victory, ever were finished. The Propylæa and the Erechtheum remain to this day glorious fragments of ambitious symmetrical designs which could not be carried to completion without encroaching on ancient sanctuaries to an extent which pious conservatism would not tolerate. The contrast between the public buildings and the narrow winding streets of insignificant dwellings is well brought out, and might have been further illustrated by a plan of the Enneacrunus quarter, which is probably a very favourable example. The main street from the Agora to the Acropolis is seldom more than fourteen feet wide. Much of the area adjoining the chief fountain of the town is occupied by two sanctuaries and a club-house with its private chapel. One of the sanctuaries has been identified with great probability as that of Dionysus in the Marshes; in the other a healing hero, Amynos, was worshipped, and beside him Dexion, who was no other than the poet Sophocles, exalted into a hero. We are reminded of the churches clustering round some little piazza in an Italian town, where the women with their pitchers pause to pay their respects to the Virgin or the local saint on their way to the fountain. Excellent plans of this interesting

region, based on the excavations of the German Institute, are given in Miss Harrison's book.

We have next to consider the sanctuaries which stood at a distance from the cities which built and maintained them. A typical example is the Temple of Apollo the Helper, at a spot called Bassæ or 'The Glens' in Western Arcadia, four miles from the city of Phigalia; it stands on a mountain-side among oakwoods in a situation so secluded that until late in the eighteenth century no rumour of its existence reached Europe. This stately Doric temple, designed by the architect of the Parthenon, was a thank-offering after a pestilence in which Apollo had come to the aid of the Phigalians. But there had been an older shrine on the spot, and the finding of a number of weapons has recently suggested the possibility that the Helper's temple was first placed here in commemoration of his aid in some frontier fight. Equally remote from its parent city lies the famous temple on Ægina, which has in turn been known as that of Zeus Panhellenius and Athena, and has recently been restored to its rightful owner the almost unknown goddess Aphæa; it crowns a wooded ridge overlooking the north-eastern shore of the island. The Temple of Hera in the Argolid, from time immemorial the chief sanctuary of Argos, was separated from the city by five miles of corn-land. The sanctuary of Amyclæan Apollo, at which, when the iris was in bloom, the Spartans celebrated the Hyacinthia, lay four miles from their gates. It would be easy to enumerate other instances. We propose to examine in detail the story of two of these seats of civic religion as it has been recovered by recent excavations.

The book on the Temple of Aphæa in Ægina was the last completed work of Prof. Adolf Furtwängler of Munich, who died in October last at the age of fifty-four. The loss is one which scholars will feel long and deeply. He combined wide learning and prodigious industry with clear and comprehensive vision and a brilliant style. Three of his books, on ancient sculpture, on Greek vases, and engraved gems, mark the beginning of a new epoch in those studies. The work before us describes in the first instance the supplementary excavations undertaken by the Bavarian Academy in 1901. Full use has been

made of the voluminous drawings and notes left by the expedition of 1811, and the problem of the arrangement of the pedimental sculptures is discussed with the help of old and new evidence, and solved in a satisfactory way.

It is now nearly a century since a party of four young travellers, two Englishmen and two Germans, united by a common enthusiasm for architecture, crossed from Athens to Ægina to study the remains of the temple, and camped for a few days among the pine trees. The story of their singular good fortune has often been told. Twenty-five columns were still standing, but the entablature had been overthrown by an earthquake, and in order to ascertain the details of cornice and pediment it was necessary to turn over the heaps of fallen blocks. They had not been long at work when fragments of marble sculpture began to appear among the *débris*. Peasants were called in and regular excavations begun. The leaders of the expedition, Cockerell and Baron von Haller, were skilled draughtsmen and recorded every fragment that came to light, with a characteristic difference. The Englishman, filled with passionate admiration for the torsos of warriors and exquisitely modelled feet and hands, busied himself from the first with the reconstruction of the two pediments, a problem which was to occupy much of his leisure for fifty years to come; it was not until 1860 that his book on the subject appeared. Meanwhile the more phlegmatic Bavarian was noting with patient precision a multitude of details about the scattered blocks of the temple, recording cramp-holes and comparing intercolumniations. Von Haller died young, but had the satisfaction of knowing that the Ægina marbles had been bought on behalf of the Crown Prince of Bavaria. The Phigalian marbles, discovered by the joint enterprise of almost the same party in 1811 and 1812, were purchased for the British Museum.

Those were the days of restoration. Incredible as it now appears, the new owner of the Ægina marbles despatched them to Rome and there had the missing heads, arms, and feet supplied by Thorwaldsen. Cockerell, who followed the fortunes of his beloved marbles with paternal anxiety and continued to study them in Rome, suffered agonies while the ends of the mutilated members were being sawn away and the junction of old and new

surfaces polished into harmony. We may be thankful that the Phigalian and Elgin marbles escaped the restorer's chisel.

Cockerell was well aware that the exploration of the temple platform had not been exhaustive and always looked forward to a re-examination of the ground by Bavarian scholars. The debt has been redeemed with interest by the late head of the Glyptothek at Munich, Prof. Furtwängler, helped by a young architect, Mr Ernst Fiechter, and a young archæologist, Dr Hermann Thiersch, who comes of a family long and honourably associated with Hellenic studies. We may deem it fortunate that these supplementary diggings have been postponed until now, for data provided by the discoveries of the last few years in the Ægean made it possible to extract from the new evidence singularly interesting conclusions respecting the early history of the sanctuary and the relations of Ægina with the outer world.

All that remains of the oldest temple on this site is an inscription cut on a block, once about six feet long, presumably the lintel. It may have been engraved in the second half of the seventh century. 'In the priesthood of Cleoetas the house was erected for Aphæa, and the altar: and the ivory was added, and the fence was built round about.'

The word 'house,' *olkos*, implies a humble chapel. The enrichment of ivory, which is mentioned with apparent pride, was perhaps applied to its doors. Further, in this inscription appears for the first time the name of Aphæa. We know her story, which is preserved by Antoninus Liberalis. In the days of Minos a Cretan nymph or goddess, Britomartis, took passage on a fishing-boat and landed on the beach of Ægina. The fishermen pursued her and she took refuge in a pine-wood and there vanished from sight, 'and the place where she vanished away,' says our author, 'the Æginetans made into a sanctuary.' The incident of the goddess's mysterious disappearance was no doubt suggested by an attempt to provide an etymology for the name of Aphæa.

The tradition which brought her from Crete receives confirmation from the earliest stratum in the sanctuary. Not only were Mycenæan vases and terracottas found in considerable numbers, including figures of women holding

infants, which look like offerings to a mother-goddess, but also a quantity of coarse tripod cooking-pots and of stone basins, troughs, and libation tables such as are especially characteristic of Cretan sanctuaries and may best be explained as receptacles for food-offerings. There is no sign of a built temple at this early period, and it is likely enough that the place was then a very humble sanctuary frequented, as the legend suggests, by fishermen from Crete, who would find the sheltered bay of Hagia Marina, just south of the temple, a convenient landing-place. There were at least two other settlements on Ægina in Mycenæan days. One, beside the modern town, near what has always been the chief centre of population, where a headland projects towards Epidaurus from the north-west shore of the island, was an old Ægean settlement and shared in that earlier Cycladic culture which is best known to us from the finds at Phylakopi in Melos. The other, a village clustering round the peak that was afterwards sacred to the Panhellenic Zeus, presents a whole series of northern affinities and is plausibly explained as an intrusive colony of northern settlers, possibly the Myrmidons from Thesaly who are said to have settled in Ægina. Both have been explored, but in neither of them have those links with Crete been discovered which are so prominent at the temple of Aphæa.

The most important result of the fresh examination of the site is that at last it is possible to speak with some confidence of the arrangement of the pediments. Dr Furtwängler's reconstruction has been worked out on a model of the temple, to the scale of 1 : 5, which may be seen in the cast gallery at Munich. The colouring, of which there were many traces, has been restored and produces a happy effect in its proper architectural setting—the background deep blue, garments and shields for the most part red, flesh left white, eyes, lips, and hair painted their natural colours. Although the subject in the two gables was the same—a battle fought in the presence of Athena—the two groups were the work of different sculptors. Moreover, the last excavation brought to light parts of similar figures by several other hands, including an Athena and a number of warriors. These were found at the east end of the temple and seem to

have been set up on low plinths facing the entrance of the precinct. Probably there had been a competition, after which the temple authorities secured not only the works which were first and second, but also those which had failed. Each pediment was crowned by a graceful acroterion, consisting of a symmetrical growth of tendrils arranged in spirals and terminating in palmettes, supported on either side by the figure of a girl, charming in its almost conscious archaism. For this too some third competitor had sent in a design which was preserved and has been reconstructed from fragments. Comparing these competition-pieces, one sees something of the process by which Greek art advanced. Of these four or five sculptors working under the same conditions, no two were at the same stage of development. What the statues of the *Æginetan* school had in common seems to have been a certain elastic energy, expressed in their light resolute poise. The mastery with which this quality was suggested had been gained by crossing the exuberant force of the art of European Greece with the fastidious precision of *Ionian*. But the thing itself was real; the sculptors reproduced what they saw around them—the alert buoyant bearing of men bred to athletic exercises and to arms. The figures of the principal front are freer and truer to life than those on the west, and there is a corresponding difference in composition, eleven figures in place of thirteen, more space and dignity, and a less mechanical, if still conspicuous, symmetry.

The same sense of symmetry and dignity appears in the surroundings of the new temple. The builders were not content to set it on the narrow chine from which the old chapel had looked down on the pinewoods. They widened the ridge and banked up a regular platform supported by high terrace walls. True in the middle of a square court stood the temple; true before the east front stretched the long narrow altar. Subsidiary buildings lay below the platform to the right of the road approaching the entrance, the room nearest to it being fitted up with baths in which pilgrims purified themselves before entering the sanctuary. Two other buildings, one perhaps a storehouse and the other a mason's shed, are discreetly placed at a distance from the temple. Two hundred yards to the west there were found among the

pine trees remains of a small house which evidently served to lodge some person of importance. It has four rooms and a verandah, from which there is a good view of the temple and a glimpse of the blue sea far below. The largest room, which is fitted with stone divans, must have been used for banquets. It was here, perhaps, that the priest of Aphæa, some wealthy citizen who would only be in residence at the time of the festival, entertained his friends. Pindar may have been among them. Prof. Furtwängler suggests that the Ode which he is known to have written in honour of Aphæa (Pausanias records the bare fact) may have been composed for the new temple. The date corresponds well enough. The old temple, built early in the sixth century, had been burnt down, and the rebuilding, on a far grander scale, seems to have been carried through between 480 and 490. Pindar was on friendly terms with the nobles of Ægina, and we may picture him present at the ceremony of dedication, and reclining among the honoured guests of the chief priest in the little villa among the pines.

The spacious temple-platform was not encumbered by statues and dedications as were so many great sanctuaries, particularly in the Hellenistic age. In those stately days, when Athens was in her prime, order and sobriety were the keynotes in art as well as in social life. We can best measure the change that had come over Hellenic ideals by comparing this symmetrical temple, built probably between the two struggles with Persia, and its predecessor, built perhaps a century earlier: the new temple, spacious and regular, its triglyphs picked out in black with a single line of deep red below the cornice and above the architrave, and the far smaller old temple with its gay colouring, which included blue and green besides red and black. There was the same contrast between old and new on the Acropolis of Athens and at Delphi. The older shrines were small in their dimensions, audacious in their colouring, decorated with all manner of monstrous and vehemently moving forms. If we could set foot in one of the crowded sanctuaries of pre-Persian Greece, with its riot of bright colour and uncouth shapes, we should suppose ourselves to be in some holy city of India rather than in the Greece which most of us know best by its later, serener, better disciplined, creations.

It was a robust and adventurous world. The offerings accumulated about that older shrine are enough to tell us what breed of men they were who rebuilt it when it had been burnt down—perhaps by the Persian fleet which prowled awhile in these waters after Marathon. They are not articles of value—these would be kept by a responsible treasurer—but pottery and trifling gifts which were buried when the great terrace was made. The notable thing is that so many of them are of foreign workmanship, evidently the gifts of sailors who had been to foreign parts, or merchants who had dealings over-sea: vases brought from Samos and Miletus and Cyrene, as well as the more abundant fabrics of Athens, Corinth, and Argolis: and an extraordinary number of little scent-bottles and other knick-knacks in Egyptian porcelain, and a few scarabs, both genuine Egyptian wares and imitations made in some Greek or Phœnician settlement. There are examples of a ‘curio’ which must have enjoyed an enormous popularity in the sixth century, since specimens of it have been found in Etruria and Assyria, Egypt, Palestine, and Greece—a *Tridacna*-shell from the Red Sea, carved with fantastic designs of mixed Assyrian and Egyptian origin. It has more than once been suggested that these shells were carved at Naucratis, and the find made at Ægina confirms this view, for among the pottery there are a number of specimens of those delicate white drinking-cups, which were made at the Greek trading settlement in the Delta, and dedicated there to Aphrodite Pandemos. These must have been brought by Æginetan merchants towards the close of the sixth century. Some of them have the donors’ names painted round the rim; those of a certain Aristophanes and his partner appear several times in this way. The firm must have made a profitable voyage and dedicated this costly service as a thank-offering to Aphæa, who seems, like her prototype Britomartis, to have had dominion over the sea. Prof. Furtwängler is tempted to identify this Aristophanes with an Æginetan of that name, in honour of whose son, Aristocles, Pindar wrote his third Nemean ode. Aristophanes seems to have been a hardy sailor; no sooner has Pindar mentioned his name than he begins to speak of daring voyages to distant shores: ‘It is not easy to cross the pathless sea

beyond the pillars of Hercules, which the hero-god set up to be far-famed witnesses of furthest voyaging.'

The glory of the temple was short-lived. The prosperity and ambition of which it was a significant monument were soon to bring Ægina into conflict with Athens. There was not room for two such rivals in those narrow waters. In 456 Ægina was annexed, and in 429 the whole population was swept out and their places taken by Athenian colonists. An inscription, apparently of this date, seems to record a sort of stock-taking by the newcomers of the property which they found in the temple and in the priests' lodgings. We have only a fragment giving the end of the list—so many chests, caskets, stools and chairs, and in the priests' house so many beds, some crockery and knives, an axe, a crowbar and the like. After that there are no more official records, and offerings, even cheap vases and terracottas, become very few and cease altogether before Roman days. A single Roman lamp seems to record the visit of some sight-seer, who came, as Pausanias did, on his way to the central peak of the island, where the Panhellenic Zeus had a sanctuary. There is a curious piece of evidence which shows how forlorn and forgotten the locked and barricaded temple stood from that time onward. When Cockerell and his companions in 1811 penetrated into the adytum at the back of the temple, they found an exquisite white cylix, which is now preserved at Munich, still in its place on a stone table or altar. It is painted in the style that prevailed soon after the Persian wars, with a group in three colours—Europa, in a brown mantle, perched on the back of the divine black bull which carries her to Crete—an appropriate subject for a vessel to be used in the rites of Aphæa, herself a goddess from over the sea. The opisthodomus, like the prodomus, was fenced by high gratings, and within that barrier the sacred vessel remained unused, generation after generation, until an earthquake, we cannot say when, hurled the whole upper structure to the ground, and buried the pedimental sculptures beneath the heaps of ruin which preserved them to our own day.

The excavation of the Temple of Hera, near Argos, occupied Professor Waldstein and his colleagues of the American School at Athens for four seasons, 1892-5. It

was not a virgin site. There had been two previous excavations, one in 1836, undertaken by General William Gordon, the Scottish philhellene, then chief of the general staff of the Greek army, who had been the first to identify the site, and another in 1854 when Rangabé, the Greek scholar and poet, and Bursian, the geographer, dug trenches around the later temple and found numerous fragments of marble sculpture. Professor Waldstein was certainly justified in expecting that a systematic search would bring to light still more important pieces and perhaps make it possible to reconstruct the scheme of the pediments. This hope has only been fulfilled in part. The excavation has yielded one head, which has become famous—the so-called Hera, probably from the west pediment—some smaller heads, and a very beautiful torso, which gives some idea of the style of the metopes. But of sculpture, apart from the pediments and metopes of the second temple, there was singularly little. The statues of priestesses and heroes which Pausanias saw in the sacred precinct must have been carried off before the fall of the temple shattered the architectural sculptures. At Ægina the ruins were protected by their remote situation, but the Heræum afforded a convenient quarry for the populous villages of the adjoining plain, and the marble, not to be found elsewhere in the district, was, of course, in request for burning into lime.

Hera's precinct extends over a series of terraces at the foot of the rounded hills which shut in the plain of Argos on the north-east. Argos itself lies five miles to the south-west, Tiryns six miles to the south, and Mycenæ three miles to the north in a recess of the plain through which passes the route to Nemea and Corinth. Thus the Heræum is well placed for the part which it played throughout Greek history, that of religious centre for the population of the Argive plain. By an ingenious argument Professor Waldstein tries to show that originally it was a sanctuary only of the eastern portion of the Argolid, of Tiryns and of Midea, and afterwards of Mycenæ and Argos. He devotes considerable space in his introduction to the early legends of the Argive plain, and attempts by a rationalising process to correlate certain mythical rulers with certain types of vases and terracotta figurines. The most fatal, but not the only,

objection to this is that the evidence on which his new system is based is almost exclusively derived from a single site. The Heræum has been carefully and completely excavated but much remains to be done both at Tiryns and Mycenæ. Midea has not been touched, while Argos, since Professor Waldstein wrote, has been proved to be a rich storehouse of Mycenæan and pre-Mycenæan remains, including many Ægean types which do not seem to be represented at the Heræum. In view of the unexplored strata in these ancient cities it is not likely that scholars will adopt the nomenclature or the chronology based on the comparatively small series of bronze-age objects from the Heræum. It is only towards the close of the Mycenæan age, in the third division of Mr Evans' 'Late Minoan' period, that the finds of pottery are abundant. Of intercourse with Crete in its palmy days there is little or no evidence. It was in the time of Amenophis III and IV, after the destruction of the Cretan palaces, that the Mycenæan communities on the mainland attained a sudden prosperity which has left material traces throughout the eastern half of the Mediterranean. The supremacy had passed from the princes of Knossos and Phaestos to those of Mycenæ. For a time the new régime may have been one of peaceful commercial development, but it never established such widespread security as that in which the cities of the Cretan Empire had grown up.

It is impossible to say whether the Mycenæan remains at the Heræum are those of a sanctuary or of ordinary habitations. The archaic temple, which perished by fire in 423 B.C., stood on a terrace of Cyclopean construction; one block in the retaining wall is over fifteen feet long. This wall and the pavement above it may well have supported the hall of some local chief in the heroic age. Elsewhere, just as the ground-plan of the Mycenæan palace survived in that of the typical Doric temple, so it often happened that temple succeeded palace on the same site. Dr Dörpfeld has shown that the oldest of the Greek temples, that of Hera at Olympia, marks a stage of transition from palace to temple; and the scanty remains on the Cyclopean terrace of the Argive Heræum seem to be those of a long hall, like the Heræum at Olympia, with wooden pillars and walls of sun-dried brick.

On most temple sites the bulk of the offerings that have been discovered belong to the archaic period, approximately from the eighth to the fifth century B.C. The Heræum is no exception to this rule. Pottery and bronzes were found in vast quantities and have been studied and catalogued with the most conscientious care by Dr Hoppin and Dr de Cou. Among the vases the so-called geometric style is well represented, chiefly by large coarse vessels, but the ware most characteristic of the site is what has hitherto been called proto-Corinthian, an exquisitely fine fabric in which Dr Waldstein recognises a direct descendant of the latest Mycenaean pottery. A claim has been made on behalf of Sicyon, but, on the whole, the Argive origin of much of the pottery from the Heræum seems to be well established. Turning to the terracottas, we find that nine-tenths of them are rudely modelled figures of women with almost featureless bird-like faces which are oddly out of keeping with the carefully rendered necklaces and brooches adorning their necks and shoulders. The American commentators assign this class of figures to the pre-Mycenaean period, but the opinion of other scholars is almost unanimous in referring them to the centuries which furnish the bulk of the other offerings. Thus regarded they supply a commentary on the wonderful series of bronze pins and brooches, to the cleaning and cataloguing of which Dr de Cou has devoted so much time. They represent women wearing the Dorian robe, which consisted of a square of woollen cloth without sleeves or making-up of any kind, and was commonly fastened on either shoulder with a long skewer-like pin. Herodotus accounts for the adoption of the sewn and made-up Ionian robe at Athens by the following story. The Athenians had made a raid into Ægina to recover certain wooden images which the Æginetans had carried off from Epidaurus, but the latter, helped by the Argives, inflicted on them so crushing a defeat that only one Athenian escaped.

'When he came back to Athens, bringing word of the calamity, the wives of those who had been sent out on the expedition took it sorely to heart that he alone should have survived the slaughter of all the rest; they therefore crowded round the man, and struck him with the pins by which their dresses were fastened, each, as she struck, asking him where

he had left her husband. And the man died in this way. The Athenians thought the deed of the women more horrible even than the fate of the troops; as, however, they did not know how else to punish them, they changed their dress and compelled them to wear the costume of the Ionians. Till this time the Athenian women had worn a Dorian dress, shaped nearly like that which prevails at Corinth. Henceforth they were made to wear the linen tunic which does not require pins. . . . It is said further that the Argives and Æginetans made it a custom, on this account, for their women to wear pins half as large again as formerly, and to offer pins rather than anything else in the temple of these goddesses. They also forbade the bringing of anything Attic into the temple, were it even a jar of earthenware, and made a law that none but native drinking vessels should be used there in time to come. From this early age to my own day the Argive and Æginetan women have always continued to wear their pins larger than formerly, through hatred of the Athenians.' (Herodotus, v, 87, 88.)

Whatever germ of historic truth the story may contain, it makes two statements which are confirmed by archæological evidence. First, the exclusion of Attic pottery from the markets of Argos is fully borne out by the dearth of black-figured and red-figured pottery at the Heræum. Secondly, the statement that the women of Argos and Ægina fastened their dresses with very large pins and commonly dedicated them in temples, is confirmed by the astonishing number of these articles which came to light in the sanctuaries of Hera and Aphæa.

An analysis of the offerings at the Heræum leaves no doubt that the majority of the worshippers were women. Besides pins and brooches, rings occurred in enormous numbers. There were also some hundreds of bronze spits, enriched with numerous knobs and finely engraved, which must have been used in the roasting of sacrificial meat. But the most interesting find of all is, perhaps, the great bundle of iron rods bound together with wire into a cannon-shaped mass, almost certainly a part of the obsolete iron currency which King Pheidon is known to have dedicated in this very temple. A great ingot, 'a square bar flattened out into a lance-shaped curve,' may be supposed to be the result of melting down a quantity of such spits.

The majority of the porticoes and other buildings on the lower terraces were in existence before the burning of the old temple in 423 B.C. and the construction of a new temple by an Argive architect, Eupolemus, on a new platform below the old. It was approached from the south by a magnificent flight of steps, and was of the Doric order with six columns to the front and twelve to the side. The material of the main structure was poros, covered with marble stucco, marble being used for the metopes, pediment sculptures, and roof. The carved sima or crown-mould of the cornice bears a design of exceptional beauty, anthemias and lotus flowers with doves perched on their tendrils. The walls of the cella were of poros, the coffered ceiling of the colonnade of limestone. The sparing use of marble is characteristic. Argos was not a rich State, and had no marble quarries of her own. This simple poros architecture with marble enrichments, such as was used at Athens in the sixth century, continued to satisfy the needs of art and religion in the poorer States for centuries afterwards.

The annual festival, at which a hundred oxen were sacrificed in the temple court, was called *Heræa* or *Hekatombaea*. Although no detailed account of it has been preserved, it is possible to reconstruct the scene from the scattered statements of ancient writers. A great procession set out from Argos by the Sacred Way which ran, we may suppose, straight from the city gates to the national sanctuary, a distance of five miles. There were maidens carrying flowers, flute-players, and the youthful chivalry of Argos in full armour. The chief figure in the procession seems to have been the priestess in a car drawn by white oxen. One of the most beautiful stories in Herodotus tells how once, when the ox-team had been delayed, the two sons of the priestess put their shoulders under the yoke and drew her from the city to the temple. Their mother prayed the goddess to reward them with the best gift that a mortal can receive, and the young men lay down to rest in the precinct. Their reward came to them that night—the sleep that knows no waking.

At Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Troy excavations have brought to light the ground-plan of a Homeric palace beneath the foundations of a Hellenic temple. The process by which these urban sanctuaries grew up where kings had

ruled in the heroic age is the corollary of that by which the office of king was gradually shorn of all but its priestly functions. We have another instance of this process at Athens, where the archaic Temple of Athena and the Erechtheum share between them the site once covered by the 'strong house of Erechtheus.' Just as it is impossible to say how far the building mentioned by Homer was a palace, how far a temple, so we cannot decide whether the Mycenæan column-bases found within the later temple formed part of a shrine or of a dwelling-house. The same difficulty meets us at the Heræum ; but it is at least certain that the site had been occupied since a very remote period. At Ægina, on the other hand, it is plain that the site was one of immemorial sanctity and that the cult was introduced from Minoan Crete. Another instance of continuity in Greek religion has recently been furnished by the discovery that the altar in the precinct of Artemis Orthia at Sparta occupied the same position for upwards of a thousand years. Rich and varied as has been the harvest yielded by the Panhellenic centres, Delphi and Olympia, and still being yielded by Delos, the exploration of these minor seats of worship has done almost as much to illuminate the dark places in ancient history. The Greece which the excavation of local sanctuaries has made familiar, in the sense in which a country is revealed by the actual sight of its buildings, its works of art and objects of common use, and the daily life of its people, is above all the Greece of which we know least from literary sources, the Greece of the seventh and sixth centuries, which belonged more to Asia than to Europe and was consumed in the Persian wars.

R. C. BOSANQUET.

Art. XII.—THE JUBILEE OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

1. *Josias Simler et les Origines de l'Alpinisme jusqu'en 1600.* Par W. A. B. Coolidge. Grenoble, 1904.
2. *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers: a series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club.* Edited by John Ball. London, 1859.
3. *The Alpine Journal: a Record of Mountain Adventure and Scientific Observation by Members of the Alpine Club.* London, 1864–1907.
4. *Scrambles amongst the Alps in the years 1860–9.* By Edward Whymper. London, Murray, 1871.
5. *My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus.* By A. F. Mumery. London, Unwin, 1895.
6. *The Matterhorn.* By Guido Rey. With an introduction by Edmondo de Amicis. Translated by J. E. C. Eaton. London: Unwin, 1907.

THE love of mountains is an emotion which had a long period of incubation before it became part of the general equipment of civilised man. Students have found traces of it in Dante and even in Virgil, amongst Europeans, whilst a case might be made out for its first origin in the bosoms of various very early and far-sundered Buddhist saints. It was not, however, till the approach of the Renaissance that the feeling attained any definite pronouncement in Europe. Petrarch first, after him Leonardo da Vinci, and in the succeeding century many others, made mountain regions the subject of accurate observation. It was, of course, the mysterious snowy regions of the Alps that attracted most attention, and the first great work on any mountain region was Josias Simler's '*Commentarius de Alpibus*,' first published at Zurich in 1574. Of this work two editions lie before me, one almost the smallest, the other one of the largest important works in Alpine literature. The former is the charming little Elzevir edition of 1633, which will go comfortably into a waistcoat pocket; the other is the great reprint, edited by Mr Coolidge with a translation and all the *apparatus criticus* of the most modern research—prefaces, introductions, elaborate notes, *pièces annexes*, notes on them, and an elaborate index—the whole sumptuously printed and as full of accurate and scholarly

information as Fraser's 'Pausanias.' From this work we learn that before the year 1600 no less than forty-seven Alpine peaks are found mentioned by name in literature, whilst twenty Alpine passes are also recorded. By that date the foundations of Alpine knowledge were securely laid, whilst traces have even been found of the sporadic existence of Alpine guides, two men, who can only be so described, having assisted the Seigneur de Villamont to ascend the Rochemelon in 1588. Pursuing his researches into the smallest details, Mr Coolidge finds that, still before 1600, the main implements of the mountaineering craft had at least been invented. Alpenstocks were no doubt prehistoric, but nailed boots, crampons, ladders, dark glasses for the eyes, mittens for the hands, and snow-shoes are all mentioned, and there is even a record in Simler of the use of the rope as a protection against hidden crevasses.

The study of nature which began so brilliantly in the sixteenth century did not, however, advance as rapidly as might have been expected. Many generations had to pass before the enthusiasm and even the knowledge of Simler were united again in a scientific student. The romantic outburst at the end of the eighteenth century and the return to nature which it preached were needed to call attention once more to the attraction of mountain regions. Rousseau, Sir Walter Scott, and a multitude of their followers gave literary expression to this emotion. Horace Bénédict de Saussure called the attention of men of science to mountain phenomena. It was not long before the mere adventurous traveller made his appearance in mountain regions and published the record of his doings. The ascent of Mont Blanc became relatively popular and was described in a series of publications. Thus, by the middle of the nineteenth century, mountains were in a fair way of being advertised whilst the adventurous spirit was rife and there were people enough in civilised countries with the necessary leisure and means to form a mountain-loving and mountain-climbing public when the new spirit had had time to work amongst them.

De Saussure's ascent of Mont Blanc in 1787 was neither the first ascent of a high mountain, nor even the first ascent of Mont Blanc itself, but the eminence of the

climber and the literary and scientific conspicuousness of this exploit made it an epoch in mountain climbing. From that date ascents may be said to have become more numerous as the years advanced. There still, however, hung about mountain climbing a taint of science. Climbers were supposed, or imagined themselves, to be searchers after truth, and more than half a century had to go by before it was boldly acknowledged that mountain climbing was worth while for the mere pleasure of it and stood in need of no scientific ends as its justification. In fact the sport of climbing was a long time in coming into existence and still longer in gaining recognition. It is usual to date the birth of the sport, as far as Englishmen are concerned at any rate, by the ascent of the Wetterhorn in 1854 by Sir Alfred (then Mr) Wills. As Mr William Longman stated, 'the published account of this expedition probably did more than any other single narrative to excite and spread among our countrymen the taste for mountain adventure.'

During the last half of the nineteenth century the activity of Englishmen as mountain climbers was so pre-eminent that it will come as a surprise to many to learn that they were relatively late in coming into the field. It was not till climbing proved itself to be an excellent sport that it commended itself to the English taste. The early climbers, as has been said, were not so much sportsmen as men of science or geographical explorers. In Mr Coolidge's forthcoming learned work on Alpine history (the proof-sheets of which I have been privileged to read) this will be abundantly shown. Leaving out the very early ascents made before 1760, Mr Coolidge shows that the ascents of the Buet, Velan, Dent du Midi, Mont Blanc, Tödi, Gross Glockner, Jungfrau, Finsteraarhorn, various peaks of Monte Rosa, the Ortler, the Gross Venediger, and others, were all made before an Englishman set his foot on Alpine snows. He has even discovered a Tyrolese ecclesiastic, born before the French Revolution, who climbed peaks for the sake of climbing, and was perhaps the first mountain sportsman. He had climbed seventy peaks before the middle of the nineteenth century. The first systematic climbers were not Englishmen. The eminent Gottlieb Studer made about 650 ascents between 1808 and 1883. Then there were a group of Zurich

climbers, led by Melchior Ulrich, who began climbing about the time of the battle of Waterloo, and who was the great explorer of the Zermatt district. In fact, up to 1840, Englishmen were conspicuous by their absence from the ranks of Alpine climbers. Malkin and Forbes set the fashion, Forbes being specially active. His book, 'Travels through the Alps of Savoy,' issued in 1843, was, says Mr Coolidge, the first English book devoted to the high Alps. Then came John Ball, a botanist and geographer rather than a sportsman, but a great lover of the Alps, whose guide-book was destined to lay a firm foundation of Alpine topography for English travellers.

By that time the way was prepared and there were several young men who had caught the mountain fever and for whom a summer in the Alps was the ideal holiday. As not unnaturally happened, they were either friends at home to start with, or a common enthusiasm made them friends when they met by chance among the mountains. By 1857 they began to be numerous enough to form a little society. The suggestion was made that they should found a club, and on December 22, 1857, the first meeting of the new body was held at Ashley's Hotel, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Eleven members were present, and they there and then founded the Alpine Club, which has just celebrated the jubilee of its existence.

The association thus set on foot was a very small and unambitious affair. Of its original members only Sir Alfred Wills and one other survive. It was destined to an eminence little foreseen by its founders, who looked forward to a series of small social meetings and dinners as the scope of its operations. No one thought of reading papers to it or of publishing its journals and proceedings at that time. It happened, however, to possess a principle of growth, and very soon showed signs of increasing vitality and activity. It increased in numbers. It began to acquire information of a special kind in which increasing numbers took interest. It became an object of criticism and attack. In fact it thrived. In 1859 it acquired a habitation; and in the same year was published the first series of 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers,' by members of the Alpine Club, which enjoyed a phenomenal success at the time, no less than five editions being called for within twelve months. In 1860 the first paper was read to the club, an

account of the first ascent of the Grivola from Valsava-ranche. In 1861 the publication of the 'Alpine Guide' was decided on, under the editorship of Mr John Ball, F.R.S., the club's first president. Next year the second series of 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers' appeared, and in 1863 the quarterly issue of the 'Alpine Journal' was begun. From that time forward development proceeded by regular and normal stages which we need not catalogue in this place.

The founders of the Alpine Club, as has been said, did not foresee the great development that was to follow their action. If any one had told them that within fifty years their example would be followed by no less than 165 associations, large and small, having mountain-climbing for their object, they would indeed have been surprised and incredulous. Such, however, has been the case. A few of these bodies have died or been absorbed by one another, but most are vigorously alive and terribly active as publishing bodies, so that the mass of mountain literature produced by them may be called appalling. Of the principal national clubs, the Swiss and the Austrian were formed in 1862, the Italian in 1863, the Norwegian in 1868, the German in 1869, the French in 1874, the Appalachian (Boston, U.S.A.) in 1876, and the New Zealand in 1891. Thus, within the sixties, almost all of the principal clubs came into existence, and that was the period when the sport was taking root and the exploration of the Alps was going forward most rapidly. It was also the time when the bases of the mountain sciences were being laid, the phenomena of glaciers studied, and the principles of mountain structure discovered. Then, too, in Switzerland at any rate, the main mountaineering centres began to be developed as holiday resorts, and the *Fremden-industrie*, which has been so dreadfully exploited in late years, took firm root even in the remoter valleys of the Alps.

The Alpine Club has differed from all, or almost all, of its imitators in one important respect. It is the only club that has from the first demanded a climbing qualification as a condition preliminary to election to membership. The standard of qualification has been raised from time to time, though never defined. It has always been relatively stiff. Literary, scientific, and artistic qualifica-

tions are also admitted in lieu of the climbing qualification; and such men as Ruskin, Tyndall, Alfred Parsons, Alfred East, and others, have been or are amongst the club's most honoured members, but most of them could almost or quite as well have qualified by their climbing achievements. Thus it happens that a meeting of the Alpine Club has always been a meeting of experts; its journal is conducted by experts for experts; its membership is recruited from a body of men who have come to know one another, not in England, but on the mountain-side. The opinion of the club, therefore, in matters connected with the climbing craft has always been weighty. The public, through its newspapers, has raged against climbers, calling them madmen and fools in many phrases, but it has had to change its mind. Then when expert climbers took to dispensing with the services of guides the public was again wrong in its judgment, but the Alpine Club was right. And, in the main, the Alpine Club has proved the soundness of the standards which it sets up for its members by their relative immunity from accidents. Year by year the tale of Alpine accidents increases, year by year the membership and the activity of the Alpine Club has likewise increased, but the number of fatal accidents that occur to members has not increased. The craft of climbing, which the club cultivates, is the craft which enables a competent climber to go among the high places and the difficult and dangerous places in the regions of snow and ice, avoiding the dangers, overcoming the difficulties, and returning unscathed, and at the same time enriched with the sights of marvellous beauty and stimulated by the accomplishment of difficult tasks.

Within the half-century that has followed the foundation of the Alpine Club the whole face of Switzerland has been changed. Zermatt may be taken as an example of the changes that the cult of mountains has brought about. The early travellers, mostly men of science who came to collect flowers or minerals, stayed with the cure or, after 1839, with the village doctor, who kept a small inn. This was bought by the famous Seiler in 1854, who named it *Hôtel du Mont Rose*. Mr Whymper states that for some years the number of his visitors amounted to about eighty per annum, whilst about an equal number

visited the rival Mont Cervin hotel. Towards the end of the fifties the numbers began to increase rapidly. After the Matterhorn had been climbed in 1865 the increase became more rapid and has gone forward ever since by leaps and bounds. Similar development has overtaken the other great centres—Chamonix, Grindelwald, and the Engadine resorts; whilst a countless number of smaller centres have sprung up and been equipped with hotels of greater or less pretension. The increasing crowds have demanded and obtained increasing facilities. Roads have been made where there were footpaths, and railways where there were roads. The wild solitude of gorge and glacier has been abolished, and much of the beauty which people travel to see has been obliterated by the contrivances made to facilitate their access. The modest inn of the mountain village has been replaced by huge hotels of hateful architecture which destroy the scale of the landscape. Advertisements disfigure the scene on every side. Lifts and funicular ways elevate the crowd to points of view once attained only by the few and enjoyed by them in peace. All this has been the result of the unintentional advertisement which the records of Alpine climbing gave to the snowy regions, and is thus indirectly the result of the movement which the foundation of the Alpine Club first supplied with an organisation.

Probably the most powerful agent in popularising the Alps has been Alpine literature, in the form, not of periodicals, but of books. The start was made, as above stated, by the publications of 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers.' That was followed by Whymper's 'Scrambles amongst the Alps' and Leslie Stephen's 'Playground of Europe.' The former of these books attained an unexampled popularity, and is more responsible than any other agency for the great increase of Alpine climbers that followed its publication. Tyndall's writings were perhaps hardly less efficient in the same sense. Whymper's book was remarkable in two important respects. It retailed the almost heroic story of the long assault and final conquest of the Matterhorn, culminating in the most dramatic accident that ever occurred among the high mountains; and it was illustrated with a series of beautifully engraved woodcuts, which, for the first time,

represented Alpine scenes with accuracy as mountain lovers were accustomed to behold them. Here were indeed séracs and ice-falls, avalanches and bergschrunds, arêtes and rock-faces, couloirs and snowfields, drawn by a man who knew them intimately, and looked at them with the eyes of a climber. The text was no less interesting, and the whole book was exactly what a young climber in the midst of his enthusiasm hungered after. That book, more than any other, fixed the norm of Alpine literature, and its effect has not yet passed away.

The literature of mountaineering has followed step by step the development of the climbing craft and the extension of mountain exploration. It has increased in volume as the mountains of the world have been discovered and explored, and it has created for itself an extraordinary number of readers in all parts, many of whom have never seen a mountain and many more who have never climbed one. Publications of this kind have thus tended to become more sumptuous as the years have gone by, whilst the invaluable aid of photography and photographic processes has enabled the illustrations to be increasingly numerous, veracious, and truly illustrative of the text. It will suffice to mention in this connexion the late Mr Mummery's remarkable account of his remarkable climbing feats, and, as the latest development, Signor Guido Rey's richly illustrated and enthusiastically written volume on the Matterhorn. Correspondingly elaborate works on distant mountain ranges have followed one another in quick succession, perhaps the most splendid being those profusely illustrated with photogravure reproductions from negatives taken by that great mountain photographer Signor Sella. Such are Mr Freshfield's 'Caucasus,' and the account by Dr De Filippi of the Duke of the Abruzzi's ascent of Mount St Elias.

The development of mountain maps has gone ahead *pari passu* with the minuter exploration of mountain fastnesses. Early mountain climbers had the very poorest charts to help them. The Meyers' ascents of the Jungfrau and Finsteraarhorn produced the first rough map of the central snowy district of the Oberland, depicting with general accuracy some of its main features. The Zurich explorers of the Zermatt district similarly

laid down the main lines of its form. Thus it is not surprising that the first serious attempt to depict a great mountain region with any kind of accuracy was made by the Swiss Government. The twelve sheets of the Dufour map were published between 1845 and 1865. It is only necessary to compare the maps in 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers' with those of to-day to see the extraordinary improvement that has taken place; yet when those maps were published they were eagerly seized upon by climbers as a great help towards their future expeditions. The lead thus taken by the Swiss Government surveyors has been kept ever since, and the last sheets of the present Siegfried map are still far the best of their kind in the world.

In nothing has the Alpine Club been more influential than in the furtherance of mountain exploration in other parts of the world. It early perceived that the craft which had been learned in the Alps was capable of universal application in other snowy ranges. Already, in 1861, Mr William Longman called attention to work to be done in Iceland, and the second series of 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers' contained an account of an Iceland journey. Mr Packe devoted his attention to the Pyrenees and contributed papers upon those mountains. Then, in 1868, Mr Freshfield and his companions, by climbing Elbruz, began that remarkable series of exploring journeys in the Caucasus, mainly accomplished by English climbers, which have made that region one of the best known beyond the Alps. Whymper, in 1880, annexed the great Andes of Equador by climbing Chimborazo and the other giants near. He likewise, in the book describing that journey, once again fixed a type, that of a book of mountain exploration in which not merely adventure, but the acquisition of accurate knowledge was shown to be the traveller's purpose. The mountains of North America have been visited by numerous English and American explorers and are now fairly well known. Other expeditions to the Andes have followed. The Himalayas have been repeatedly visited and elaborately examined in some portions of their immense extent. The New Zealand ranges have been the goal of several important expeditions, and are now frequently climbed by local mountaineers of much skill, courage, and resource

In Africa the Germans climbed Kilimanjaro, the English Kenia, the Italians Ruwenzori. The small but difficult and intricate mountains of Spitzbergen have been visited by two expeditions. German and Swedish explorers have revealed some of the secrets of Central Asian ranges. The mountains of Japan are described in more than one paper in the Alpine Journal, and even Tierra del Fuego has been visited by a member of the Alpine Club.

The photographer, in late years, has always been a member of every expedition of mountain explorers ; some have likewise been accompanied by an artist. The Himalayan pictures by Mr A. D. M'Cormick are in some respects the most noteworthy, not alone for their artistic excellence, but for the large area of mountain country they depict and the recondite regions where they were painted. He alone amongst artists has painted elaborate sketches at an altitude of 20,000 feet above sea-level. The Alpine Club has from the first done its best to foster mountain art. It has numbered remarkable painters among its members, such as Elijah Walton, Williams, Parsons, East, Colin Philip, and M'Cormick. It has held numerous exhibitions, which, like all else that it has done, have arisen almost as it were by accident. At first members used to bring a few paintings to decorate the ante-room on the occasion of the annual winter dinner. In process of time this became a recognised exhibition. When the club moved into new quarters it was felt that a meeting-room suitable to be used as a picture gallery was an essential, and an admirable room was found in Savile Row, once an auction room, mentioned in the letters of Horace Walpole. As photography developed exhibitions of mountain photographs became of increasing importance and are now an annual feature.

Side by side with Alpine literature and art there has arisen a special Alpine scholarship, undreamt of fifty years ago. Its great exponent to-day is the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, who, for a dozen years or more, edited the Alpine Journal. Confining his attention to the Alps, he has made the history, the topography, and the minute exploration of that range the chief business of a most industrious life. Leaving to others the pursuit of the natural sciences, he has confined himself within a definite though large area of research, and by pursuing that in

the truest scientific spirit of accuracy, and with unfailing faith in the value of his work, has now attained a European reputation, in this new branch of learning, which is unrivalled and not likely soon to be repeated. The Alps that interest him are the Alps in their relation to man. He has hunted out the history of every ancient pass, knows what emperors, what armies, and what peasants crossed it, and when; knows the history of each mule-track and carriage-road; knows also the political history of each valley and even of many an Alpine pasture. He has studied the archives of the mountain districts as carefully as he has the records of the most recent new routes up recondite minor peaks. He has based this knowledge upon a larger series of Alpine climbs than has been made by the most energetic athlete. Has an obscurity been detected in the accounts of the ascent of some peak? He has gone to the place and tested the accounts on the spot. From the Maritime Alps to the Ortler the whole range is familiar to him. Moreover, his influence upon the preparation of climbing records has been immense. As editor of the *Alpine Journal* he was able, for a long series of years, to teach climbers how to state clearly where they had been. He has edited or written numerous guide-books, especially several of those 'pemmicans of Alpine literature' the *Climber's Guides*. If amongst actual climbers, of English nationality, at any rate, perhaps of any, the name of Mummery stands foremost for bold and skilful achievement, amongst scholars who have opened the way into a new learning that of Coolidge is no less eminent.

MARTIN CONWAY.

Art. XIII.—MR BIRRELL'S RECORD IN IRELAND.

ONCE again the outbreak of social disorder in many counties in Ireland and the paralysis of the law as administered by the present Irish Executive have turned the attention of the British public to that part of the United Kingdom. 'When law ends, tyranny begins,' and for months past lawlessness and intimidation have run riot in Ireland without punishment or fear of punishment. When, after two years of Liberal administration in Ireland, the Irish Attorney-General speaks of the condition of things in certain parts of Ireland as 'worse than was to be met with amongst the savages of West Africa—nothing more or less than mob law'—one naturally asks, to what is this condition due, and who is to be held responsible? 'One can scarcely credit we are living in a civilised country,' said one judge when addressing the grand jury of the county of Meath, hitherto one of the most peaceful counties in Ireland; and, with reference to 'cattle-driving,' the Lord Chief Justice, addressing the grand jury of the county of Cork on December 3 last, said 'It was absolutely undisguised and committed in open defiance of the law. The law was publicly spurned; and he said with the deepest regret that, in reference to this offence, the executive authorities responsible for the peace of the country were openly derided by those who break the law, openly flouted and treated as though of nothing.' The series of trials instituted by the Government, which have just terminated, has exhibited the paralysis of the law in all its naked deformity. In the plainest cases, no defence being offered, and notwithstanding the distinct rulings of the several judges who tried the cases, juries, in disregard of their oaths, have either disagreed or refused to convict. 'It is the most degrading experience that I have had since I have been on the bench' said one judge, sitting in the capital of Ireland. That this social disorder, intimidation, and paralysis of the law is due to the failure of the policy of the present Government in Ireland, and more especially to the weakness, if not connivance, of the present Chief Secretary, can, we think, be demonstrated by a very brief examination of political events in Ireland since the

advent to office of the present Government. The indictment against the Government is that Ireland was handed over to them in a peaceful condition, that they have in the House of Commons a majority unparalleled and independent of the support of the Irish Nationalist members, that they have had at least a friendly neutrality on the part of the Irish Nationalist representatives, and that, in spite of these facts, they have failed both in their elementary duty to protect property and maintain order in Ireland, and in their attempt to carry the chief measure of their programme, the Irish Councils Bill, notwithstanding their assurance that such a measure was absolutely necessary for the good government of Ireland. The wreck of this Bill left the Government without any policy in Ireland, and in their efforts to please their Irish supporters by governing Ireland according to Irish ideas, they have shown themselves impotent, incompetent, and not impartial in the administration of the law, upon which depends the whole basis of society.

Of the condition of Ireland when it was handed over to the present Government in December 1905 we are left in no doubt by the admission of the Government representative. Speaking in the House of Commons as Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, on February 21, 1906, Mr Bryce said, 'This is a moment of tranquillity, of peace, and of comparatively well-settled order. Seize the precious opportunity—seize it while you can!' He announced that he was resolved 'to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas,' whatever that phrase may mean, and, forgetful of the wise words of Sir William Harcourt, spoken many years before, that 'if you were to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas you would not govern it at all,' he prevailed upon his colleagues, as a first instalment, not to renew the Peace Preservation Act; and thus, after a period of some twenty-five years, the Irish disaffected peasantry were given free liberty to arm themselves without licence or control! The career of Mr Bryce as Chief Secretary was not a glorious one. On the eve of his departure he propounded, 'on behalf of the Government,' a scheme for the settlement of the demands of the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy for a Catholic University, which raised on the one side hopes that time has shown were doomed to be disappointed, and on the

other side fears of oppression and interference with an ancient and prosperous university, which only aggravated the difficulties of the situation. The flag which he nailed to another man's mast, as it was aptly described by Mr Balfour, has since been torn down by his successor, and so ended Mr Bryce's attempts 'to seize the precious opportunity.'

Mr Bryce was succeeded by Mr Birrell in the office of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant early in the year 1907. Whether it was a wise selection to send to Ireland a statesman who had been for a year previously fighting the claims of the Roman Catholics in England to a recognition of their right to have denominational education maintained in public elementary schools, and whose duty it would be, not only to administer a system of denominational education in public elementary schools, but also to propound a policy of denominationalism in university education, in accordance with the announcement of his predecessor, may well be questioned; but it is unnecessary to pursue that question, as we are now promised in the coming session of Parliament the spectacle of this great Nonconformist champion propounding his solution of the Roman Catholic University question to his Nonconformist supporters and admirers.

Mr Birrell, like his predecessor, commenced his career as Chief Secretary in the House of Commons by giving a description of the condition of that country as he found it. 'I rejoice to think,' he said, speaking on February 13 last, 'at all events, that when I come into this office Ireland is in a state of comparative peace and comparative quiet.' Mr Birrell was not long in possession of his office before it was apparent that he intended to act as a mere political partisan, and to do his best to play whatever tune was called by his Nationalist supporters. To him Ireland was a huge joke; questions as to crime and outrage were treated in a characteristically flippant manner—as if the grim realities of conspiracy and intimidation in Ireland could be stemmed or assuaged by petty gibes or paltry jests. 'Unionism' was apparently the only crime he could find of any importance in peaceful Ireland, and 'carrion crows, whose sole object was to malign and misrepresent their native country,' was the polite description of his fellow-members in the House of Commons

who represented parts of Ireland which had ever been law-abiding and peaceful, and whose dire offence was that they dared to draw attention to symptoms of disorder which were manifesting themselves under a feeble and partisan régime. So far as the present administration was concerned, he boldly announced that 'the Criminal Law and Procedure Act was dead and buried.'

How completely Mr Birrell handed himself over to his Nationalist supporters is well illustrated by the readiness he displayed at their dictation in getting rid of Sir Horace Plunkett from the office of Vice-president of the Board of Agriculture. Sir Horace had been the author of the Act which founded that useful and successful department. He had been its 'managing director' from the outset. He had sacrificed his political career and his seat in the House of Commons by his refusal to be in anywise a political partisan in the working of it, and, in order that he might render himself more useful, by obtaining the confidence of those with whom he was necessarily brought in contact. On the change of Government he had retained the office at the request of the Irish Executive. Nobody of any religion or party denied that he was the best qualified man in Ireland to fill the post. But none of these things weighed with Mr Birrell as compared with the commands of his Nationalist masters; and so Mr T. W. Russell, whose only qualification was that he had recently once more changed his political allegiance, was appointed in Sir Horace Plunkett's place, and he has since shown his fitness for presiding over an agricultural department by describing the prevalent form of outrage in Ireland as 'the comparatively harmless process of cattle driving'!

The chief failure, however, of Mr Birrell's first year of office in Ireland was that in respect of the Irish Councils Bill. Never has there been a more instructive lesson in mismanagement, vacillation, and want of foresight. At the general election the great anxiety shown by the Radical party to shake themselves free from the incubus of Home Rule had to be reconciled with a desire to procure the Irish vote in the constituencies and the support of the Nationalist party in the House of Commons. The electors were told that Home Rule was out of the question—a mere bogey; that all

that was wanted was some measure of extended local government 'which was consistent with and would lead up to the larger policy.' Mr Bryce had pointed with satisfaction to the rise of the Irish Reform Association as 'a most significant fact.' The hatchet was to be buried and orange and green were to blend together in one united effort to save the country through the wonderful policy of 'Devolution,' whatever that word might eventually be construed to mean. To Mr Birrell was entrusted the task of framing a Bill to bring about this happy consummation. He had the advantage of the confidence of Mr Redmond, and for months the leader of the Irish party was known to be in consultation with the Chief Secretary, and at length the Bill was produced. How far Mr Redmond was committed to support the Bill we do not know. Judging from his speech in the House of Commons, he had either promised to do his best in recommending the Bill to the Irish Convention which was to be held to consider it, or he had informed Mr Birrell he must wait and see how the cat would jump in Ireland. But whatever his assurances to Mr Birrell may have been, it is quite certain that the Bill must have contained the mature and fully considered policy of the Government in relation to Ireland. It was the chief measure of the session, and it was proposed as a fulfilment of the pledges and promises given by the leaders of the Radical party at the general election. What subsequently happened is now matter of history. At the dictation of an Irish convention in Dublin the Government at once dropped their precious Bill! What an object lesson in the incompetence of Mr Birrell to understand the real aims and aspirations of the people he was sent to govern in Ireland, and what an example of weakness in a Government commanding its huge majority in the House of Commons! The 'mandate' of the electors disappeared before the desire of the Irish Convention. The mature judgment of Mr Birrell and his colleagues in the Cabinet turned out to be nothing more than a haphazard guess at the minimum instalment the Irish Nationalists would accept, and the maximum instalment that election pledges would allow. Seldom has the ignominy of any Government been more complete, and seldom has any Minister been able under similar circumstances to retain his office with the

self-complacency of Mr Birrell. Who knows? Perhaps after all he looked upon the whole matter as another joke.

The effects of this failure soon became apparent. 'We have got to consider a new situation born of that failure which touches nearly the interests, not only of every loyal Irishman, but every Unionist throughout the United Kingdom,' said Mr Balfour at the Queen's Hall on June 13th. What was now to be the policy of the Government in Ireland? Home Rule had been disavowed by the Government. Devolution had been rejected by the Irish Convention. Was Ireland to be governed as an integral part of a United Kingdom, or was there to be a policy of hopelessness and drift? And how would such a situation be treated by Nationalist Ireland?

Mr Redmond soon supplied an answer to these questions. He hailed the failure of the Bill as 'unmistakably a fresh and vigorous call to arms of the Irish people'; words of which the meaning is thoroughly understood by those who have followed Irish agitation in recent years. A Government without any policy of self-government left, who had promised to govern Ireland 'according to Irish ideas,' who had stated that the Crimes Act was dead and buried, and who had raised hopes which were shattered almost at their birth, was not in an advantageous position to meet the 'vigorous call to arms.'

Meanwhile intimidation and lawlessness had been steadily growing. On May 7 the Irish Attorney-General stated in the House of Commons that 245 grazing farms were under police protection! On May 29 Mr Birrell stated that during the month of May twenty cases of cattle driving had taken place. Then came a disastrous attempt on the part of the Government to minimise the seriousness of the situation, and to make light of the crime of cattle driving. 'In the opinion of the Government,' said Lord Denman on June 4 in the House of Lords, and speaking on behalf of the Government, 'the driving off of the cattle could not be considered a crime of a very serious nature'!—a very poor consolation for those farmers in Roscommon and Galway who were subjected to this cowardly process of intimidation. But Mr Birrell's statement in the House of Commons was still more extraordinary. 'You must distinguish cattle driving,' he said, 'from cattle lifting. It was not a predatory process.

When we remembered the discontent in the minds of the people because they believed Parliament was willing to transfer these lands to them were it not for the action of the graziers, these deeds should not cause any great measure of surprise! No wonder that the 'Freeman's Journal' at once announced that the Government admitted that the claims of the people were just and justified by parliamentary pledges, and no wonder that at almost every trial that has taken place it has been urged in defence 'that the majority of his Majesty's Government were in favour of it'; even a magistrate from the bench declared, in his enthusiasm for the cause, 'We have it out of the mouth of the Chief Secretary that they should agitate; and are we going to condemn these men for what they were told to do by the Chief Secretary?' Of course, no one in England supposes that Mr Birrell or any other member of the Government sympathised with this form of outrage, but the words quoted show how dangerous it is to minimise crime in Ireland, or use language which is open to misunderstanding.

The withdrawal of the Irish Councils Bill was followed by the introduction of the Bill for facilitating the restoration of evicted tenants. Here again we have an eloquent illustration of the policy of surrender. The principle of the Bill is, we believe, without precedent in the annals of legislation. Public credit was pledged for the purpose of restoring to their holdings tenants who, or whose predecessors, had been evicted during a period of twenty years. No discrimination was made between tenants who had lost their holdings through misfortune and those who had fraudulently disregarded their contracts as a result of criminal conspiracy or for political purposes. With a view to inspiring respect for the law, peaceful tenants who, during the past twenty years, had had the courage to take evicted farms were to be displaced at the expense of the State in the interests of turbulent and in many cases dishonest ones! And with a view to reconciling the British taxpayer to this extraordinary financial operation, the purchasers, i.e. the Land Commission, were to acquire the land compulsorily at their own valuation! But all this is probably only an instance of governing Ireland in accordance with Irish ideas. Unfortunately,

notwithstanding this sop to the agitators, lawlessness continued to grow and extend.

Mr Birrell at length found it necessary in the month of November to concede the unsatisfactory condition of parts of Ireland, and at Southampton and Belfast entered upon his defence, if defence it can be called. 'Cattle driving,' he said, 'is an illegal conspiracy, and I am not here to draw distinctions between one kind of offence and another.' Compare his previous apology that it was not 'cattle lifting' or 'predatory.' He went on to declare, 'We have done all, and are doing all a Government can do within the power of the law to put this thing down.' Poor Mr Birrell! Impotent indeed must be the law if it so readily yields to the power of the mob that private property can be openly assailed day and night and no person held amenable! He complained that certain of the ordinary magistrates 'refused to convict people of offences clearly brought against them,' while other magistrates stayed away and 'say they do not want to get across the people and be boycotted.' What an admission of impotence from the representative of a Government which has complete control over the appointment and dismissal of magistrates! But what action was taken with reference to these delinquent magistrates? His charge against them is one of dishonesty in the exercise of their judicial functions. Are they still magistrates, and is the peace of Ireland still in their keeping? One would also like to ask what encouragement Mr Birrell gave to the magistrates who were afraid of the boycott. Was he prepared to punish the wrongdoers if the magistrates were boycotted, and if so, how? And does not Mr Birrell see that the very fact of their staying away in fear is the very strongest condemnation of his failure to uphold the law and give protection?

Mr Birrell declined, even in these circumstances, to use the Crimes Act. And why? 'What,' he said, 'was the position of the Liberal party? They opposed that permanent Coercion Act with all their vehemence. We have year after year voted for the repeal of it; and to ask us, except upon a case of overwhelming magnitude, to put it into force is simply ridiculous.' What matters the paralysis of the law as compared with the sacred observance of the past utterances of a political party! Mr Birrell

prefers the coercion of the mob to the coercion of the law, and in the course he has taken the unprotected citizen has the consolation of knowing that Mr Birrell has the unanimous support of his colleagues in the Cabinet!

But Mr Birrell has introduced other novelties into the administration of the law. No 'inciters' to outrage are to be prosecuted. That, says the Attorney-General, 'is a political question'. Let us proceed against the dupes and the corner-boys, but let us not make martyrs of the ringleaders! What a travesty of justice! Would juries in England or anywhere else convict under such circumstances? But the prospect Mr Birrell holds out to the people of Ireland of ever having an effective enforcement of the law is perhaps the most appalling feature in the view he takes of his responsibility towards those whom he is sent to govern. 'Good government has its duty to perform; and if so be that the Government find it impossible to maintain law and order, if we find crime and murder and outrage on every side, it will be our duty to come to Parliament, or summon it if it is not sitting, to tell it the facts of the case, and prove them before the Irish people, and obtain from Parliament, if they will give them to you, the extra powers which are sought'! Mark that he takes no notice of the failure of the ordinary law, of the disregard by juries of their oaths, of the packing of the bench by 'certain magistrates,' of the daily triumphs over the law by criminals, of the disorganisation of society that necessarily follows, and of the discouragement of the police, who find their efforts at maintaining order futile and of no avail. One would have thought that the failure of the law showed the necessity of amending it, but no! We must wait for murder and outrage on every side, and then, and then only, does it become the duty of the Executive to make the law effective in Ireland!

And yet there never was a time in the history of Ireland when it was more important to preserve that 'tranquillity' which Mr Birrell found upon taking office in Ireland. The credit of the United Kingdom has been pledged to the extent of some 120 millions for the purpose of transferring the land from the owners to the occupiers. That this operation should be carried out speedily and in an atmosphere free from intimidation is obvious. That the

owners should be induced to sell freely and at a fair price, unaffected by the terrors of any conspiracy, is but simple justice, and that the occupiers should be taught that in purchasing their holdings they can rely upon a free and uninterrupted use of them to the best advantage is of paramount importance. To the taxpayer who has to find the money an assurance is necessary that the price he pays will bring about peace, enabling the instalments to be earned and repaid without interruption or interference. But what security will there be for any of the parties concerned if a lawless agitation for the partition of other people's property is allowed to flourish and make itself more powerful than the law?

For the moment, indeed, as we write, there appears to be a lull in the commission of the offence of cattle driving. Has Mr Birrell made a treaty with the agitators? And what are the terms? These are questions that are being asked on all sides. Has the Government consented to yield to the demands of the law-breakers, and is the economic progress of Ireland once more to be disregarded for the sake of a temporary truce, and with a view to restoring the failing fortunes of a political party and a discredited statesman? Will Radical Governments ever learn that submission to lawlessness, so far from appeasing, only whets the appetite in Ireland? Time will tell. But whatever may be concealed in the womb of the future, those who have watched the operations of the Irish Government during the past year, with the terrible consequences to law-abiding citizens, will feel that Mr Birrell has not, in the words of Mr Bryce, 'seized the precious opportunity.'

NOTE.—We regret that, in the last number of the Quarterly Review, article VIII, 'The Gardens of Italy,' the name of Miss E. March Phillipps, who wrote the descriptions in the book of that name, illustrated by Mr Charles Latham, was accidentally omitted from the title of the book as given at the head of the article.

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THERE are certain writers whose privilege it seems to give to the contemporary genius of their country an adequate expression in literature. They neither follow public opinion nor lead it, for their minds are so constituted that they are almost certain to find themselves in accord with their countrymen. Tennyson is an instance in England, and in France Victor Hugo. Tennyson united the gifts of an incomparable literary artist with the convictions of an average Englishman under Queen Victoria. In boyhood he rang the church bells to celebrate the first Reform Act, and he lived long enough to become an ardent Imperialist. Victor Hugo, even while he denounced the *bourgeois*, was never really out of touch with the French middle class. Brought up as a Catholic and Legitimist, he lived to be a zealous champion of republicanism and free thought. In less tangible matters also than religious and political opinion, in that general outlook on life in which differences and likenesses elude classification, these men were inwardly at one with their fellow-citizens. The very moderation of Tennyson is national; so is the vehemence of Victor

Hugo. Such authors may be regarded from two main standpoints—firstly, as literary artists, a quality that can be properly estimated only by men whose language is theirs; secondly, as interpreters of their age, an aspect which tends to become the most prominent to historians and foreigners. Italy has recently lost a man of this representative type in Giosue Carducci, who was born in 1836, and died in 1907.

Yet, while fully representing the Italian genius in many ways, Carducci was almost free from that quality in it which tends more than any other to repel the taste of northerners, the quality which the Italians themselves praise under the name of *morbidezza*. From the time of the Catholic revival, and even earlier, this melting mood seems to cling about the atmosphere of Italy. Already traceable in the later artists of the Renaissance, in Correggio, in Luini, in Andrea del Sarto, it becomes unbearably cloying in the devotional paintings of the Bolognese school, and in the insipid pastorals of Marini. When the Romantic movement revitalised the literature of Europe an unwholesome tinge of self-pity tainted its Italian exponents. Absent from the fiery Alfieri, it appears strongly both in Manzoni and in Leopardi. The great Italian novelist of reaction lacked the manliness of Walter Scott; and the virtue of 'I Promessi Sposi' is pathetic resignation, not the strong self-reliance of Henry Morton or Jeanie Deans. Great poet as he was, Leopardi was not untouched by the national malady. Scepticism in the Italian Shelley took a shape quite as unhealthy as piety in Manzoni. The title of one of his poems, 'Amore e Morte,' might well describe the whole work of his later years, when ill-health and political embitterment had deepened his inborn pessimism. Indeed Goethe's well-known saying, that classic art is healthy art, romantic art is sickly art, is perhaps truer of Italian literature than of any other. For in Italy the Romantic movement failed to permeate, as in Germany and France, the inmost being of the nation. It found neither, as in Germany, a fallow soil unencumbered by classical tradition, nor, as in France, a national consciousness palpitating with mighty cataclysms and achievements, with the upheaval of the Revolution and the epic campaigns of the First Empire.

Being the outcome of foreign influences, it only affected isolated men of letters, as Carducci himself contended in an interesting essay on the 'Renewal of the National Literature.'

Like Matthew Arnold, Carducci was a historian and teacher of literature as well as a poet; and this didactic side of his career has an important bearing on his poetry. His appreciations and studies have the twofold interest that always belongs to those of a creative artist; we read them as much for the light they reflect on the critic as for that which they throw on the subject of his criticism. As is natural in an Italian, the touchstone of his literary sympathies and insight is best found in his apprehension of Dante. On the one hand, as a southerner and a poet, he was in touch with aspects of Dante's mind which have perplexed Teutonic professors. To him there is no contradiction between the ethereal platonism of the 'Vita Nuova' and the fiery purgation on the threshold of the Earthly Paradise; for, to the more analytic, as well as more impulsive, southern temperament, the juxtaposition of one love purely of the intellect with many loves wholly of the senses scarcely offers a problem. On the other hand, when he says that the object of Dante's love is not the living woman, Beatrice Portinari, but an idea, surely the modern critic is severing the two elements, human and divine, actual and ideal, which it was the genius of the medieval poet to unite. Of course, like every one endowed with a feeling for literary art, Carducci, a literary artist to the backbone, admired the manner of Dante, the *dolce stil nuovo*, which re-inaugurated literature in Europe after its eclipse in the dark ages; in Dante's subject-matter what aroused his enthusiasm was the love for Italy rather than the love for Beatrice. With what was allegorical, mystical, distinctively medieval, in Dante he is never in emotional, as distinct from intellectual, contact. When he repeats, more than once, that Dante should be regarded, not so much as the poet of Florence, but rather as the supreme exponent of the mind of medieval Christendom, we feel that he speaks from the brain, not from the heart. His inmost soul was with Dante, the Italian patriot; it was not with Dante, the cosmopolitan mystic.

This partial, not to say unsound, view of Dante was

largely determined by Carducci's attitude to the political and religious controversies of his own day. From the outset he was an extreme partisan in both. He grew up during the prolonged struggle for Italian unity and freedom, at a time when political feeling, exasperated by alternations of armed revolt and savage repression, rose to a height almost inconceivable by those accustomed, as we are, to purely civil and parliamentary differences. Moreover, it has been the misfortune of modern Italy that political and religious parties became inextricably interwoven. The head of the national worship was also the ally of the nation's foreign foes; and hostility to alien and despotic rule came to involve hostility to the Catholic Church, almost to Christianity itself, for Italians of all parties have always tended to look on religion rather as an institution than as a personal influence.

Carducci was thoroughly Italian in his blend of anti-clerical with republican enthusiasm; and it is no wonder that a political and religious bias so marked as his should have somewhat warped his literary and artistic judgment. Most men have the defects of their qualities; and with Carducci an exquisite sense of what was ancient and pagan was balanced by a certain insensibility to what was medieval and Christian. This insensibility sometimes led him to odd critical pronouncements. For example, he calls Petrarch's eighth *canzone* the finest hymn ever addressed by a Catholic to the Virgin. Had he forgotten Villon's immortal *ballade*—in his wide reading he must have come across it—or did he deliberately postpone its throbbing directness to the semi-pagan artistry of Petrarch? He was out of touch, not only with devotional poetry, but with other features of medieval literature tainted, in his eyes, by Catholic and feudal associations. His treatment of chivalry was never satisfactory; and allegory so repelled him that he could see no merit in that charming allegorical poet, Guillaume de Lorris. This aversion from the medieval spirit in its own day naturally applied far more strongly to its attempted revival in modern times. The Gothic proclivities of the leading Romantics aroused in his mind a violent dislike to the whole school.

Accordingly, his earliest volume of poems, 'Juvenilia,

opens with a repudiation of the Romantic movement in all its phases, Catholic and Satanic—a beginning that certainly suggests the student rather than the poet—though categorical avowals of literary faith are less repugnant to the spirit of Italian poetry than to that of ours. The trend of the Latin mind to classification and analysis asserts itself in literature as elsewhere. Poetry with the Latin nations is more gregarious, more a product of schools and fraternities, less of isolated inspiration, than with us. Quite genuine French and Italian poets often set out to advocate and exemplify definite poetic theories. Still the formality of the repudiation betrays the professor, just as its motives betray the partisan. They are political rather than strictly literary.

Romanticism is transalpine in origin and essentially anti-national. Tuscan by birth, Carducci will seek sounder traditions, the classic Roman poets and the Florentines of the fourteenth century. From the first there can be no doubt which of these two influences is to be really vital with him. When he writes sonnets in Petrarch's manner on Petrarch's subjects of love and exile, we feel that he is thinking of Petrarch, not of the lady to whom they are addressed; exquisite in dreamy music, they are far too imitative to convince. So soon as he expresses genuine feeling the only influence is that of the ancients, as in the sonnets on the death of his elder brother. One of these especially unites perfect sincerity with literary reminiscence, and reaches the famous valediction of Catullus by a path as direct and natural, though wholly diverse. The Horatian Odes that follow, though, from their subjects, without this tragic intensity, all have the same genuine ring, whether the poet is upbraiding his degenerate countrymen or celebrating the genialities of friendship and wine. In his 'Canto di Primavera' a sensuous joy at the return of pleasant weather blends quite naturally with a more complex wistfulness in presence of the year's renewal. It is Horace indeed still, but Horace in his most modern mood, the Horace of that 'inhorruit veris adventus,' the modernity in which shocked the scholarly instincts of Bentley. The breezes of the old Horatian spring seem interfused with the more languorous airs of Botticelli.

Of these early Odes, none, strange as it may seem, is more truly Horatian in spirit than that addressed to 'La beata Diana Giuntini, venerata in Santa Maria a Monte.' Carducci appeals to the saint by that which, after all, can alone make supernatural being real to us—her kinship to ourselves. She lived, it is true, in the age of faith.

'Quando pie voglie e be' costumi onesti
Erano in pregio e cortesia fioriva
Le tósche terre, qui l'uman traesti
Tuo giorno, o diva.'

Yet, though a *diva* (is it saint or goddess?) now, her day was human, and she had human, not to say feminine, weaknesses to overcome.

'E ti fûr vanto gli amorosi affanni,
Onde nutristi a Dio la nova etate,
E fredda e sola ne l'ardor de gli anni
Virginitate :

Pur risplendeva oltre il mortal costume
La dia bellezza nel sereno viso,
E dolce ardea di giovinezza il lume
Nel tuo sorriso.

Te in luce aperta qui l'eteree menti
Consolâr prima di letizia arcana,
Poi te beata salutâr le genti,
Alma Diana.

Onde a te, dotta de l'uman dolore,
Il nostro canto e prece d'inni ascende,
E, pieno l'anno, di votivo onore
L'ara ti splende.*

The poet then beseeches this patroness of the hamlet to rain blessings on the fields and homesteads of her worshippers, and, be it added, to help them to practise

* When pious wishes and good honest customs were rightly valued and courtesy blossomed in the Tuscan lands, here didst thou spend thy human day, O holy one. Thou didst turn to glory the yearnings of love, whence thou didst foster Godward the spring of thy years, and thy maidenhood was cold and lonely in the heyday of youth. Yet, beyond mortal wont, a godlike beauty shone in thy tranquil visage, and the light of youth glowed soft in thy smile. Here in the light of day the empyrean spirits first consoled thee with mystic gladness, then the nations hailed thee as blessed, gentle Diana. Wherefore to thee, taught by human sorrow, arise our praises and our prayers in hymns, and, when the year is full, thine altar is decked with votive honour.

the more homely virtues. The whole ode renders to perfection the holiday religion of Italy, the decorated altars and shrines, the processions of flower-laden children. At the end we are left wondering whether this tutelary *diva*, who smiles from her cloudless heaven, is really a saint or only a heathen goddess after all. Viewed thus, indeed, the worship of local saints in Italy is little more than a continuation of the old anthropomorphic cults. For anything distinctively Christian about her, the 'alma Diana' might almost be her maiden namesake of the 'Carmen Sæculare.'

Such thorough interpenetration of ancient with modern feeling is in strong contrast with most northern imitations of Roman literature. We do not here speak of felicitous Latinisms of phrase, for we all remember many such in Milton and Tennyson, but of elaborate efforts to recapture the Roman outlook. Whenever these efforts aspire beyond mere *vers de société*, the outcome is almost always a lifeless literary exercise, such as the mythological poems of Leconte de Lisle or of Théodore de Banville. This is not true of the Italians to anything like the same degree. The Renaissance itself with them was, after all, the reawakening of a culture largely indigenous; and humanism was more able to bear its weight of learning like a flower, because the flower was of native, not exotic, growth. So with more recent imitation of the ancient classics, especially the Roman. The northerner is imitating a literature produced in a foreign climate by a civilisation which even the French have imperfectly assimilated; when the Italian imitates Latin poetry he is merely treading in the footsteps of his own forefathers. The landscape of the Latin poets is his own Italian landscape. The vines and olives that gladdened the heart of Horace still clothe the Umbrian and Sabine hills, the sunshine still glows that ripened them in Horace's day. The Roman glories too are his. The strife with Hannibal is his own repulse of a foreign invader; and the names of the great consuls stir patriotic as well as literary memories. Hence no violent mental transposition was needed for Carducci to place himself at the Horatian standpoint. Horace's mood of genial enjoyment, crossed by flashes of patriotic pride, came to him unsought.

In the main, Carducci's poetic gift was strong enough to absorb his classical and his historical learning and convert them to its own use; it had a harder task with his political and religious partisanship, a task indeed that it sometimes failed to accomplish. For politics are even more conspicuous in his poetry than in his criticism. Already, in one of his early sonnets, he announces that he will devote himself to rekindling patriotic ardour in his countrymen; and in his later career he became the unofficial laureate of the Risorgimento—a position that has probably contributed more than any other cause to restrict his reputation abroad and also to enhance it, for the time being, in his own country. Everywhere verses on national topics make a wider immediate appeal than those of more intimate inspiration; and in Italy Carducci, by giving them prominence, only carried forward a national tradition which dates from the Romans. For the Romans, less meditative and less imaginative than the Greeks, brought into public life almost all the emotional intensity of which they were capable. Virgil's line about the elder Brutus, 'Vincit amor patrie laudumque immensa cupido,' might be the watchword of the whole Roman people. From Ennius to Claudian, nearly every Roman poet wrote on public topics, and often wrote his best on them. Horace is at his happiest when celebrating Roman glory; Ovid is patriotic in the 'Fasti'; even the tender Propertius is fired by the tidings of Actium. The greatest of Latin poems has nothing greater than Æneas' vision of the mighty Romans sweeping past him toward the upper world, and the address to the genius of Rome that follows. Patriotism is again conspicuous in the later poetry of Italy. The first and greatest poet in her modern tongue was also a statesman; and a passionate love of Florence burns in the 'Divine Comedy.' The exiled Petrarch felt keenly the woes of his native land, and became the friend and upholder of Rienzi. In more recent times there is as much patriotic as dramatic fervour in the eloquence of Alfieri. Even the decadent Leopardi was at his finest in the 'Canzone all' Italia' and the 'Monumento di Dante'; the best known verses of the romantic Manzoni, 'Il Cinque Maggio,' were written on the death of Napoleon. The Roman tradition in this respect, as in others, extended to French poetry also.

Victor Hugo was seldom more poetic than in 'Les deux Îles' or 'Le Chasseur Noir.'

There is a wide gulf here between the literature of the Latin races and that of the Teutonic, especially our own. In the nineteenth century, at least, the genius of English poetry has been mainly lyrical and personal, not public or rhetorical. Our poets have either held aloof from public questions, like Keats, or been at their worst when referring to them, like Shelley. So far as the poet's interest has been with the world and not absorbed in his own soul, his concern has been with individuals, not with generalities. When Browning and Rossetti wrote on this very theme of the Italian Risorgimento they produced 'The Italian in England' and 'A Last Confession,' not an ode to Italy or an invective against Austrian tyranny. Our conception of the poetic temperament is that described by Wordsworth as his own at the time of his visit to Orleans in 1791 :

'... to acts

Of nations and their passing interests,
If with unworldly ends and aims compared,
Almost indifferent, even the historian's tale
Prizing but little otherwise than I prized
Tales of the poets, as it made the heart
Beat high, and filled the fancy with fair forms,
Old heroes and their sufferings and their deeds.'

Enquiry into the probable causes of this difference between the Latin literatures and our own raises curious problems of national temperament and history. From the nature of the case the two influences cannot be sharply distinguished. National history is the outcome of national temperament and reacts upon it in a way that baffles analysis, while national literature is the outcome of both, as reflected and manifested in certain minds of distinction. By temperament we are more meditative and imaginative than the Latin peoples, more reserved and self-centred than they. We tend to brood over emotion rather than to give it instant utterance. Hence, as a nation, we are bad public speakers ; and it is curious to note how many of our prominent preachers and orators have been of Celtic or Jewish origin. History has combined with temperament to induce in the typical

Englishman a rational, rather than an emotional, treatment of public questions. Our marriage with freedom is a *mariage de raison*; our love of freedom is that love which Tennyson admired in Arthur Hallam :

‘Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England; not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt.’

And Tennyson, certainly not an unpoetic nature, probably regarded most French and Italian political verse rather in that light.

The temperament indeed of our leading poets has been in this respect at one with that of the nation at large, and has kept our poetry further from rhetoric than that of our neighbours. Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, were all famous as orators. Wordsworth confesses himself—we may well believe with truth—‘little graced with power of eloquence’ and ‘all unfit for tumult and intrigue.’ The very notion of Keats or Shelley making a speech has something incongruous. Although Tennyson was greatly interested in public questions, and often refers to them in his poems, we can scarcely fancy him a successful debater in a popular assembly. When, indeed, our poets—and it happens far more seldom than with those of France or Italy—do enter on political themes, they do so in a less rhetorical spirit. Wordsworth is philosophic and contemplative. Both in the books of the *Prelude* concerning the French Revolution and in the ‘*Sonnets dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*’ he is too preoccupied in analysing the processes within his own mind to have much leisure for eloquence about outside events. Mr Swinburne, with all his wonderful command of sonorous metre, is, like all the Pre-Raphaelites, primarily pictorial. His rhythm moves swiftly enough, but what is in his mind is form and colour rather than movement. The only leading English poet of a rhetorical turn is Byron; and this is probably one of the chief reasons why his popularity is greater on the Continent than in England. With us, when a poet’s work is recognised as akin to rhetoric, it is classed by that kinship as second-rate.

Apart, moreover, from any prepossession we may feel against political and rhetorical verse in general,

Carducci's poems of this kind already suffer in England, as they must suffer everywhere outside his own country, from the further disadvantage that many of them refer to incidents only known to students of recent history. While Wordsworth describes his feelings as he watched the vicissitudes of the French Revolution, we can understand that the fate of mankind was at stake ; when Victor Hugo utters his sonorous periods about the downfall of the first Napoleon, that titanic personality dominates our imagination. In Carducci foreign readers are perplexed, if not exasperated, by panegyrics on heroes and elegies on martyrs of whom they never heard, by pæans over victories and dirges over defeats which led to no lasting or widespread outcome. The Italian Risorgimento is now too far off to give us the thrill of contemporary excitement ; on the other hand, it is still too recent to have won the halo of a romantic past. Perhaps no events in which England was not directly concerned ever stirred Englishmen more deeply at the time they happened ; certainly none, not even the insurrections in Poland, are so often mentioned in English poetry. To-day the successful achievement of Italian unity, and the quite unromantic processes by which that unity was at length attained, have relegated the whole movement into the region of prose. Most educated English people travel in Italy, and the new régime suffers in their eyes from the vandalism, partly inevitable, which has followed in its wake. Heroes like Garibaldi, statesmen like Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, are vulgarised by the hideous statues put up to them and the 'long, unlovely streets' that bear their names. Again, those travellers who also read the Italian newspapers get a doubtless exaggerated impression of the jobbery and financial scandals amid which these pretentious eyesores were reared, while the corruption and iniquities of preceding governments are now forgotten.

Once this drawback is overcome a comparison of Carducci's poems on contemporary events with those of Victor Hugo is rather to the advantage of Carducci. Even in his earlier, contentious period the attack is more on institutions, less on individuals, than in 'Les Châtiments,' and sinks less often into abuse. Yet Carducci also could be vehement at times, and with success, as in his poems on the raid into the Papal States in 1867 ;

in one he effectively uses the customary exposition of the Host for twenty-four hours before capital punishments to bring out the incompatibility of the Two Swords; in another the point that, if Pius IX sees blood in the chalice, it will not be that of Christ, is clinched in Victor Hugo's most telling manner. After the abolition of the temporal power the tone grows far less combative. Advancing years brought to Carducci, as to most broad-minded men, a more tolerant and philosophic temper. Events also tended to chasten enthusiasm. The freedom and unity of Italy were not achieved in the way that patriots, especially republican patriots, had dreamt. The victors, not the vanquished, of Aspromonte entered Rome by the Porta Pia; Mazzini died an amnestied rebel; Garibaldi was repudiated to conciliate Prussia. It seemed to many that Italian freedom had been sacrificed to Italian unity.

Yet Carducci, a democrat by temperament and abstract conviction, felt nevertheless obliged to accept the monarchy. It would be a superficial view to regard his conversion as brought about by the beauty and affability of Queen Margherita, his verses to whom were interpreted by both sides as a formal retraction of republican principles. In truth he saw, as Crispi saw, that the house of Savoy could hold Italy together, while a republic would divide her. Still, he felt keenly the decline in her ideals, the mediocrity of her political and intellectual leaders. Giants had perished in the strife and left pygmies to enjoy the triumph. Disappointment at the victors made Carducci more tolerant towards opponents now finally overcome. As he sits in the public garden at Perugia, where the papal stronghold of Rocca Paolina once had stood, he reflects that in the fine spring weather the pontiff must be growing weary of his self-imprisonment, and jocularly invites 'Citizen Mastai' to come out of the Vatican and drink a health to Liberty, for which he had been so eager in his youth.

Quite apart, however, from Carducci's militant hostility to the Catholic Church, a hostility almost wholly due to transitory causes, there lay deep in his temperament an elective kinship with paganism. His Vicinese contemporary, Fogazzaro, while sharing his political views as an Italianissimo, remained an 'anima naturaliter Chris-

tiana'; Carducci, on the other hand, was an 'anima naturaliter pagana.' But his paganism is natural in every sense of the word, the genial worship of nature in a land of sunshine and vintage, quite different from the artificial paganism of the North, where paganism is an exotic, like the rest of classical culture. The northern pagan is a decadent; his dominant tone is a rebellion against moral limitations, against 'creeds that refuse and restrain.' Even the academic Leconte de Lisle spells 'Désir' with a capital letter, and in his 'Chant Alterné' treats Aphrodite Pandemos as the representative goddess of Athens. Landor is perhaps the only English pagan quite free from decadence or morbid hedonism. Most of our pagans are but melancholy Cyrenaics. Their unhealthy yearnings after Hellenism bring them nothing of Hellenic blitheness; the wine of Circe is to them a cup that inebriates but does not cheer. If we take two typical pagan poems of Mr Swinburne, 'Laus Veneris' and 'Proserpina,' the former describes an irresistible dominion of the senses, the latter is a hymn to a chthonic deity. The paganism of Carducci is of quite another tinge. There is nothing decadent or anti-social about it; and the only ethical defiance is against asceticism. When Carducci seeks to recover the Hellenic outlook he is not trying to get behind morality, but merely to get back to a more fundamental form of it. Indeed paganism would almost seem with him to resume its etymological meaning of village religion, a religion which rests on man's unsophisticated instincts. He appeals from the teaching of St Paul to that of Homer and Aristophanes, from a moral code based on personal holiness and self-denial to a moral sense of social ties and the human sanctities of the family.

This is the standpoint that Carducci sets forth in his 'Nozze,' an imitation of the well-known hymeneal song of Catullus. Like his forerunner, the modern poet gives his ode to alternating choruses of youths and maidens, and thus, by retaining the framework of ancient marriage poetry, leads us at first to believe that he will attempt to render ancient feeling on a subject whereon it differs perhaps more subtly from our own than on any other. So, to some extent, he does; but his aim is even bolder, namely, to apply such feeling to the life of our own day.

Accordingly a chorus of youths contrasts the several ideals of womanhood upheld by Dante, Michael Angelo, and Raphael; and a chorus of girls awards the palm to the last. So daring a transfer of marriage customs essentially ancient into modern times is a historical solecism rather hard to defend; once, however, it is admitted, the opinions it serves to put forward have much inward historical truth. The award quite correctly renders the classical view. As between the serene motherhood of Raphael's Holy Families and any form of purely spiritual intensity, whether as etherealised by Dante or as embodied in titanic muscularity by Michael Angelo, there is no doubt which would have appealed to the ancient mind, with its strong dislike of morbidity and maidenhood. Nature, as Renan once pointed out, cares nothing for chastity; and the ancients were nearer to nature than we are in this respect, as in many others. A modern author could scarcely let a body of maidens avow a preference for wedded over platonic love elsewhere than in a classical setting, for the intervening centuries that worshipped virginity have made impossible such frankness as that of Antigone to the Theban elders. Indeed in one respect the conception of propriety has become precisely reversed. In Hellas a girl might express a general wish for marriage, not a wish to marry a certain man; with us she may admit her love for a certain man, not her general inclination to marriage. At the end of Carducci's poem the choruses unite to upbraid the unwillingness of the modern woman to bear children and to suckle them if she does. Here, again, we are in the full tide of contemporary life, quite classically treated, however; for, although Jean-Jacques Rousseau and M. Gaston Brieux have uttered such warnings in prose, any of the Latin satirists might well have done so in verse; even the bachelor Horace spoke rather like this in his serious moods.

It is a spirit of intellectual and political, not of moral, defiance that inspired the famous '*Inno a Satana*,' which is as far removed as possible from the unwholesome decadence of Baudelaire's '*Litanies de Satan*.' The Satan here glorified is not Baudelaire's unclean patron of orgies, not even Goethe's spirit that ever denies, not even Milton's leader of a cosmic opposition: he simply personifies the

recreative forces of nature. Carducci assumes himself the standpoint he ascribes in one of his essays to the Middle Ages: 'Nature, the world, society, is Satan.' The love-deity, who is one of his avatars, is the benign world-wide power sung by Lucretius, worshipped under many names round the shores of the Mediterranean.

'A te, Agramainio,
Adone, Astarte,
E marmi vissero
E tele e carte,

Quando le ioniche
Aure serene
Beò la Venere
Anadiomene.

A te del Libano
Fremea le piante,
De l'alma Cipride
Risorto amante:

A te ferveano
Le danze e i cori,
A te i virginei
Candidi amori,

Tra le odorifere
Palme d' Idume,
Dove biancheggiano
Le ciprie spume.*

It is true that Venus is the first of the old heathen gods to awaken in the soul of Abelardus after the long slumber through the dark ages.

'O dal tuo tramite
Alma divisa,
Benigno è Satana:
Ecco Eloisa.

In van ti maceri
Ne l' aspro sacco;
Il verso ei mormora
Di Maro e Flacco.' †

Strenuous, as well as sensuous, forms surge upward from the ancient world in the wake of Satan.

'Ei, da le pagine
Di Livio, ardenti
Tribuni, consoli,
Turbe frementi

Sveglia; e, fantastico
D' italo orgoglio,
Te spinge, o monaco,
Su 'l Campidoglio.' ‡

* To thee, Agramainius, Adonis, Astarte, lived marbles and canvas and parchments, when Venus Anadyomene made happy the calm breezes of Ionia. To thee the cedars of Lebanon quivered, re-arisen lover of the Cyprian goddess. To thee the dances and choruses exulted. To thee yearned the unsullied loves of the maidens, among the scented palms of Idumea or where whitens the Cyprian spray.

† O soul sundered from thy path, Satan is kindly; behold Eloise! In vain dost thou macerate thyself in the harsh sackcloth: he murmurs the verses of Virgil and Horace.

‡ He from the pages of Livy awakens the ardent tribunes, the consuls, the eager throngs, and urges thee toward the Capitol, O monk distraught with the pride of Italy.

Satan not only restores the old Roman self-reverence ; he is also the spirit of intellectual freedom ; in the words of the essay, he is 'happiness, dignity, liberty.' His re-awakening is the Renaissance 'in its noblest aspect, as a resurrection of ideal naturalism.'

'E già già tremano
Mitre e corone :
Dal chiostro brontola
La ribellione,

E pugna e prèdica
Sotto la stola
Di fra' Girolamo
Savonarola.

Gittò la tonaca
Martin Lutero :
Gitta i tuoi vincoli,
Uman pensiero,

E splendi e folgora
Di fiamme cinto ;
Materia, inalzati ;
Satana ha vinto.*

Even when Satan is thus sublimated, it is rather startling to find the religious reformers among his vanguard ; and Carducci seems here strangely at one with their extreme adversaries and his. Savonarola, who made a holocaust of ancient manuscripts at Florence, and Luther, who put forward justification by faith alone, rather depart from their historical setting in becoming advocates of free thought. They make dignified figures, no doubt, in the pageant of the human intellect, 'mais ils ont diablement changé en route.' On reflection, however, we are inclined to think that their ghostly foe has met them more than half-way. There is, indeed, no longer anything very fiendish about him, and we begin to share the hopes of Origen and Tillotson for his ultimate salvation. Nor can anything very like devil-worship be left in a religion, which is not only, like that of Flaubert's liberal-minded chemist in 'Madame Bovary,' 'celle de Socrate, de Franklin, de Voltaire, et de Béranger,' but also that of Luther and of Savonarola. Indeed Carducci's association of the revolted archangel with the Reformers, in some ways slightly comic, sheds a strong light on his own outlook. His quarrel is with social institutions, not with society itself. His dissatisfaction is finite, not the divine discontent of Werther or Obermann, too disgusted

* Already mitres and crowns are tottering ; rebellion growls from the cloister, and fights and preaches beneath the cowl of Fra Girolamo Savonarola. Martin Luther throws off the hood ; throw off thy fetters, thought of man ; shine and glister, girt with flame ; matter, raise thyself ; Satan has won.

with mankind to wish to better them. It was largely this freedom from personal antinomianism that threw Carducci's literary preferences on the side of order, that of the classics.

The only strong romantic and non-classical influence on Carducci—for with him the influence of Dante was scarcely non-classical—was that of Heine. It seems strange that this influence should come to him from beyond the Alps, from the Germany he so hated; but Heine, Semitic by descent and French by sympathies, could not be suspected of the social and political medievalism which had made things German so hateful to Italian patriots. What, indeed, first attracted Carducci to Heine seems to have been the contrast in this respect between him and most of his brethren and followers of the Romantic school. At least this contrast is brought out both in the essay on the mock-heroic *Atta Troll*, and also in the verses 'A un Heiniano d'Italia.' Very inferior as inspired criticism to Arnold's 'Heine's Grave,' these lines also dwell on a quite different aspect of the poet's career, that which he himself expressed by telling his friends to lay on his grave a sword, as a brave soldier in the liberation-war of humanity. Still, in his method of warfare, the humorist who called Luther 'the lover of truth and of Catherine von Borna,' had little in common with the orator of the 'Inno a Satana'; and to Carducci, as to many others, Heine's irony proved somewhat of a snare. Such moods as that of the meditations at Trent in the 'Reisebilder,' or of 'Mir träumte wieder der alte Traum,' are not to be imitated. Only perfect sincerity can excuse in art a systematic exposure of emotional reactions. If we once suspect exaggeration or, worse still, artificial exacerbation, such exposure becomes offensive; and Carducci, in his 'Brindisi funebre' and parts of his 'Intermezzo,' treads perilously near the verge. It is quite otherwise with the shorter lyrics. Such lines as 'Tedio Invernale' have not merely Heine's technical perfection, far easier to achieve in so musical a tongue as Italian, but also that ironic sadness which seems peculiar to the North. For the time it becomes to Carducci a second nature. A second nature, however, it remains, and one that cannot long displace the first. Such a sentiment as this in 'Ballata Dolorosa,'

'Cimitero m'è il mondo allor che il sole
Ne la serenità di maggio splende,'*

is inspired by a chequered northern spring, not by the serene Maytime of Italy. We need only contrast the next poem, 'Davanti ad una Cattedrale.' Here we are back in the South once more, not on the dew-drenched lawn of a Gothic minster, but in front of an Italian duomo, on a piazza deep in sand and baked by the noon-day sun. Suddenly, from the darkness within the doorway, an unsightly corpse glides into the yellow light. Again, in his vivid 'Rimembranze di Scuola,' Carducci describes how the thought of the cold stillness of the grave smote him with an icy thrill, as from his school-room he watched the birds and bees and butterflies shimmering in the warm summer without; thus again and again, he says, in later years the foreboding of death has come and gone. How unlike are these gusts of sadness to the enigmatic presence that visited the boyhood of Musset in the December night and abode with him until the morning. Into the joyous Mediterranean sunshine 'Death, the crowned phantom, may leap with the flashing of cataracts'; he is not, and cannot become, the haunting terror of northern melancholy. He may leer as a macabre anatomy from a tomb; he cannot, as with Holbein, dance beside his victim through all the winding labyrinth of life. Such besetting nightmares, like the witches and fire-drakes of Carducci's 'Carnia,' may come southwards from Germany in the twilight of dawn; offspring of savagery and gloom, they vanish at the rising of the sun and the singing of Homer.

On the whole, Carducci's early distrust of the Romantics had been a sound instinct. Now once more he compares the classic spirit to the sun, that ripens the wheat and the grapes; the romantic spirit to the moon, that glimmers on dank graveyards and forsaken ruins. Again, romantic beauty is the beauty of autumn, doomed to fade away; classic beauty is the beauty of spring, fertile and full of hope. In the 'Primavere Elleniche' the note of regret is there, but it is not persistent, as in northern *nostalgies de*

* The world is a graveyard to me when the sun shines in the serenity of May.

paganisme. In the lands of their birth the gods of Hellas never die; they only slumber, awaiting the spring, in stream and flower and tree.

‘Muoiono gli altri dèi; di Grecia i numi
Non sanno occaso; ei dormon ne’ materni
Tronchi e ne’ fiori, sopra i monti, i fiumi,
I mari, eterni.’ *

In the ‘Odi Barbare,’ where Carducci’s classicism at length finds perfect expression, what first strikes us is the novelty of the metre. Hitherto, although skilful and varied in his verse, he had never been an innovator. In theory he repudiated metrical elaborations as a veil to conceal poverty of poetic content, and in practice seldom experimented in them. His only conspicuous *tour de force* is his ‘Notte di Maggio,’ which is written in the most difficult of all strict metres, at all events, of all western metres, the *sestina*; it will bear comparison with the finest examples of Dante and Petrarch, or the exquisite lines of Mr Swinburne, ‘I saw my soul at rest upon a day.’ In the main, Carducci had used the lyric methods of his contemporaries; and his only unrhymed metre had been the narrative blank verse, often employed by Leopardi and others. When, in the ‘Odi Barbare,’ he attempts the unrhymed lyrics of the ancients, the lines he prefixes from Platen, and his own ‘Odio l’usata poesia,’ show that he fully appreciated the difficulties. So far as a foreigner may presume to judge, he has solved them.

It is not by their metre only that the ‘Odi Barbare’ attach themselves to what was best in the poetry of ancient Rome. They have much also of that wistful melancholy with which Virgil watched his native land, composed at length, after manifold tumults, in the golden mediocrity of Augustan peace. As the modern poet also listens to the murmur of the perennial stream and watches in the Umbrian valley the quiet life of tilth and meadow, the same to-day as two thousand years ago, he feels the poetry latent in the daily toil of country life, a feeling especially present at all times to the Latin races, and one that gives a vaguely Virgilian solemnity to the peasants

* Other godheads die; the gods of Hellas know no setting; they sleep in the trees that gave them birth, the flowers, the hills, the streams, the seas, everlastingly.

and landscapes of Jean François Millet. In Virgil's own land his *Georgics* make an appeal scarcely understood by those only familiar with the rougher field-work of the North; and on this homelier aspect of his genius Carducci dwelt with peculiar fondness at the dedication of the monument to him in his native Mantua. Of this, too, he is reminded now as he watches the yeomen guide the plough and the 'forza de' bei giovenchi' (a wilfully Virgilian locution)—

'de' bei giovenchi dal quadrato petto,
erti su 'l capo le lunate corna,
dolci ne gli occhi, nivei, che il mite
Virgilio amava,'

and feels the old spirit of Italy kindle within him—

'Sento in cuor l' antica
patria e aleggiarmi su l' accesa fronte
gl' itali iddii.'

He thinks, too, as Virgil thought, of the glories of Rome, of her standards planted proudly on the surrounding hills, of her steadfastness in defeat, of her magnanimity in victory; how her former foes answered her call to arms after Thrasymene, how the Carthaginians poured in headlong flight from the walls of Spoleto. The source and soul of all this greatness, in arms and in song, lay in the open-air life of the ancients:

'A piè de i monti e de le querce a l' ombra
co' fiumi, o Italia, è de' tuoi carmi il fonte.
Visser le ninfe, vissero: e un divino
talamo è questo.'

Now all is silence:

'Tutto ora tace, o vedovo Clitumno,
tutto: de' vaghi tuoi delubri un solo
t' avanza, e dentro, pretestato nume,
tu non vi siedì.

Non più perfusi del tuo fiume sacro
menano i tori, vittime orgogliose,
trofei romani a i templi aviti: Roma
più non trionfa.'*

* The comely, square-chested oxen, their moon-shaped horns curving up above their heads, mild-eyed, snow-white, that the gentle Virgil loved. . . . I feel in my heart my ancient fatherland and the gods of Italy brush my

Rome triumphs no more; and the poet's wrath is kindled against the faith that overthrew her. As he watches the devotional processions crossing the Forum Romanum, the sense of historic drama that fascinated Gibbon is merged in patriotic anger. The tutelary gods of Italy fled,

'quando una strana compagna, tra i bianchi
templi spogliati e i colonnati infranti,
procedé lenta, in neri sacchi avvolta,
litanando,
e sopra i campi, del lavoro umano
sonanti, e i clivi, memori d' impero,
fece deserto, ed il deserto disse
regno di Dio.'

Far more truly than the Roman legions, a band of celibate ascetics have made a wilderness and called it peace. They have substituted the abortive ecstasies of mysticism for the sanctities of family life and the fruitful labour of the harvest:

'Maledicenti a l' opre de la vita
e de l' amore, ei deliraro atroci
congiugnimenti di dolor con Dio
su rupi e in grotte:
discesero ebri di dissolvimento
a le cittadi, e in ridde paurose
al crocefisso supplicarono, empi,
d' essere abietti.*

Whereas north of the Alps one of the most usual reproaches against Catholicism is that it is too Italian,

kindled forehead with their wings. . . . At the foot of the mountains and under the shade of the oaks, as of thy streams, O Italy, so of thy songs is the fount. The nymphs lived, they lived indeed, and this is a bridal chamber of gods. . . . All now is silent, O widowed Clitumnus, all; of thy pleasant shrines one alone is left thee, and, within, O god robed in senatorial garb, thou sittest no longer. No longer the bulls, proud victims laved in thy hallowed stream, draw Roman trophies to the ancestral shrines: Rome triumphs no more. . . .

* When a strange company, between the ravaged white temples and broken colonnades, slowly paced, wrapped in dark sackcloth, singing litanies, and over the plain, that rang with human toil and the heights mindful of imperial sway, they made a desert and called that desert the kingdom of God. . . . Cursing the works of life and of love, they held frenzied communion of grief with God on rocks and in caves. They came down mad for annihilation to the cities, and, in affrighted chorus, impiously besought the crucified godhead that they might be abject.

Carducci, as an Italian, blames it as not Italian enough. To him it appears as a morbid orientalism overspreading the healthier instincts of the Latin race, one among the many religions of the East that sapped the life of the Roman Empire. In 'Alexandria' he even represents the victory of the Church as Egypt's revenge on Rome for Augustus' triumph over 'her bleating gods.'

His meditations, 'In una chiesa gotica,' lead by a more personal road to a somewhat similar conclusion. His purpose, he says, is not worship, but a meeting with his mistress, a meeting which he compares to that of Dante with Beatrice. His mood perhaps reminds us rather more of Léon Dupuy, as he waited for Madame Bovary in Rouen Cathedral. Yet somehow an assignation in a church, which even Musset, certainly no pietist, condemned, does not seem very profane in Italy. Here at least there is no trace of the æsthetic decadent's search after emotional reactions, not even any ostentatious defiance of the Christian standpoint; the poet simply records, not very regretfully, that it has passed him by. He expresses, quite naturally, the impatience of a southern temper in the gloom of twilight and self-denial and its eagerness to get outside into sunshine and enjoyment:

'Non io le angeliche glorie né i démoni,
io veggo un fievole baglior, che tremola
per l' umid' aere: freddo crepuscolo
fascia di tedio l' anima.

Addio, semitico nume! Continua
ne' tuoi misteri la morte domina.
O inaccessibile re de gli spiriti,
tuoi templi il sole escludono.*

A poem even more suggestive than this of prose fiction, both in mood and incident, is that called 'A la Stazione in una Mattina d'Autunno,' which describes the parting of a lover from his mistress at a railway station. At first sight this introduction into poetry of what to

* I see not the angelic glories nor the demons, but a feeble gleam through the dank air; chill twilight swathes my soul in gloom. Farewell, Semitic godhead! Death rules continuous in thy mysteries. O inaccessible king of spirits, thy shrines shut out the sun.

most of us is least poetic in modern life, its mechanism, seems a defiantly hazardous experiment. Hazardous of course it is, yet with less of deliberate defiance than would at first appear, far less than there would be in a like experiment by an English poet, although there are plenty of allusions to mechanical invention in English poetry. Tennyson, in the opening, afterwards cancelled, to his 'Dream of Fair Women,' describes the view from a balloon. James Thomson wrote some pretty lines about a return by train from Hampstead Heath; and Mr Henley, in his 'Song of Speed,' attempted to turn the motor-car to poetic uses. Nevertheless, efforts to treat in verse what is most modern in modern life always savour in English of the *tour de force*. A railway does not seem a natural object in a poem, any more than—in spite of Turner's 'Rain, Steam, and Speed'—it seems so in a picture. Such things are part of life's prose; and it is in the genius of our literature that prose and verse should stand apart. If they do not necessarily treat different subjects, they look at these subjects from a widely different standpoint. In English, when modern life is looked at from the poetic standpoint—the standpoint we expect in a writer of verse—what is distinctively modern in it drops out of the field of vision. If it appears, we feel it has been dragged in through some eccentric literary theory, or, worse still, from a wish to attract attention by a deliberate defiance of criticism. It would not present itself of its own accord.

There is not the same gulf between prose and verse among the Latin nations. With them there is usually little difference of subject, often none at all of standpoint; prose and verse are merely two ways of saying the same thing. It is therefore not strange that Carducci's subject, and his treatment of it, should remind us more of scenes in contemporary French novels than of any parallel in poetry. The opening description suggests impressionism, because impressionists alone have depicted such things, but there is nothing impressionist in the manner of describing:

'Oh quei fanali, come s' inseguono
accidiosi là dietro gli alberi,
tra i rami stillanti di pioggia
sbadigliando la luce su 'l fango!

Flebile, acuta, stridula fischia
 la vaporiera da presso. Plumbeo
 il cielo e il mattino d'autunno,
 come un grande fantasma, n'è intorno.'

Nor is there anything forced or unnatural in the lines
 that follow :

'Tu pur pensosa, Lidia, la tessera
 al secco taglio dà de la guardia,
 e al tempo incalzante i begli anni
 dà i gl'istanti gioiti e i ricordi.

Van lungo il nero convoglio e vengono
 incappucciati di nero i vigili,
 com'ombre; una fioca lanterna
 hanno, e mazze di ferro: ed i ferrei

freni tentati rendono un lugubre
 rintocco lungo: di fondo a l'anima
 un'eco di tedio risponde
 doloroso, che spasimo pare.

E gli sportelli sbattuti al chiudere
 paion oltraggi: scherno par l'ultimo
 appello che rapido suona:
 grossa scroscia su' vetri la pioggia.'*

Examined from the standpoint of academic criticism these comparisons verge on the grotesque; viewed psychologically they seem quite likely to suggest themselves to an imaginative temperament in an exasperated nervous condition. What is grotesque in them is quite

* O those lanterns, how they follow each other, lazily yonder behind the trees, between the branches, dripping with rain, casting a chequered light on the mud. Mournful, piercing, and strident, the steam-engine whistles close by. The sky is leaden, and the autumn morning, like a huge phantasm, is around us. . . . Thoughtful, Lydia, you give the ticket to the hard clip of the guard, and to time you give, as he treads down your years of beauty, the moments of gladness and the memories. Like phantoms, the watchmen, hooded in black, pass up and down along the dark carriages; they hold a glimmering lantern and hammers of iron, and the iron couplings as they are tested, give forth a mournful reverberation, long-drawn-out; from the depths of my soul an echo of weariness answers sorrowfully and seems an agony. And the doors slammed at shutting seem insults; the last call, that whistles sharply, seems a taunt; the rain in coarse drops bickers against the panes.

true to life; yet the ideas would only have occurred to a most penetrative insight, while only a supreme artist would have dared to use them.

Treatment such as this of individual incident or feeling is, however, the exception in the 'Odi Barbare,' as always with Carducci. What chiefly raises these Odi above his former work is their impressive amplitude of historic recollection, perhaps only possible in a land so rich as Italy in manifold memories. Everywhere the thought of the mighty dead is with him as he drifts down the full-fed stream of the Adda, past the ruined ramparts of Lodi, past 'battlefields that nature has long since reconciled to herself with the sweet oblivion of flowers'; as he muses before the Gothic citadel of Verona, or at Bologna, his adopted home, before her towers and monasteries; as he sits by the still waters of Sirmio, where Catullus yet seems to contemplate his absent Lesbia, mirrored in the quiet shimmerings of the lake.

'Dolce tra i vini udir lontane istorie
D'atavi, mentre il divo sol precipita,
E le pie stelle sopra noi viaggiano,
E tra l'onde e le fronde l'aura mormora.' *

In this sunset glow of thronging recollections patriotic pride is sobered into a sense of the continuity in national tradition. On the death of Mazzini he had hailed him the spiritual heir of Gracchus and Dante and Columbus. Now, when Garibaldi visits Rome for the first time since the Italian occupation, he welcomes the modern dictator as one of Livy's men, worthy to take his place by the side of Romulus and Camillus. The old political and religious hatreds too are softened. The note of reconciliation, still slightly ironic in the lines at Rocca Paolina, takes a more solemn tone. The 'pie stelle,' that voyage over the head of the poet at Desenzano, are no longer lucid shapes fulfilling their destiny without heed to mankind, as in one of the early sonnets; they are become Virgil's 'conscia fati sidera.' Indeed, although in this epithet of 'pie,' recurring again and again after the ancient manner,

* 'Tis sweet among the vines to listen to far-off tales of our forefathers, while the godlike sun is setting and the gracious stars are voyaging over us, and across the waters and among the leaves the breeze is sighing.

lingers no doubt the ancient suggestion of natural duties accomplished, yet it bears also its present Italian meaning of clement, pitiful, the old Virgilian *pietas* passing into that modern pitifulness of which Virgil had such strange foreshadowings. As Carducci muses at the castle of Miramar, whence Maximilian sailed for Mexico, the republican indignation of the sonnets on the expedition, and the resentment against the house of Austria that vents itself in the 'Cradle-song of Charles V,' are hushed. A solemn awe, as in the presence of mysterious forces of retribution, raises this poem to the level of tragedy. It has the grand manner of the ancients in handling contemporary events, the manner of Æschylus in the 'Persæ.'

The strongest poems in Carducci's last volume, 'Rime e Ritmi,' are those that continue this historical vein, the most congenial to his peculiar quality. Lines entitled 'Alle Valchirie,' on the murder of the Austrian Empress, recall 'Miramar,' though certainly inferior to it. Altogether there is a falling-off since the 'Odi Barbare' in strength and spontaneity, in the higher kind of imagination, a falling-off that leaves the besetting weaknesses more evident. A still larger proportion of the poems are on political and occasional topics, and everywhere the philosophic observer of public events tends more and more to override the poet. So does the historian and critic of literature. Like most literary poets in this age of criticism, Carducci at all times of his career wrote much in verse about other poets, sometimes by way of panegyric, sometimes in order to reconstruct a historical setting, sometimes to study the mood that a poem induced in himself.

Among his pieces of this kind the most interesting to English readers are probably those on English poets. He shared the general admiration of the Latin peoples for Byron, to whom there is a fine sonnet in the 'Rime e Ritmi,' and the 'Odi Barbare' include poems written 'Beside the Urn of Shelley' and 'On Reading Christopher Marlowe.' His sense of these poets is not quite that of Englishmen to-day. He greets Byron as the champion of Hellenic freedom, and disclaims his pessimism and satire. Shelley is welcomed to the islands of the blessed by the epic and tragic heroes and heroines, and hailed as 'poeta del liberato mondo'; surroundings and titles alike suggest

'Prometheus' and 'The Cenci,' perhaps even 'The Revolt of Islam,' rather than the lyrics which are now Shelley's chief glory in his own country. As Carducci reads Marlowe on a sultry journey by the seashore of the Campagna, the malarial landscape leads him to dwell on what seems unwholesome and mephitic in the playwright, his fondness for lurid crimes and barbaric excesses. What may be called the romantic side of the Renaissance, its love of strangeness, its lawless assertion of the prerogative of personality, was uncongenial to Carducci; to his essentially classical temperament the Renaissance appealed as a return from the superstitious frenzy of the Middle Ages to the ordered sanity of the ancients. As he grew older his poetic imagination lost the ardour needed to fuse his literary and historical learning into poetry. One need only compare the sonnets to Nicola Pisano in his last volume with the ode to La Beata Diana Giuntini in his first. Each renders the blending of paganism with the Catholic faith; in the ode it is suggested with the intuition of poetic fancy; in the sonnets it is set out with the precision of a philosophic history of Tuscan art.

Carducci's strong sense of local colour also now sometimes betrayed him. Many of his poems with topographical titles degenerate into mere enumeration of places and their characteristics, as in 'Piemonte.' In others the limitations of his historical sympathy still handicap him. Even in the Church of Polenta the Gothic capitals seem grotesque intruders from the northern gloom into a land hallowed by Hellenic memories. Yet, while the poet sits and muses where Dante may once have knelt and beheld the face of God, as he wept for his 'bel San Giovanni,' dislike of Catholicism is overcome by a sense of the historic function of religion as the great consoler. He summons the Italian people, 'l'Itala gente da le molte vite,' to answer the call of the angelus to prayer and closes with lines not unworthy to be set beneath Millet's picture:

'Una di flauti lenta melodia
passa invisibil fra la terra e il cielo :
spiriti forse che furon, che sono
e che saranno ?

Un oblio lene de la faticosa
vita, un pensoso sospirar quiète,
una soave volontà di pianto
l' anime invade.

Taccion le fiere e gli uomini e le cose,
roseo 'l tramonto ne l'azzurro sfuma,
mormoran gli alti vertici ondegianti
Ave Maria.*

An overpowering sense of such things—the vaguest word is the best—is the unmistakable token of the poetic temperament; and a power like this to express that sense in an artistic form would alone mark Carducci as a genuine poet.

We venture to doubt, however, whether, outside Italy, he will ever acquire widespread poetic fame. The exceptional difficulty of his Italian is not an insuperable hindrance; Dante, most obscure of Italian poets, is also the most widely read. Still, this difficulty is a hindrance to many English people, even to such as have a working knowledge of the language. These may be advised to begin on a translation of selected poems, with the Italian on the opposite page, lately brought out by Mrs Francis Holland. Mrs Holland has hampered herself by a resolution to adhere to the original metres, and, perhaps for that reason, her renderings will hardly give the English reader much idea of the beauty of Carducci's work. But they will be a useful help to those who know a little Italian and wish to make acquaintance with Carducci. For her book, which opens with a short introductory study, includes several of the poet's finest pieces. And indeed it is a good illustration of the wealth of really striking work he produced that Mrs Holland's selections scarcely anywhere overlap the quotations here given. There are, however, other causes besides the difficulty of his language which have hampered his reputation abroad and also suggest misgivings as to its permanence at home, at least in its present extent. Everywhere the average

* A soft melody of flutes passes unseen between earth and heaven; spirits perhaps that were, that are, and are to be. A soft forgetfulness of wearisome life, a thoughtful sighing after rest, a gentle yearning for tears, steals over the soul. Men and beasts and things are silent, the sun sets in rose-coloured vapours, and the lofty waving heights murmur 'Ave Maria.'

reader of poetry reads it for the matter, not for the manner; and Carducci will cease in time to give that reader what he seeks, the reflection and interpretation of his own feelings. In pure literature what makes for lasting popularity is individual human interest. 'Maud' is read for the hero's love story, not for the author's opinions on the Crimean war and the Manchester school in economics; the emotional crises in the life of Jean Valjean make us bear with the political disquisitions in 'Les Misérables.' Now this human interest, present in Tennyson and Victor Hugo, is absent from Carducci. He never attempted the creation of character; and his own feelings expressed in verse are seldom of lyric intensity or such that all mankind can share them. His own reference in his 'Intermezzo' to

'Questo cuor, che amor mai non richiese,
Se non forse a le idee,'*

is rather too suggestive of Goethe's saying about Platen, that he had every other gift but wanted love. To enjoy what is best in the 'Odi Barbare' requires historic imagination and the knowledge that alone gives that imagination scope. In the marmoreal ode 'Sul' Adda,' for instance, there is an impressive reverie over departed conquerors not unworthy of Omar Khayyam; there is no throb of human passion as in Browning's 'Love among the Ruins.'

Carducci's fame will endure, but with the few, not with the many. His appeal in the future will be to those endowed with historic imagination and the still rarer literary perception needed to appreciate his mastery of poetic form. For readers so gifted, nowhere very numerous, the 'Odi Barbare' will become a classic in the truest sense, and Carducci will continue to be what Signor d'Annunzio has called him, in the 'Greeting to the Master' that closes the 'Laus Vitæ,' 'the mediator between two worlds,' that of ancient Rome and that of modern Italy.

J. SLINGSBY ROBERTS.

* This heart which no love ever claimed, save perhaps for ideas.

Art. II.—LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

1. *The Justice of the Peace and Parish Officer.* By Richard Burn, LL.D., Chancellor of the Diocese of Carlisle, 1755.
2. *The Local Government Act, 1888.*
3. *Local Government in England.* By Josef Redlich and Francis W. Hirst. Two vols. London, Macmillan, 1903.
4. *Local and Central Government, a Comparative Study of England, France, Russia, and the United States.* By Percy Ashley. London, Murray, 1906.
5. *English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act. The Parish and the County.* By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. London: Longmans, 1906.

WHEN the political history of the last quarter of the nineteenth century comes to be written, it is certain that few things will occupy a larger space in it than the development of local government. That development has been immense. Whether it has been an unmixed advantage is a subject on which opinions may differ, but for good or for ill the extension of municipal government to the counties has brought about a change little short of a revolution. It may be that we live too near the time for any adequate account of the movement to be yet written. So far, in this country, there has been none. The best attempt is that of Herr Redlich, which Mr Hirst has translated and brought up to the English standpoint. The book, however, has one great fault, the usual fault of most of our writers on local government, it is written from the outside. For instance, whatever may be the theoretical view, no one who has sat at petty or quarter sessions would have stated that 'the struggles in regard to the settlement of paupers form an important part of the jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace.' In twenty-five years' experience of those courts we have never known a case occur at petty sessions, and only two at quarter sessions. In theory the law of settlement is most important, in practice few barristers' libraries contain the great authority on the subject, 'Burrows' Settlement Cases.'

Possibly the fact that the lawyer who writes books

has little practical experience in the actual working of his subject may be the reason why there is no really good modern work on the office and duties of the justice of the peace. There are plenty of books on the practice before justices. The well-known treatises by Oke and Stone have sufficed to point out to the justices the way in which they should go, and they have required nothing more. A really good, modern, trustworthy, history of the office and duties of the great unpaid is still a want in our literature. What Lambard and Dalton did for their generations we want some one to do for ours. The best available substitute is 'The Justice of the Peace and Parish Officer,' by Richard Burn, the work, not of a lawyer, but of an active clerical justice, whose experience of the Westmorland Quarter Sessions made him a practical authority, securing for his book such a reputation that it has passed through upwards of thirty editions, and, although published over a century and a half ago, is still an accepted text-book. In some degree Mr Webb's work supplies this want, but it stops at the Reform era, and does not profess to give the developments of the last sixty years. Still, for the period it covers, it gives one of the best accounts we have of the way in which the magistrates, before the Reform Act of 1832, discharged their duties.

Among the changes then brought about probably the most far-reaching was the reform of the municipal corporations. The system then introduced into the towns has, by the Acts of 1888 and 1894, been extended to counties and country districts. Powers have been taken away from the justices and new powers heaped upon the new bodies. The tendency to give the county councils larger and larger powers is shown in the legislation of each year. Soon they will become, if they are not so already, the most powerful local bodies that have ever been in existence in England or in Europe. They have already gone beyond their predecessors the municipal corporations.

The fact that these powers are expressly granted to the new councils by Parliament and are not a survival of any old jurisdiction does not seem to be fully appreciated. Messrs Redlich and Hirst define local government as 'the carrying out by inhabitants of localities, or their elected representatives, of the duties and powers with which they

have been invested by the Legislature, or which devolve upon them at Common Law.*

But no common law powers devolve on these statutory bodies; all their powers are derived by express statutory grant. If once they act outside the four corners of the statutes conferring their powers the courts will restrain their action. They possess no original jurisdiction, no common law powers. County councils cannot spend a farthing on any object however deserving unless some Act of Parliament empowers them to do so. For instance, they can pay for damage arising from wear and tear to a school-house, but not to a school-playground. They can pay the costs of opposing, but not of promoting Bills in Parliament. It is this principle, that if they act *ultra vires* the central power can at once step in and prevent any such action, that forms the best and greatest check on the conduct of local authorities. While the powers of local bodies in England are greater than those on the Continent, nowhere are local bodies kept so tightly within the strict letter of their powers as in England.

The story of the change from the old to the new order of things begins with the reform of the corporations in the towns and the poor-law system in the counties. The 246 towns to which the Municipal Corporation Act applied were, says Mr Ashley,† 'in the hands of an irresponsible oligarchy. Confusion and corruption were almost inevitable, the corporate funds and municipal offices were openly used for the individual benefit of members of the town councils or other freemen.'

All this that Act changed. It gave

'the municipal franchise to all ratepayers, made the councils elective, abolished life membership, put an end to trading monopolies and privileges, provided for a better system of appointments to salaried offices, secured publicity for all proceedings of the new authorities, and withdrew all judicial functions from the aldermen as such.'‡

This was the reform of the towns. In the counties the first reform was the poor law. This had been based on the statute of the 43 Elizabeth, which had made each parish responsible for its own poor, under the conditions

* Vol. I, p. xxiv.

† p. 218.

‡ p. 221.

of society which prevailed in 1603, and the changes in land tenure and cultivation that two hundred years had produced rendered it quite unsuitable as a practical system for the nineteenth century.

‘The poor rate’ (says Mr Ashley) * ‘had come to be regarded by employers in country and town alike as a source of grants in aid of wages; . . . the actual administration of relief was in the hands of small shopkeepers and farmers untrained in business habits and afraid of unpopularity; there was no central control.’

All this was changed by the Poor Law Act of 1834. The parish ceased to be the unit of responsibility, relief was no longer given by the parishioners. The administration was placed in the hands of elected bodies called Boards of Guardians, bodies to whom the justices of the peace living within the area of the union were added as *ex-officio* members. A strict central authority was established to supervise the regular administration of the poor law, and, not the least important point, the accounts of the guardians were annually audited.

With this change, and with changes in the power of granting licenses, and as to highways, the body that had been the most threatened of all, the county justices, passed safely through the storm of reform.

‘All the efforts of the reformer’ (says Mr Webb) ‘were concentrated, not on reorganising the local government of the rural districts, but on stripping the rulers of the county of their powers, and either throwing away the control and supervision which these powers afforded, or else entrusting them to a department of the central government.’ †

So the efforts failed.

With licensing Bills in the air, it is interesting to note the great effort of licensing of the reformed Parliament, the Beer-house Act of 1830, which enabled beer-shops to be set up without the assent of the justices. This power was at once largely exercised, and in six months no less than 26,000 new drinking dens were established. We who blame the justices for the number of licensed houses should remember that the increase was not their doing. The Highway Act of 1835 limited the justices’ jurisdiction

* p. 217.

† Webb, p. 603.

on highways; but this was all. 'Against the institution of the unpaid justice of the peace, the method of his appointment, or the comprehensive powers recited in the ancient commission of the peace, no adverse action was taken even under the reform Ministry.* The justices of the peace alone among the different units of local government survived, 'unchanged in their unrepresentative character, unchecked in their irresponsibility, unfettered in their powers of expenditure, and unreformed either in the method of their appointment or in the secrecy of their procedure.' †

Mr Webb ascribes this to the fact that quarter sessions and petty sessions were still regarded by the public, not as county administrative authorities, but essentially as courts of justice. We rather think that it was to a great extent due to the result of the enquiry into the ways of municipal corporations, which showed nothing but rottenness and corruption, while the enquiry by the Parliamentary Select Committee of 1834 into rates failed to show any financial corruption in the administration of the justices. There was also the difficulty as to who was to take their place. The only alternative appeared to be stipendiary justices, an idea which was denounced in this Review in the strongest language as setting up a class who,

'without consequence as lawyers, of no rank in their learned profession, without the influence of property or birth, with no station in the county or neighbourhood where they administer justice, . . . would not be proof against the temptation to which indigent authority surrounded by wealth is exposed.' ‡

So, amid the zeal of reformers, the justices survived and the reform of county government was left unattempted for over half a century.

During this time the justices at quarter sessions were becoming a more powerful body than their predecessors. Sir Robert Peel created the new police force. Although at first it lay with the justices to say if they would establish this force in their county, this option was soon taken away, and the court of quarter sessions was compelled to become the responsible authority for administering this new method of keeping the king's peace.

* Webb, p. 605.

† p. 606.

‡ 'Quarterly Review' (1828), p. 268.

Neither the new boards of guardians nor the new highway authorities proved to be altogether satisfactory, and Parliament gave back to quarter sessions some of its poor law powers in the new jurisdiction over lunatics, and some of its highway powers as to the main roads. In fact quarter sessions had by 1888 more than regained any authority it had lost after the Reform Act. To exercise all these powers involved money, and the increasing cost of local administration gave rise to a demand that the bodies who spent the money should not be mere nominees of the Crown, but should to some extent be elected by the ratepayers. This demand was plausible, but it was really based on a fallacy. It is true the courts of quarter sessions were composed entirely of nominees of the Crown, or, as Mr Webb states it, 'almost exclusively of the principal landed proprietors within the county, whose fathers and grandfathers had held their estates before them';* yet, through their tenants, these men paid the larger part of the rates, and every addition of a penny in the £ meant an additional charge on themselves. So far as it might be desirable that the county expenditure should be controlled by the owners of property in the county, quarter sessions did this far more effectively than county councils do or have done. No person was qualified to be a member of quarter sessions if he had less than 100*l.* a year in land. Any one is qualified to be a county councillor who occupies a house, whatever may be its annual value.

In addition to the bodies who had been entrusted with local government, in 1875 a new set of authorities arose, urban and rural sanitary authorities. It is true they were only the governing bodies of the towns and the boards of guardians in the country under new names; yet a very large addition of powers, especially as to sanitary matters, was given them. At first the powers of these bodies were not turned to much account, but gradually they have developed into very important local authorities, and have practically taken over all the administrative work relating to public health.

Nothing shows the English administrative system better than the way in which the great local revolution

* Webb, p. 386.

of 1888 was brought about. A unique opportunity then offered itself, such as is never likely to occur again, to establish one great administrative authority having the charge of all local work, while leaving to the magistrates the whole of the judicial business. This opportunity was lost. What was done was to take from the magistrates most of their administrative work, and to create a new body to whom such administrative work was transferred. This new body, the county council, was for the future to be the supreme county authority. But even to this body the transfer was not complete. Poor law, sanitary, highway authorities still remained with all their powers, while a totally new body, composed half of county councillors, half of magistrates, called the 'Standing Joint Committee,' was set up to manage and control the county police and county buildings.

It is almost twenty years since this great change was effected, so that it is possible to give some answer to the question whether it has been a success. As a merely administrative machine the county council has more than justified its existence. If any evidence was required to prove this, it is shown by the new powers which every session Parliament bestows on these bodies. Education and diseases of animals, preservation of ancient monuments and supervision of midwives, regulations of commons and adjustment of weights and measures, are some of the heads of work these bodies are now supposed to perform. It may well be that the multifarious nature of their duties may tend to the work being done in a perfunctory way, and the question may be fairly asked, is not the limit of the powers of county councils to do satisfactory work almost reached? While it is wonderful what is done, there are some considerations that point to the fact that it is quite possible this excessive load of work may be productive of future trouble.

In the first place, the work, being too great for the whole council to do, is necessarily done by committees. The average county councillor is placed on some one committee, and all he sees or knows of the business of the council is the small part done by his own committee. So the district he represents has really but little voice in the discussion of all the range of county council work except the part done by the committee on which its own

representative serves. It follows that, if the councillor wants any information on any other subject, or anything done, he goes to one of the county officials to get the wishes of his constituents carried out. Hence it is that the control of county affairs is passing largely into the hands of the county officials. They have to deal with the cases as they arise, and it is seldom that the chairman of the committee questions the official's action, still more seldom that the council reverses the action of its committee. Therefore in most counties the permanent officials really 'run' the council, and even in counties where this is not so, matters are never so fully considered and discussed as they used to be by quarter sessions. The hold of the official is greatly strengthened in another way. A central body, known as the County Councils Association, sits in London to consider measures and matters affecting the general interests of county councils. The different departments of government—the Home Office, the Local Government Board, the Board of Education, and the Board of Agriculture—find it useful to keep in direct touch with this organisation; in consequence it has not only a direct but also a strong indirect influence on all proposals affecting county councils. The association consists of representatives of each county council in England and Wales, and among the representatives are the clerks. These officers are the most regular attendants at the meetings of the association; insensibly they come to regard all county council work from the official point of view, with the result that the policy that runs through the councils is the official policy. So every year the officials are getting the county councils more and more under their control.

A further point that is occasionally heard a good deal of, especially at election times, is the spending power of county councils. If they are to do the work entrusted to them it can only be done by a large expenditure, and, as the work annually increases, by an increasing expenditure. Whether it could be done at a less cost than it is no two persons agree. But one thing is perfectly certain, that no member sent to a county council to keep down the rates will ever be able to do so. County finance is both complicated and difficult, and the way in which the

councils receive their revenue from Government is enough to craze any amateur financier. No one can ever tell how much of the amount of the Exchequer contribution grant, the great source of income, belonging to any year will be paid within that year or not, no one can say precisely what the total of the grant will be. A certain sum has to be provided, and it is always so much easier to get it by a small addition to the rates than by effecting economies that the temptation to do this is quite irresistible. But there is worse than this. Nothing commends itself so much to the average county councillor as a loan, to make future generations pay part of current expenses, so loans have been raised for one purpose and another to such an extent that the rate to keep down the interest and instalments in some cases equals the whole of the rest of the county rate. In most counties the financial position is not satisfactory, and it will be from this side that the opposition to county councils will probably arise.

Another evil caused by county councils should not be left out of sight, for it is one which seems on the increase. The county council naturally draws the best local men of the district as its members. The work of the council is so heavy that the county councillors cannot find time to do any other public business, hence the minor local bodies lose their best men and fall into the hands of those who have axes to grind. It is difficult to realise the difference made by the presence or absence of one strong man on a small local body, and it may well be that the want of even capable chairmen of these minor bodies is having a very disastrous effect on their usefulness.

For these reasons we are inclined to think that, although county councils have been a great success, they yet contain dangerous elements, which may develop in such a way as greatly to impair their usefulness if not to do worse. The dangers that were so freely predicted at their outset they have to a great extent survived, but these other dangers are none the less real because they were not predicted.

If the separation of the administrative from the judicial work of the counties has been a success from the administrative side, what has been the result from the judicial side? It is difficult to answer the question, as

the conditions have been so greatly changed, but on the whole it may be said the change has not been beneficial. At first it was thought that nothing was left for quarter sessions to do, with the result that a number of justices ceased to attend, and this caused a decline both in their importance and in the interest in their proceedings. It became necessary to fill up vacancies and to increase the number of justices to get the work done; so, 'to secure persons who would attend, justices were appointed from a much lower class than was formerly the case. This led to more of the old justices staying away, as they objected to working with the new men, especially with the *ex-officio* justices under the Local Government Act, 1904. Some of the sons of the old justices, who would in the old order of things have become members of the bench as a matter of course, either did not care to be appointed, or, if they were appointed, never came to quarter sessions. Thus a gradual change has been going on, much greater in some counties than in others, with the result that a new generation of justices has arisen.

In the last two years the change has been made greater. Up to 1906 no one could act as a county justice who was not qualified by the possession of an income of 100*l.* a year derived from lands. This has been now repealed, and any one can now be appointed a justice of the peace. This alteration in the law has entirely altered the character of justices. They represented, or were supposed to represent, the landed interest of the county, now they merely represent such persons as have sufficient influence to get their names brought before the Lord Chancellor for the appointment. What the effect will be sufficient time has not yet elapsed to say, but it is certainly a very hazardous experiment; and if the state of things in boroughs, where no qualification was ever needed for the bench, is to be taken as an example, it does not seem likely to be a success. Great as is this change, a more startling proposal was made last year. The custom has prevailed for many years that the persons to be appointed justices for counties should be nominated to the Lord Chancellor by the lord lieutenant of the county. There was no law to that effect, and from time to time appointments were made without any such nomination. As it is obvious that the Lord Chancellor must

obtain some local knowledge of the fitness of persons for the post, the King's representative, his lieutenant, was the obvious source to which he applied for it. When the present Government came into office a loud outcry was raised by members of Parliament and others that a number of persons, because they were radicals and because they had rendered greater or less service at the election, should be made county justices. Lists were sent to the Lord Chancellor containing the names of persons whose only possible qualifications were either political opinions or political services. Fortunately the Lord Chancellor, in spite of great pressure and great outcry, refused to place on the bench persons who could show no better qualifications. Large additions were made to the magistracy in different counties, but much less than were demanded, and, thanks to the Lord Chancellor's sense of responsibility with regard to the administration of justice, the evil has been avoided for the time.

It is most probable that, both on the administrative and the judicial sides, the present state of local government is one of transition. The commission that is now sitting on poor-law administration may be the death warrant of all the systems of local government that have arisen round boards of guardians, and may propose the transfer of all such powers to county councils, leaving to guardians nothing but the distribution of relief. Or we may see the setting up of some authority, with jurisdiction over a wider area than the county, who will relieve the county councils of much of their work. So, again, on the judicial side, we are continually threatened with the abolition of the great unpaid and the substitution of stipendiaries. This has been threatened so often that we shall not believe in it until we see it. Whatever may be the changes, either administrative or judicial or both, of one thing we are perfectly certain, that no system will work, nor will command the confidence of the English people, that does not in some way utilise the services of the English gentry and secure for that class a preponderance over the combined forces of the agitator, the faddist, and the man who becomes a member of a public body because he has an axe to grind.

Art. III.—GREEK PAPYRI AND RECENT DISCOVERIES.

1. *Fragments d'un manuscrit de Ménandre*. Découverts et publiés par G. Lefébvre. Cairo, 1907.
2. *The Oxyrhynchus Papyri*. Parts I–V. Edited by B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt. London: Egypt Exploration Fund, 1898–1907.
3. *Archæological Reports of the Egypt Exploration Fund*, 1891–1907.
4. *The Flinders Petrie Papyri*. (Royal Irish Academy, Cunningham Memoirs, VIII and XI.) By the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy and Prof. J. Gilbert Smyly. Dublin, 1891–1905.
5. *Greek Papyri in the British Museum*. Catalogue, with Texts and atlases of facsimiles. Vols I–III. By F. G. Kenyon and H. I. Bell. London: British Museum, 1893–1907.
6. *Ägyptische Urkunden aus den königlichen Museen in Berlin: Griechische Urkunden*. Vols I–III. By U. Wilcken, F. Krebs, P. Viereck, W. Schubart, and others. Berlin: Weidmann, 1892–1906.
7. *Berliner Klassikertexte*. Parts I–V. By U. von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, H. Diels, W. Schubart, and others. Berlin: Weidmann, 1904–1907.
8. *Papyri Greco-egizii publicati dalla R. Accademia dei Lincei*. Vol. I: *Papiri Fiorentini*. By G. Vitelli. Milan: Hoepli, 1906.
9. *Archiv für Papyrusforschung*. Vols I–IV. Edited by U. Wilcken. Leipzig: Teubner, 1899–1907.

GREEK scholars of the present generation have enjoyed, and are still enjoying, an unique experience. Their good fortune in the recovery of so many works long supposed to be hopelessly lost, so many of which the names had been barely known or little noticed, has often been compared to that of the Italian scholars of the Renaissance. But the conditions are far from being the same. The contemporaries of Petrarch and Poggio were engaged, not so much in discovering lost manuscripts, as in recovering the lost taste for a whole literature. The manuscripts of the great Greek authors had been extant in the East and in a few Western libraries, but there had been none to appreciate them till, at the psychological

moment, the men of the Renaissance discovered these springs of living water, and refreshed themselves and humanity from their stores. This is not a description which could be applied to the present generation. Modern scholars could not justly be charged either with ignorance of Greek or with want of appreciation of it. The uniqueness of their experience lies in the fact that to them, and to them alone, has it been vouchsafed to recover from the sands of Egypt a rapid succession of Greek works which no human eye had seen for perhaps a millennium and a half.

It is true that there have been anticipations and partial realisations of such a resurrection in the past. The men of the Renaissance, in their new-born enthusiasm for classical literature, unearthed from monastic libraries, where they were as completely buried as in Egyptian rubbish heaps, certain authors (such as Catullus and Tacitus) of whom the memory had well-nigh perished. In 1752 the discovery of a library of charred papyrus rolls at Herculaneum raised hopes which were considerably dashed when it appeared that their contents were exclusively philosophical, and for the most part in such a state that little could be extracted in the form of continuous texts. It was during the publication of these (largely promoted—be it remembered to the credit of one for whom a good word is seldom said nowadays—by the Prince Regent) that Wordsworth wrote his well-known lines :

‘O ye, who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculanean lore,
What rapture, could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides.’

Wordsworth's aspirations were a century too early. A ‘Theban fragment’ of no little interest has come to light within the last few months. For Simonides we still wait; but his nephew, Bacchylides, was recovered ten years ago, and is one of the principal trophies, from the literary point of view, of the present age of discovery.

This, however, is to anticipate. In the early part of the last century a fresh flutter of excitement was raised by the recovery of the work of the great jurist, Gaius,

from a palimpsest at Verona, and for a time there were confident hopes of accessions to the extant remains of classical literature from such mss., in which the text originally inscribed on the vellum had been but partially effaced when the material was used again for some later writing. Fragments of Cicero's 'De Republica' and other less important works were actually recovered in this way; but the total harvest was not great. In 1847 a truer foretaste of the joys to come was vouchsafed. Egypt had already, since 1778, yielded some discoveries of writings on papyrus; but, with the exception of one manuscript of a book of the 'Iliad,' all these were non-literary documents. In 1847, however, a large roll containing three of the lost orations of Hyperides, the great contemporary of Demosthenes, came to light; and in the course of the next nine years another oration of Hyperides and an important fragment of the lyric poet Alcman were added to the list of recovered Greek classics. The promising vein thus tapped proved, however, to be disappointing. No important discoveries came from Egypt for another generation. It is true that in 1877 a vast mass of papyrus documents was discovered in the Fayum, which has since been the most prolific source of Greek papyri; but the literary fragments among them were few in number, small in extent, much mutilated, and slowly and inadequately edited. It was not until fourteen years later that the new era of literary discovery was fairly established.

The year 1891 may indeed be said, without the exaggeration which usually attends the phrase, to have been epoch-making, for it marked the beginning of a new period, the importance of which in the history of Greek literature cannot be denied. In that year Prof. Mahaffy published the first part of the Petrie Papyri (so called after their discoverer, Prof. Flinders Petrie), which included portions of the 'Phædo' of Plato and the lost 'Antiope' of Euripides, together with smaller fragments of Homer and other authors, written upon papyrus in the early part of the third century B.C., 600 years earlier than the earliest Biblical mss. then known, and 1300 years earlier than the generality of Greek classical mss. In the same year the Trustees of the British Museum published the lost 'Constitution of Athens' of Aristotle,

the poems of Herodas—the latter not merely lost, but hardly known even by name—a portion of another oration of Hyperides, and early copies of parts of Homer, Demosthenes, and Isocrates. It is not merely the quantity and value of these discoveries that made the year 1891 memorable; it opened the door, so to speak, to a train of distinguished followers. In 1892 the Louvre acquired and published yet another oration of Hyperides, that against Athenogenes, which, with the funeral oration (already in the British Museum), ranked in antiquity as his finest work. In 1893 came a long treatise on medicine, embodying large extracts from a work by Menon, the pupil of Aristotle. In 1897 (another of the great years) the British Museum published the Odes of Bacchylides; M. Nicole (of Geneva) edited an interesting fragment of Menander; and Messrs Grenfell and Hunt began (under the auspices of the Egypt Exploration Fund) that splendid series of discoveries on the site of the ancient Oxyrhynchus, which have formed the centre of interest for the last decade, which have given us scores of fragments of Greek works, known and unknown, besides hundreds of documents of the greatest value for the history of Græco-Roman Egypt, and which are still far from being exhausted. The record of the last ten years is indeed largely the record of the achievements of this pair of indefatigable explorers and strenuous and accurate editors. Germany, Italy, and France have, indeed, published great quantities of non-literary documents within the same period, and the stream of articles in learned periodicals on the Continent has been incessant; but it is only quite lately that literary papyri have appeared in any considerable quantities elsewhere than in England. In 1903 the Berlin Museum published a poem of the lost dithyrambist, Timotheus of Miletus, which, in addition to its curious literary interest, has the distinction of being the oldest Greek literary MS. in existence, dating from the end of the fourth century B.C. This has been followed by a considerable portion of the commentary of Didymus on Demosthenes; by a long but not very valuable commentary on the 'Theætetus' of Plato; some very attractive fragments of Sappho, Corinna, and Euripides; and various texts, prose, and verse, of minor interest.

These are but the most important in an ever-increasing succession of discoveries, of which it is difficult to keep count. At the beginning of 1904 it was calculated that the number of published literary papyri, large and small, was approximately 350, without reckoning theological texts, which might have been estimated at another 60. Of these, about 160 contained texts not previously known; about 110 contained portions of Homer, and the remaining 80 were divided among other already extant works, the leading places being taken by Demosthenes and Plato. Since then very considerable additions have been made to these figures, so that the total of published literary papyri now falls little short of 600. And so far from being exhausted is the supply, that the year 1907, in its concluding month, established its claim to rank with 1897, with 1891, and with 1847 as one of the *anni mirabiles* in the fortunes of Greek literature.

The titles of the two volumes on which this claim rests are given at the head of this article. One stands to the credit of France, the other to that of England. Precedence is given to the former, alike as the earlier in date and as the discovery from which most was expected. Ever since the recovery of lost classics from Egypt came within the range of practical politics, it has seemed reasonable to believe that Menander was one of the authors most likely to benefit thereby. In an article published in this Review fourteen years ago, dealing with the recovered orations of Hyperides, the following remark occurs :

‘Had the possibility of such a discovery [i.e. the discovery of Greek literary papyri in Egypt] been realised, there were two authors whom most scholars would have named as those, the loss of whom was most surprising, and the recovery of whom might be held most probable. The first of these was Menander, the second Hyperides. For Menander we wait still; but Hyperides was the first-fruits of the new harvest.’

The popularity of Menander in ancient times was immense. He was as much the most prominent among the authors of the New Comedy as Aristophanes was among the authors of the Old Comedy; and it was the New Comedy which appealed most to the Hellenistic Greek, and was most read in the circles which looked up to Alexandria for guidance. Homer remained, indeed,

unquestioned at the head of Greek literature, with a position which can only be compared to a combination of those held in this country by the English Bible and Shakespeare; but next in popularity to him, if we are to judge from the frequency with which they are quoted, came Euripides and Menander. Menander is as quotable as Pope, and a multitude of his single lines were current as popular expressions of proverbial wisdom. His style was easy, his subjects within the comprehension of all, and independent of temporary or local allusions. Everything, in fact, seemed to prove that he must have been one of the authors most read by the Greeks in Egypt, and therefore one of the most likely to be recovered as the *débris* of their libraries came to light.

Nevertheless Menander was slow to make his appearance. While Homeric papyri were dug up by scores, while no less than six orations of Hyperides had been discovered, while, on the other hand, so obscure an author as Herodas had been restored to our knowledge, still no trace was to be found of Menander. At last, in 1897, a considerable fragment (about 80 lines of the play entitled 'The Husbandman') was acquired and edited by Prof. Nicole; in 1899 Messrs Grenfell and Hunt published about 50 lines of 'The Shorn Lady' (or 'The Rape of the Lock'), which they had unearthed at Oxyrhynchus; and in 1903 the same editors published about 100 lines (of which, however, 40 were but half preserved) from 'The Parasite.' These substantial but somewhat tantalising fragments prepared the way for the much greater and truly notable discovery which was announced at the end of 1906, and published, with most laudable promptitude, at the end of 1907. The fortunate discoverer and editor was M. Gustave Lefébvre, Inspector of Antiquities in the Egyptian service. In the course of his official duties he was led to make a small excavation on the site of a ruined house at a place called Kom Ishgau, in Upper Egypt, and here he lighted upon a jar in which were preserved, among a large number of documents (mostly Coptic), several leaves of a papyrus book containing plays which were readily identified (through the occurrence in them of passages already known by quotations in other writers) as the work of Menander. Unfortunately a great part of the ms. had disappeared, and not all the

recovered leaves were continuous. Four plays are represented in them: the prologue (13 lines) and 50 lines of the first scene of 'The Demi-God' (*Ἡρώς*); more than 500 lines (about half the play) of 'The Arbitration' (*Ἐπιτρέποντες*), mostly in excellent preservation; about 300 lines (including two mutilated leaves assigned by M. Lefébvre to the following play, but since shown to belong here) of 'The Shorn Lady,' most usefully supplemented by the above-mentioned Oxyrhynchus fragment, which contains the *dénouement*; and some 340 lines, besides detached fragments, from a play of which the identity is doubtful, but which is probably 'The Samian Woman.'

No doubt justice can hardly be done to the author with specimens so incomplete. Nevertheless M. Lefébvre's discovery places our knowledge of Menander on an altogether new footing. We can now see the plots of four of his plays, two of which, at least, ranked high among his works in the opinion of antiquity; we have the complete text of several scenes, and can judge of his style, his dialogue, and his management of his characters. All the scholars of Europe and America must have been asking themselves the question (though, at this present time of writing, none have published their answers to it), How far does he come up to his ancient reputation? Can we repeat the exclamation of an ancient admirer, 'O Life, O Menander, which of you has copied the other?' Shall we hold, with Cæsar, that Terence is but a Menander halved?

Before the publication of M. Lefébvre's edition, a lecture given by M. Maspero in Paris was taken by some, at any rate in this country, to indicate that we should prepare for disappointment, and that in this instance (contrary to previous experience in regard to recovered classics) modern judgment would not confirm the opinions of antiquity. It is possible that a first reading of the text will in some cases have justified this forecast. The merits of Menander do not leap to the eye, as might have been expected, and the mutilation of the plays greatly detracts from their effect. It is clear (but this was known already) that there was nothing remarkable about the character of his plots. Like the very large majority of the plays of the New Comedy of which we know anything, the plays now extant turn upon the

chance amours, born of intoxication and violence, of free-born youths and maidens, and the complications arising out of the presence of children of unknown or concealed parentage. Not infrequently, it appears, projects of matrimony arise between the two young persons, who are ignorant of one another's identity, and then the previous misadventure comes to the knowledge either of the husband or of one of the parents; complications and misunderstandings ensue; there are intrigues (conducted by the slaves, who play an important part in these plays), concealments, quarrels, reconciliations, until finally the whole web is unravelled, the right persons are paired off as husbands and wives, the children are restored to their proper parents, and all ends happily. There is room for plenty of variety in the details of these domestic dramas, but not for any striking originality of plot. A modern audience, though accustomed to accept the conventions of its own stage and period, may very possibly grow weary of the conventions which were the stock-in-trade of the Attic dramatist; but the Attic audience evidently felt no such tedium. It is, indeed, one of the characteristics of the Athenian drama that the audience was accustomed to have a general knowledge of a play before seeing it. In the case of tragedy, the announcement of the title was generally sufficient to show which of the well-known legends was to be presented. In the case of the New Comedy, the audience knew the elements out of which its entertainment was to be concocted—two or three parents, one or two young couples, two or three slaves, a female of more beauty than character, and a semi-attached child—and had merely to see in what new combinations the old materials would be presented, and how the intrigue would be carried to the inevitable and foreseen solution. Even in the case of the Old Comedy, which is formed much less on a stereotyped plan, the torrent of topical allusions must have kept the audience on terms of comfortable familiarity with their author and his subject.

In respect of his plots, therefore, we had little to expect of Menander, and no cause for disappointment. On the contrary, it will probably be felt that the briskness of the action gives more freshness to the plots of these plays than would be expected from reading a short

analysis of them. Another characteristic is, however, more surprising. The quotations from Menander in antiquity are so numerous, and so many sententious and quasi-proverbial lines are ascribed to him, that one naturally expected to find these plays full of quotable passages and neatly turned epigrams. This, however, is not the case. No doubt there is plenty of room, in the hundred or more comedies which have not yet been restored to us, for all the sententious wisdom recorded in the extant quotations; but it would appear that they did not colour the whole texture of Menander's dialogue to the extent which one had hitherto supposed.

But when these deductions are made, there is still very much left. In particular, the plays give the impression that they have the prime merit of being effective on the stage. It is doing no injustice to Terence to say that the perusal of his comedies does not leave this impression, and that it is an agreeable surprise to see, as may not infrequently be seen at Westminster, that bright and capable acting may nevertheless make them effective. Menander has this air of life about him from the first, and should therefore be still more attractive on the stage. It may be that this bright and bustling comedy of manners and intrigue is better suited by the light touch of the Greek than by his heavier-handed Roman imitator; just as a certain type of modern comedy seems more at home in the French tongue than in our own. The dialogue is brisk and lively, though it has not the verbal jokes and jibes of Aristophanes. The action moves rapidly, the scenes are of no great length, the characters on the stage are continually in motion, and the audience is given little time to cool down and consider the situation in cold blood. The longest scene and the longest single speech occur in the play entitled 'The Arbitration,' and represent an argument as to the rightful ownership of certain objects left with a foundling child, conducted with force and point upon both sides, which no doubt appealed strongly to the forensic tastes of an Athenian audience.

Much that is best and most characteristic in Attic literature, as in Attic art, does not exert its full effect on a modern reader at a first perusal. Its very perfection makes it unobtrusive, and baffles the criticism which is looking for striking and imposing qualities. We cannot

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yet, on the evidence that is before us, rank Menander with Sophocles and Plato; but he shares with them something of this excellence of perfect adequacy of style. In some respects he reminds one of the limpid ease of Lysias and Hyperides; but he has a brighter sparkle, a livelier note, than they. It may be that, even if we possessed his best comedies intact, he would not appeal to us so strongly as he did to the ancients. Much of his excellence evidently lay in felicity of diction, in the power to express common thoughts neatly and effectively; and this is an excellence which necessarily is most appreciated by a poet's own compatriots. He has been compared above to Pope; and Pope's peculiar merits can be appreciated by few but Englishmen. But the more we read Menander the more we shall realise the brightness of his comedy, the purity of his style, the interest of his pictures of Greek life and character; and the more we shall be grateful for the happy chance which has at last given us some substantial specimens of his art.

It is time to turn to the second of the two volumes which have made the year 1907 so memorable to classical scholars. Unlike the Menander, this is not the first work of a new editor, but is at least the eleventh for which we have to thank the pair of scholars whose work, in quantity and quality, in exploration and in publication, has no parallel in the whole range of the study of Greek papyri. Several of Messrs Grenfell and Hunt's previous volumes have contained important literary texts. It will be enough to mention the two fragments of the 'Sayings of Jesus,' the epitome of Livy, an ode of Sappho, and the 'Partheneion' of Pindar. But the fifth volume of the *Oxyrhynchus papyri* far surpasses all its predecessors in the length and importance of its literary contents. The whole of it is, in fact, devoted to only five manuscripts. One of these consists of but a single page, which seems to belong to a fourth or fifth century copy of an apocryphal gospel. It contains a denunciation by our Lord of the Pharisees in connexion with their ritual observance of ceremonial purification, to the neglect of inward purity. The passage is interesting, but not especially novel or striking in tone or expression, and the manuscript is too late to give it the authority of antiquity. Two other mss. contain works already well known, one being the latter

half of the 'Symposium' of Plato, the other about the same proportion of the 'Panegyricus' of Isocrates. Papyri of such a length are very rare (though Isocrates has been curiously fortunate in this respect), and the importance for textual criticism of witnesses of so early a date (the second century) is obvious. Fortunately the results are not sensational, and only go to confirm the impression already generally arrived at, that the tradition of the classical texts is substantially sound, and that the best vellum mss. of the tenth and later centuries are as good as, and often better than, the Egyptian papyri of a thousand years earlier.

There remain two texts, one verse, the other prose; both new, both of substantial extent, both carefully and elaborately edited with the assistance of several of the best scholars in Europe. One contains considerable fragments of the 'Pæans' of Pindar; the other is a new historian, dealing with the affairs of Greece in the early years of the fourth century B.C. The Pindar consists of some forty columns, mostly mutilated, from a fine ms. of the first half of the second century, with a large number of detached fragments. There are in all about 280 perfect or approximately perfect lines, belonging to nine different poems, none of which is complete. It is therefore the largest lyrical papyrus which has yet come to light, with the exception of the Bacchylides ms., which contains about 1200 complete lines. It has the further interest that it brings before us a new class of Pindar's works, namely, his Pæans, or choral odes in honour of Apollo. These poems were written to order, like the epinician odes, and were performed at some festival by a choir representing the city which had commissioned them. Thus, of the nine odes which are more or less preserved in the present ms., two were written for the Thebans, and one each for the Abderites, the Ceans, and the Delphians; the rest are doubtful. The odes for the three last-named peoples are those of which the most substantial portions are preserved, and on which our judgment of Pindar's success in this class of composition must principally rest. *A priori*, there is no reason why his Pæans should not be as great as his epinician odes. Both are of the same class of poetry. In both the poet had to pay compliments to his employer, and to introduce references to the festi-

val at which the ode was performed; and in both cases the most natural device was to weave into the structure of the poem some of the legends connected with the history of the family or the city in question. It must therefore be merely an accident that the newly recovered poems contain nothing that can be matched with the finest of the odes previously extant. No doubt the new poems suffer from their mutilation; but the myths, so far as they occur, are told with less elaboration and animation, and the style throughout lacks the splendour of phrase and the boldness of imagery which we look for in Pindar. One feels that the poet is taking pains to adorn his subject by his avoidance of direct and simple language and by the employment of involved poetical diction, but the effect is laboured and lacks spontaneity. Indeed the most striking passage is one that was previously known through a quotation of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, describing an eclipse of the sun. This is now shown to have belonged to the pæan in honour of the Thebans which occurs in the newly-discovered MS., though of these particular lines barely enough is preserved for identification. Next to this, perhaps the most noteworthy verses are those in which the poet praises the modest simplicity of Ceos (the home, be it observed, of his rivals, Simonides and Bacchylides), and quotes the refusal of its legendary hero, Euxantius, to desert his native country for the chance of a splendid destiny elsewhere.

The new history is considerably the longest of the texts, previously unknown, which Messrs Grenfell and Hunt have given to the world. It consists of no less than twenty-one broad columns, each containing some forty long lines of small writing, in a hand (or rather two hands) which may be assigned to the early part of the third century. Seven of the columns are seriously mutilated, and there is considerable doubt as to the true order of the four sections into which the papyrus is divided (or, to speak more accurately, into which its remains have been reconstituted). Nevertheless it is a substantial contribution to history, which will provide ample material for discussion to German scholars for many years. Already three of the most distinguished scholars of Germany—the late Friedrich Blass, always the foremost to assist in the restoration and editing of

mutilated papyrus texts, Edward Meyer, and U. von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff—have lent the editors their aid in reconstituting the text and in discussing the many problems arising out of it. In this country Prof. Bury and Mr E. M. Walker have also been of material assistance. The result is that the new text is excellently set out with introduction and commentary, the whole occupying 130 quarto pages, and students are put in the best possible position to learn the character of the work and the questions of interest connected with it.

The difficulties begin with the identity of its author. The papyrus being imperfect at both ends, no title or author's name is preserved. It is a history, on a very large scale, of the years 396–5 B.C. A reference in it shows that the complete work began as far back as 411, but there is nothing to show that it dealt with events before that date. The writer was therefore, probably, a continuer of Thucydides, and he certainly covers the same ground as Xenophon. His method is annalistic, his style is smooth and unemotional, his judgment appears to be sane and impartial, his narrative impresses one as careful and trustworthy. He makes no use (at any rate in the part of his work now extant) of the speeches in which Thucydides took delight, and he is entirely unrheterical throughout. Internal evidence seems to show that he wrote between 387 and 346. It is clear that his work was used, directly or indirectly, by Diodorus.

Three possible authors are named by the editors in their introduction, in which the evidence for and against each is stated with admirable care and impartiality. These are Ephorus, Theopompus, and Cratippus. In favour of Ephorus is the connexion with Diodorus, who is known to have made use of that author, and the lifeless monotony of style, which is in accordance with ancient criticisms of Ephorus. Against him is the fact that his work was a universal history, whereas this apparently began about 411, and is on a much fuller scale than a universal history could well be. Theopompus (in his 'Hellenica') and Cratippus are known to have written continuations of Thucydides, and between these two it appears that the authorship of the new history must lie; for it is hardly likely (though not wholly im-

possible) that it should be the work of an author whose name has not come down to us at all. The decision must be left to the mature consideration of scholars, or rather to the chance of some future discovery. At present the materials do not exist for a decisive verdict, though it is possible that scholars may agree to accept some provisional conclusion. Meyer and Wilamowitz give their vote for Theopompus, Blass and Bury for Cratippus. Of Cratippus it may be said that we know very little, and that little is not inconsistent with his authorship of the present work. Of Theopompus it may be said that we know a good deal, and that what we know is hard to reconcile with the characteristics of the present work. Nothing could be more unlike the vigorous, rhetorical, censorious style of Theopompus, as he is known to us from ancient criticisms and extant quotations, than the even placidity of the author before us. There are a few points adduced by Meyer, in which an identification with Theopompus would suit the evidence; but if Theopompus was indeed the author of the newly discovered work, the only thing to be said is that the Theopompus of the 'Hellenica' was wholly unlike the Theopompus of the more famous 'Philippica.'

In point of contents it cannot be said that the new history is very exciting; but it is not without interest. The main topics are the naval operations of Conon in 396 (probably) and 395, the campaigns of Agesilaus in Asia Minor in the latter year, and the outbreak of war between Bœotia and Phocis. Unfortunately no events of great importance or of special picturesqueness fall within this period, and the modern historian who has to deal with the new discovery will be chiefly concerned with the frequent and conspicuous discrepancies between the papyrus and Xenophon. The most novel material provided by the Oxyrhynchus historian is an account of the constitution of Bœotia. His analyses of the currents of political feeling in the various states of Greece, in relation to the supremacy of Sparta and the war between Bœotia and Phocis, are interesting, and leave the impression of fairness of judgment and considerable insight into the political situation. The new historian, in short, makes a quiet claim on our respect, though little on our enthusiasm.

It has seemed right, by reason of their novelty, to devote a considerable amount of space to the remarkable discoveries of the last few months; but they do not suffice by themselves to give an adequate picture of the services which the papyri found in Egypt have done to our knowledge of Greek history and literature. To do this, it is necessary to take account of the more noteworthy among the discoveries of previous years. It is now thirty years—a conventional generation—since the era of modern discovery was opened by the great find of papyri in the Fayum. We may now fairly look back and take stock of what the period has done for us.

The most substantial gains, taking both quantity and quality into account, and arranging them in order of discovery, are these: six orations of Hyperides, more or less complete, the Athenian Constitution of Aristotle, the mimes (or short dramatic idylls) of Herodas, the odes of Bacchylides, and the comedies of Menander; and with these may be reckoned the recovered portion of the dithyrambist Timotheus. Menander has been dealt with already. Of the rest, now that from ten to sixty years have elapsed since the first fervour of their discovery, it may be possible to give an unexaggerated estimate.

In the sphere of pure literature the first place, alike in date and in quality, is taken by Bacchylides. His poems are interesting in themselves, and doubly interesting on account of their place in literary history. The nephew of Simonides, the younger contemporary and rival of Pindar, he belongs to the great age of Greek lyric poetry, and enables us to estimate more fairly the achievements of its great master. No two poets, working on the same subjects and with the same material, could well be more dissimilar than Pindar and Bacchylides. So long as we had Pindar alone we might be excused for thinking that Greek lyric poetry, or at any rate that species of it which dealt with songs in celebration of athletic triumphs, was addicted to forced metaphors, striking phrases, abrupt transitions, and obscurities of idea and expression. But nothing could be more limpidly clear than the twenty odes of Bacchylides which we now possess more or less perfectly; and as Pindar is perhaps the most difficult of classical poets, so Bacchylides is certainly the easiest. His merits are those which

go with easy grace. He is in no sense an original thinker or a great artist in words. He takes the easy and the obvious line of thought and contents himself with expressing it with simplicity and elegance. He has an eye for colour and for picturesque epithets; but Pindar, the fervid of speech, with his tempestuous cataract of song, must have despised the pellucid shallowness of his rival's verse, however attractive its simple intelligibility may have made it to the average athletic patron. To us he will always have value as an example of Hellenic grace; and beginners may well be thankful to have him to introduce them to the study of Greek lyrics before they embark on the difficulties of Pindar.

Very similar is the position occupied by Hyperides in the department of Attic oratory. The six speeches which we now possess, in whole or part, enable us to judge him in comparison with Demosthenes, with Æschines, with Isocrates; and it will hardly be denied that he is the easiest and clearest of Attic orators, not even excepting Lysias. We miss the force, the conviction, the emphasis of Demosthenes; we feel that we are in the presence of a lesser spirit; but we can understand how he excelled as an advocate, and how his special sphere was that of the social *cause célèbre*. He has the simplicity and directness of Lysias, with something more of conscious art. It is a type known to the bars of all countries, and one which implies talent rather than genius; but because he was a Greek his advocacy was literature, and our knowledge of Greek literature is richer because of the discoveries which have restored half a dozen of his speeches to us.

Bacchylides and Hyperides, then, are characteristic representatives of Greek literature, without being supreme masters of it. The two other authors of whom our whole knowledge is due to the papyri are wholly different. Timotheus and Herodas show us the Greek spirit under new aspects; and though their poetical merit may be less than that of Bacchylides, their literary interest to us is greater by reason of the novelty of their styles. Timotheus in particular is a Greek writer of what one might call a typically un-Greek character. Before the fortunate discovery of a papyrus roll in a tomb at Abusir we knew nothing of him except a few phrases, and the fact that he had been attacked by a

comic poet on the score of his innovations in music. Now we possess the greater part of one important composition, which is enough to demonstrate his literary characteristics. Hitherto one has regarded simplicity, restraint, and good taste as inalienable qualities of the Greek genius, at least before the Alexandrian age; but none of these is found in Timotheus. He abounds in forced metaphors, in obscure phrases, in exaggerations, in bad taste; and even if we take into account that his verses form a libretto (since they were written to be set to music), rather than an independent poem, still we must admit that they belong to a low order of literature. We are inclined to sympathise with the ancient critics of his music, since a composer capable of such bad taste in language cannot be trusted to show refinement in music. It is as a curiosity, and not for literary enjoyment, that his poem, the 'Persæ,' will be read in future; and it is certainly remarkable that any one should have wished to have it buried with him. Possibly the choice is to be ascribed to the survivors.

The papyrus of Herodas cannot compare in age and palæographical interest with that of Timotheus, since it belongs to the period from which papyri are most plentiful, the latter part of the first century of our era or the first half of the second; but in its contents it is perhaps the most striking of all the discoveries which we owe to Egypt and its papyri. The eight short poems which it contains, for the most part in good preservation, are studies in realistic *genre*, written in the modification of iambic metre known as scazons, which was especially reserved for the more colloquial or pedestrian types of verse. They deal with subjects of domestic life, some of them of a rather scabrous description. In one we have the visit of an old woman to a young wife whose husband is abroad, the object of the visit being to persuade her to listen to the advances of a desirable lover; in another, the complaint of a mother to a schoolmaster of the escapades of her son, culminating in his drastic corporal punishment; in a third, a visit of two women to the temple of Asclepius in Cos, and a description of the artistic treasures which they behold there; in a fourth, two women enter a cobbler's shop and bargain with him over his wares; in a fifth (unfortunately much mutilated)

we have the narration of a dream of a very inconsequent nature. In none of these poems is any attempt made at an elevated style. They are colloquial and pedestrian in tone; their merit lies in their liveliness and vigour of characterisation. There is nothing like them in extant Greek literature. They form a class by themselves, and the discovery of them consequently widens the borders of our conceptions of the Greek genius. In language they are often difficult of comprehension; but the difficulty arises, not from intentional violence of phraseology, as in the case of Timotheus, but from the use of colloquialisms and allusions with which we are not familiar. There will be some who will rate Herodas as first among the literary gifts to us from the sands of Egypt; and certainly it is the one in which novelty and literary interest are most combined.

To these four authors whom, to all intents and purposes, we know only from the papyri, there remains to be added an old friend with a new face, Aristotle, whom we now see as historian and not only as philosopher. The recovery of the treatise on the 'Constitution of Athens' was perhaps the most sensational of all the discoveries in this field, because the period to which it relates, the history of Athens from Draco to the restoration of the democracy after the rule of the Thirty Tyrants, is precisely that which is most studied at our universities, and consequently that in which new statements, modifying or contradicting established opinions, attract most attention and arouse most controversy. There is a piquancy in finding Aristotle in conflict with Thucydides; and so accustomed have we been to regard the testimony of the latter as unimpeachable, that many persons found it difficult to speak with patience of a treatise containing so many statements irreconcilable with his narrative. Even the authenticity of the treatise, attested though it is more explicitly than any other work attributed to Aristotle, was questioned at first and is still sometimes reluctantly admitted. But the first heat of controversy has cooled down, and some results emerge with clearness. The first is perhaps too drastically expressed in the dictum of Jowett (based upon allusions in the 'Politics,' before the discovery of the 'Constitution of Athens'), that 'Aristotle was no his-

torian'; but it is at least clear that he made no independent research into historical records, and was content to take history from the current chronicles of his day. Thucydides may be left undethroned on his pedestal; but it is interesting to know that his authority was so far from being paramount in the generations following his own that a version of Athenian history, very different in many points of detail and chronology, was current in the chronicles and fashionable histories. Secondly, in the second part of the treatise, we have an unrivalled first-hand account of the civil organisation of Athens in the fourth century—of its magistrates and its law-courts, and of the manner in which they were selected and conducted their business. Many items of this description were previously known, having filtered down to us through grammarians and lexicographers; but now we have the source of all these fragments restored to us in practical completeness. For all this we are indebted to some unknown resident in Upper Egypt about 100 A.D., who was at the pains to have Aristotle's treatise translated, not in formal book-hand, but in the ordinary running handwriting of everyday life, on the back of a bailiff's record of daily labour on his master's farm.

The six authors who have now been named and briefly described cover six different branches of Greek literature—history, oratory, lyric, dithyramb, mime, and comedy—and constitute a very considerable addition to the intellectual wealth of the world; but they are far from exhausting our indebtedness to the papyri. Next to them, as being either smaller in bulk or inferior in interest, may be placed the Pæans of Pindar (which have been mentioned above), the new historian, and the commentary of Didymus on four of the public speeches of Demosthenes, now at Berlin, which is of value for the evidence it brings to bear on the genuineness of the speeches in question, and for its extensive citations from the annals of Philochorus and other now lost historians. Those who are interested in the history of Greek medicine may add to this list the long medical treatise in the British Museum, which embodies large extracts from a work of the Aristotelian school, the 'Iatrica' of Menon; but even those who are interested in philosophy can hardly say much for the long and beautifully written

commentary on the 'Theætetus' of Plato, now in the Berlin Museum.

These are the larger products of the explorer's spade in Egypt ; and it is no secret that they will be increased before long (notably in regard to Euripides), when Messrs Grenfell and Hunt are able to make further progress with their vast accumulation of materials. But discoveries on such a scale are the rare prizes of papyrus-hunting. Far more commonly the manuscripts that are brought to light are fragments, often more tantalising than instructive, but often, too, containing substantial portions of literature which scholars welcome with avidity. In the sphere of theology we have had the two fragments of 'Sayings of Jesus' from Oxyrhynchus, an important manuscript of a large part of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and smaller portions of both Old and New Testament ; while at Berlin there is (as yet unpublished) a papyrus containing the greater part of the book of Genesis, which is said to be of the fourth century. In the sphere of literature the list is too long to enumerate in full. Papyri (or vellum fragments found with them) have given us several stanzas of Sappho, not unworthy to rank with those which we already regard as among the most living words of Greek literature ; some ninety lines of Alcman, the largest continuous passage now extant from his poetry ; an ode of Corinna, Pindar's predecessor and preceptress ; a festival song (sung by maidens) of Pindar himself, in a simpler style than his epinician Odes or his Pæans ; about 120 lines of the 'Antiope' of Euripides, and a characteristic speech from his 'Cretans' ; a small portion of the celebrated speech of Antiphon in defence of his own life ; an anonymous erotic rhapsody (in subject similar to the second idyll of Theocritus) in irregular verse or rhythmical prose ; a scene from a comedy in which an Oriental king is introduced, speaking a non-Greek tongue, which recalls the Triballian deity in Aristophanes, or the Carthaginian in the 'Pœnulus' of Plautus ; and many other pieces which serve at least to show us how much Greek literature was extant in Egypt as late as the third, fourth, or even fifth century, which has since perished by the way. Incidentally they may indicate to us that it is hardly safe to assume, as was often done not long ago, that Byzantine commentators

knew most of the works (now lost) from which they quote only through the medium of extracts and anthologies.

Space will allow of but a brief mention of another large class of literary papyri, those, namely, which contain texts already known to us. We have, literally, hundreds of papyri of Homer, large and small, of which the earliest (third century B.C.) testify to the unsettled state of the text at that date, and the inclusion in it of many lines which subsequently ceased to appear in the received editions; one large MS. of Hesiod, and several smaller; of Æschylus, nothing certain; of Sophocles, not much more; of Euripides, much less than might have been expected; not very much of Aristophanes; hardly anything of Herodotus; an early and valuable fragment of Thucydides; several fairly extensive portions of Xenophon; the greater part of the 'Symposium' of Plato, and very early fragments of the 'Phædo' and 'Laches,' with several smaller scraps; three large MSS. of Isocrates; many portions of Demosthenes, notably two vellum leaves of the 'De Falsa Legatione,' and nearly the whole of one of the Epistles. Manuscripts such as these, with others of less note, have an importance which comes from their age. They are from 700 to 1500 years earlier than the manuscripts on which our knowledge of the Greek classics was previously based; and if they do not materially alter our views as to their text, this is itself a fact of the very highest importance. We know now, on the evidence of the papyri, that the vellum MSS. of the tenth and subsequent centuries not only contain the same text, to all intents, as the much earlier papyri, but contain it generally in a sounder form; for the vellum MSS. represent the tradition of the libraries, while the papyri for the most part have been gathered from the rubbish-heaps of provincial towns and villages in Upper Egypt. They serve also to curb the rashness of conjectural emenders. Here and there, no doubt, the conjectures of modern scholars are justified; it would be disheartening if it were not so; but these are invariably corrections which involve but little change. If a passage is seriously corrupt (and that such corruptions exist, and go back to very early dates, the papyri themselves demonstrate), the chances are largely against a modern scholar healing it successfully; not because his scholar-

ship is deficient, but because the possibilities are numerous and the odds are against his finding the same form of words as the ancient author. As against this weakening of our faith in the healing powers of scholarship may be set the very comforting assurance that the great classics do not stand in so much need of healing as has sometimes been supposed.

By far the largest class of papyri remains to be mentioned, and can be mentioned but briefly. These are the non-literary documents. While the literary texts can be reckoned by hundreds, these must be reckoned by thousands. Many of them are in excellent condition ; for whereas a literary manuscript seldom reached the rubbish-heaps—from which most of our stores of papyri are derived—except in a damaged state, quantities of private and business documents were thrown away, when they were no longer needed, in a perfectly sound condition, and have so been preserved by the exceptionally dry soil of Egypt. In character they are of most various kinds. Imperial rescripts, official orders, petitions to magistrates, census and revenue rolls, tax-receipts, land registers, sales, leases, loans, contracts of marriage and divorce, athletic and musical diplomas, accounts, private letters, schoolboys' exercises—all are represented in the accumulations which are pouring from Egypt into the libraries and museums of Europe and America. In period they cover a range of a full thousand years. Within the last few months the range has been extended in both directions—backward to the year 311 B.C., in the reign of the first Ptolemy, forward to about A.D. 725, nearly a century after the establishment of Arab rule in Egypt, a period from which we now have a large and very interesting group of documents. In all this mass of material there is ample scope for historians, economists, jurists, philologists, palæographers. It is not work that can much impress or affect the ordinary reader ; but in the sphere of constructive scholarship no better work has been done during the past generation than that of the men who have interpreted and digested these isolated and unfamiliar details, and have built up out of them the internal history of Egypt under its Greek, its Roman, its Byzantine, and its Arabian rulers. It is work analogous to that which has been done by means of inscriptions

for the internal history of the Roman Empire; and if it covers less ground, the powers needed for its execution have not been less. In this department of learning the names of Wilcken, of Grenfell and Hunt, of Mahaffy and Smyly, deserve special mention; but many more might be added—Wessely, Vitelli, Schubart, Viereck, Gradenwitz, Mitteis, Reinach, Jouguet, Nicole, Otto, Preisigke, 'fortisque Gyas, fortisque Cloanthus.'

So much for the past. What of the future? The answer is simple. The experience of the last few months has shown us that the treasures of Egypt are not exhausted. If a casual scratching in a paltry village can give us back Menander, and a search for an ancient Egyptian interment can, as a by-product, reveal a Greek soldier buried with a roll of Timotheus, why should not similar chances give us Sappho, Simonides, Stesichorus, Archilochus, Cratinus, Agathon, and others for whom our mouths water, or, like Herodas, almost unknown writers of unsuspected interest? We know that the works of most or all of these were in existence during the period covered by the papyri; and for the rest we depend upon fortune. There are still many rubbish-heaps left in Egypt, and it is from them—the mounds which surround the sites of ancient towns and villages—that most of the papyri (though not the most perfect) have come. There must still be cemeteries containing mummy-cases made out of masses of papyrus compacted together and covered with clay, like those of Gurob and Hibeh. There may still be mummified crocodiles to be found, stuffed and wrapped round with papyrus rolls, like those of Tebtunis. There may still, occasionally, be found pots containing manuscripts, like those which produced the Menander or the papyri from the Serapeum of Thebes; or burials in which a manuscript has been laid with the dead man, like the Timotheus at Abusir, or the Hyperides *ms.* obtained by Bankes and Arden near Thebes. But these things lie upon the knees of the gods. It is for scholars at home to support and facilitate the work of those who go out to search, and to prepare themselves and their posterity to deal with the accessions which they bring to that immortal Greek literature upon which our civilisation is based.

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Art. IV.—COVENTRY PATMORE.

1. *Poems*. By Coventry Patmore. With an Introduction by Basil Champneys. London : Bell, 1906.
2. *Religio Poetae, etc.* By the same. London : Bell, 1893. (New edition, 1907.)
3. *Principle in Art, etc.* By the same. London : Bell, 1889. (New edition, 1907.)
4. *The Rod, the Root, and the Flower*. By the same. London : Bell, 1895. (New edition, 1907.)
5. *Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*. By Basil Champneys. Two vols. London : Bell, 1901.
6. *Coventry Patmore*. By Edmund Gosse. London : Hodder and Stoughton, 1905.

THE austere figure of Coventry Patmore stands strangely apart from the other poets of the Victorian age. He owed next to nothing to his predecessors, and he has scarcely at all affected the poetry of later days. He stalked in his own narrow field, casting hardly more than an indifferent glance at the work of his contemporaries. His poetry has an individuality so deep and so curious that its appeal must always be as dumb to most people as it is intense to a few. He raised a new flower, unique in its bold shape and colour, but he contrived to spread round it a desert which effectually deters the casual adventurer. And yet this grim recluse, who appears to stamp so summarily upon any conciliatory overture from the world at large, stands almost alone in literature for the interpretation and the defence of one of the most normal and least recondite elements of human life.

From the beginning of art the deepest-seated of man's passions has been celebrated in every aspect save one, that one being precisely the aspect which the world agrees, on the whole, to consider the most estimable and the most conducive to its welfare. If it is strange that marriage, for all its admitted claim upon the world's gratitude, should have been found thus destitute of lyrical quality, it is infinitely more of a paradox that the one voice raised in real fervour on its behalf should give the effect of keeping the majority scornfully at bay. That a passion which is strictly 'honourable' in its intentions, whose domesticity is not a mere fortunate accident, but

its very essence, is possible material for poetry of the most rapturous kind, Patmore, at any rate, has abundantly proved. He knew nothing of the lawless old instinct in the human breast which, even in submitting to conventional bonds, feels that the real brilliance of love is a thing quite apart from them.

In 'Maud,' for example, at the great moment of climax, the language might equally well be that of a Launcelot. The fact that it is a virtuous passion in no way colours the expression of it; and to have stopped in the full flight of song in order to emphasise it would have been to strike a false note. To Patmore, on the other hand, the bond itself is the very crown and glory of the whole theme. It is not a mere compromise struck between the world on one side, and the strength of man's passions on the other, with a view to securing some measure of peace and order, but an original and eternal disposition of nature. Indeed, with his scornful figure before us, we shall scarcely be in danger of thinking that this attitude was due to any timid conventionality on his part; such an idea shrivels up at the first sound of his harsh, jarring laugh. The opinion of the world was to him rather a thing made to be scoffed at as such. He loved to be alone against the universe; and, if in his cardinal doctrine he is thus found upon the conventional side, it is the strongest possible proof of the ardour of his conviction. Still this ardour has so little in common with the general respect given to honourable love that, in spite of the everyday nature of his theme, his poetry is profoundly esoteric. He is the one writer who has found his chief source of inspiration in this most familiar of life's phases; and yet the final result is that his appeal is limited, his air forbidding, his doctrine remote and inaccessible.

The clue to this paradox could doubtless be disentangled in Patmore's writings taken alone; for, though few, they represent every link in his development. But the two biographies which have appeared since his death illuminate the whole process. Mr Basil Champneys brought together a large body of material, and produced an excellent portrait of Patmore and his inner circle. Mr Gosse, working upon this, developed the critical side further than was possible for Mr Champneys, and added, from his own long acquaintance with Patmore, a vivid

and fascinating sketch of the poet's personality. The two together form a complete picture of one of the strangest and most interesting figures in our literature.

Coventry Patmore, from the beginning of his life to the end, through all changes of faith and fortune, was dominated by one central idea—the relation of man to woman and of woman to man. The whole character of his mind was implied in the view which he took of the mutual attitude of the sexes. It coloured every line that he wrote; it directed every step of his intellectual progress; it was the governing standard to which everything else was referred. It was an instinct in the first place, but it gradually became far more than that. Upon it was built an elaborately reasoned fabric, in which was included the whole significance of art and nature and religion. It grew to be the universal symbol, the only key to all the intricacies of life. The fact that this guiding principle never failed him, that it continued to bear the accumulating weight which he threw upon it, sufficiently proves the robust purity and vigour which he brought to it. The bedrock of his nature was so stable and so normal that the most determined exaggerations could be erected on it without danger. At the bottom of all his theories there was a hard virility whose force was never relaxed; it was equally strong in his early days, when his poetry was held by the sterner sort of critics to touch the limit of all that was sentimental and insipid, and in his later, when he appeared to many to wander adrift in a cloud of exotic and over-strained mysticism. It is this fundamental soundness which gives coherence to all his work, and which leads us step by step, in a logical progression, from the morning brightness of the 'Angel in the House' to the secluded fervours of the 'Unknown Eros.'

Patmore's earlier poetry, though, like everything else that he said or did, in reality quite unrelated to his period and environment, accidentally corresponded with a taste of the time. 'The Angel in the House,' by the fact that it was anecdotic and domestic, won a large audience in the fifties—an audience which those very qualities have now lost for it. The parochial felicities, the tea and talk, the ingenuous croquet of the mid-century, were all akin in sentiment to the narrative parts of the poem. The

romance of Felix and Honoria was so pre-eminently 'nice' in tone that it won its way to many thousands of blameless hearts, who could understand the innocence of the story, if not the far more characteristic interludes in which Patmore expounds his theory of love. There are still, no doubt, hearts as blameless, but they are less parochial now, even as croquet is less ingenuous: the fashion in innocence has changed. Crinolines and pork-pie hats appeal now for a different reason; and it might be expected that the 'Angel' would by this time have at any rate the charm of quaintness. But this, curiously enough, in spite of the courageous realism of the picture, it somehow contrives to miss. Perhaps the reason is that Patmore himself was really very far from being a mild and amiable young man, handing bread-and-butter at tea on the lawn, such as he portrays. He had a theory of what true love should be; and tea on the lawn was the appropriate setting for it. But he was not nearly enough the child of his age to love the setting for its own sake; indeed, he would have been exceedingly out of place in it himself. He describes the orderly life of Sarum Close from the outside; and his description is too deeply tinged with his own peculiarities—his obscurity, his strained use of words, his mixture of verbosity and extreme compression—to be generally typical.

'Grown weary with a week's exile
 From those fair friends, I rode to see
 The church-restorings; lounged awhile,
 And met the Dean; was ask'd to tea,
 And found their cousin, Frederick Graham,
 At Honor's side. Was I concern'd,
 If, when she sang, his colour came,
 That mine, as with a buffet, burn'd?
 A man to please a girl! thought I,
 Retorting his forc'd smiles, the shrouds
 Of wrath, so hid as she was by,
 Sweet moon between her lighted clouds!'

The warm love and romance which underlay that idyllic life Patmore knew to its remotest depth; but its manners, its amusements, its very language were entirely alien to him. He could not prevent an occasional infusion of his own more pungent liquors into that milky cup.

The result is satisfactory from neither point of view; the narrative is too flat, or it is too rugged. The characterisation is conventional, the plot a mere shadow. Patmore's outlook had no breadth; nor had he, save in one connexion, to be indicated presently, any power of placing himself outside his own point of view. His gift was purely lyrical and individual.

But, though Patmore perhaps would not have allowed as much, the essential part of the 'Angel in the House' is not the story at all, but the 'preludes' which are prefixed to the cantos of the poem, two or three to each, in which he develops his own proper theme through endless dainty and intricate modulations. They form together what is in one way the most singular series of love-lyrics in the language. No one but Patmore, it may safely be said, has written upon the subject with such depth of mystical conviction, and yet with such airy and unclouded gaiety. The lightness and brightness of the tone, far from being a sign of unreality, is the expression of a peculiar point of view, held with impassioned earnestness by an exceptionally forcible nature. 'The cruel madness of love,' which the hero of 'Maud' prayed to escape, would have been to Patmore a totally meaningless phrase. The course of romance might run smoothly or roughly; but, rough or smooth, it is a blissful vision, an 'aura of delight,' which no uncertainty or even jealousy can wholly mar. The passion which is so unselfish that it can take a positive pride in resigning its claim, not unjustly arouses some suspicion of its reality; and Patmore would even have us believe that there is something delicious in the uncertainty of the lover as he goes to put his fate to the touch. The pangs and fevers are indeed described; but their bitterness is swallowed up in the pervading sunshine which, for accepted and rejected alike, clings to the thought and the presence of woman. A part of this peculiarity is perhaps the lack, noticeable in all Patmore's poetry, of the sense of physical beauty, except indeed of the beauty of the natural world. His power of touching off, in sharp outline, some exquisite glimpse of tree or flower, is admirable:

'The leaves, all stirring, mimick'd well
A neighbouring rush of rivers cold,

And, as the sun or shadow fell,
So these were green and those were gold ;
In dim recesses hyacinths droop'd,
And breadths of primrose lit the air,
Which, wandering through the woodland, stoop'd
And gather'd perfumes here and there.'

But this exactitude of vision seems to become blurred just where it might be expected to be more intense. In the later poem of 'Amelia' we are told that

'to look on her moved less the mind
To say "How beauteous!" than "How good and kind!"'

The sentiment is deeply characteristic. The beloved object moves in a rosy mist of virtues, fresh with purity mild with kindness, sparkling with modest joy. But we see her no more clearly than that; nor, it seems, does the poet. The effect upon the reader is to make the whole emotion appear to be generalised—not concentrated upon one glowing point, but a kind of universal admiration, the less interesting for being so all-embracing. Patmore, the self-confident individualist, the arrogant, the masterful, seems here to be not quite individualist enough. And yet it is impossible to say that the emotion is indefinite or languid. On the contrary, it revels in minute discriminations, and is never betrayed by its ingenuity into falling below the pitch of rapturous ecstasy.

The poet of the 'Angel in the House' was saved from these penalties of humanity partly by an invincible self-confidence, partly by a very noble purity, and partly too by a capacity for viewing the drama of human love to some extent from outside. In married love he saw not only the highest but the only expression of perfect felicity attainable by man. Marriage, as he understood the word—the 'mutual free contract'—absorbed the whole sum of happiness; none was possible outside. At the same time his dominating masculinity could conceive of no such condition as mere sterile solitude. Somewhere, sooner or later, there must be some angel of grace and virtue for a man, if he keeps his eye clear, to conquer and to worship. There could thus be no irreparable despair, no blinding sense that the significance of the world is destroyed by the disaster of a single moment.

Then comes another and more important point. The emotion of these poems differs from the hungry, jealous fever of other natures for the reason that this poet, so complex in his simplicity, can see through the eyes of the woman even more clearly than through his own; or, if not quite that, at least that the whole and absolute beauty of the drama appeals to him even more strongly than its special relation to himself. The exquisite and joyful completeness of a perfect union—the idea of this exists for him side by side with the thought of the individual happiness, and it is even the more vivid of the two. Moreover, the woman's relation to this central miracle is fully as absorbing as the man's. Indeed her more ethereal, more instinctive, more impressionable nature, as he regards it, makes her share by so much the subtler and the finer. In such poems as 'The Chace' and 'The Changed Allegiance,' the progress of a woman's love is traced with a daring firmness of touch which, directed by a sensibility one hair's breadth less perfect, might well have overshot the limit of fatuity. It is perilous, to say the least of it, for a man to be so acutely alive to the blessing of a fortunate romance from the woman's point of view. But Patmore had, in this one and only instance, the power of detachment. The whole picture, exceeding and including the two individual aspects, stood out clearly before him; so clearly that its steady light became in later years the one all-explaining symbol. In the 'Angel in the House' its full meaning was not yet so exhaustively explored, nor the picture so suffused with mysticism. The idea is there, but it is still in its first simplicity—the idea of love, not as a leaping flame, obscuring the rest of life for a moment and then dying down as life resumes its course, but as a steady and pervading glow, in whose warmth alone the world has meaning and coherence.

This view of the subject, as translated by Patmore into practice, becomes, it must be confessed, somewhat less genial than might be supposed. His homage to the idea of married perfection took the shape of an autocratic rule over the diviner sex, as primitive as that of Milton himself. Patmore was a born tyrant, but his severity was not really at variance with his doctrine. The essence of his theory was that woman is receptive and passive,

man impressive and active; and if, in actual life, the result of so many finely-spun delicacies seemed about as free from subtlety as the attitude of the traditional Red Indian to his spouse, that at any rate proved their sound freedom from sentimentality. He so delighted in the beauty of the woman's part that he somewhat over-acted the man's; but that was a better tribute to womanhood than to worship at her feet and forget to play his own part at all, like a troubadour contemplating his mistress's perfections at a careful distance. Moreover, it is better to be a tyrant than to patronise, and a great deal better to be treated like a squaw than to endure the copious draughts of condescension that Ida and Guinevere, for example, had to swallow. But the resemblance between Patmore and Milton in this respect is curious; for Milton too, though a slave-driver where Patmore was at most an autocrat, had the rare inspiration of celebrating nuptial love. It would seem, after all, that only by the Red Indian and the Tartar can the full dignity of marriage be rightly appreciated.

When all is said, the fact remains that the 'Angel in the House,' in spite of the 'preludes,' is by no means widely known or read. The triviality of the narrative portions is no doubt partly to blame; they might have dropped off and left the rest, but they seem in fact to have carried the rest with them. Then, too, Patmore's very peculiar style, always somewhat angular and knotted, though rich in concentrated gleams of colour, presents difficulties at the outset. It is a new language that has to be learnt; and, furthermore, it is in these earlier poems unequally yoked with a tame and monotonous metre—the 'long measure'—which is not even treated stanzaically, but presents to the eye a series of dull-looking columns of verse.

Most of all, it is the sentiment which fails somehow to appeal. If, at first sight, it has the appearance of being a rather sugary exaggeration of the homeliest kind of emotion, it proves on a closer study to be an intricate development of an emotion both intangible and unfamiliar. It is deeply felt, and yet is not simply personal. It is preoccupied with the thought, not indeed of its own beauty—for that would effectually destroy its value—but of the whole treasure of poetry which permeates the

world when the spring sun shines and the sluggish blood begins to freshen. Behind the warm, direct impulse, which for most people usurps the whole field, there lurks a sense of satisfaction, of inviolable content, which refuses to be caught into the narrowing channel of one single fulfilment. That is enough, as jealous human beings are constituted, to give the emotion—and the more so that it is obviously so real—a sense of remoteness. And yet there are a few moments when it approaches very close, when something so intimately true as to be inexpressible appears to slip into words without an effort. Here is one :

‘ Not in the crises of events,
 Of compass’d hopes, or fears fulfill’d,
 Or acts of gravest consequence,
 Are life’s delight and depth reveal’d.
 The day of days was not the day ;
 That went before, or was postponed ;
 The night Death took our lamp away
 Was not the night on which we groan’d.
 I drew my bride, beneath the moon,
 Across my threshold ; happy hour !
 But, ah, the walk that afternoon
 We saw the water-flags in flower !’

But this absolutely simple note is rare. The real heart of the poem keeps aloof, uttering a deceptively familiar strain, which yet, as we listen closely, becomes unexpected and evasive. Popular it can hardly be, but, in virtue of its utter originality and of a kind of fresh, unearthly brightness, it cannot surely be forgotten.

‘The Victories of Love,’ a second series of narrative poems, designed as a continuation of the first, has all the weaknesses of the ‘Angel,’ and few of its beauties. The ‘preludes’ disappear ; and the story is told by means of letters exchanged between the various characters, written in octosyllabic couplets. Patmore was far too destitute of the power of characterisation to be successful in such a form. He would not himself allow that his gift was not for sustained flights of song, but for short and lyrical outbursts. He was always planning to reveal his constantly expanding theory of love in long, connected poems ; but, as a matter of fact, the set of his genius was

exactly in the opposite direction. He was entirely without the power of writing steadily and regularly. He waited on the impulse, and was content to wait for years, if necessary, before it came. The germ of his subject would lie in his mind, imperceptibly growing; but, until the right moment came, he would do nothing, and such delay he in no way regarded as time lost. 'I believe,' he wrote, 'that no amount of idleness is wrong in a poet. Idleness is the growing time of his harvest; and the upcome of a year can be reaped in one fine day.' That is not the spirit in which the epic of love, such as he designed to write, was likely to be written. Patmore's vein of poetry was narrow, and it dipped deeply into the roots of his nature; it became increasingly difficult to bring the authentic material to the light. Meanwhile he had no sort of inclination to produce poetry which did not come from the depth. Only one subject interested him, the subject whose simple aspect was embodied in the 'Angel in the House'; and, until its more mysterious significations became clear to him, there was nothing else of which he cared to write. Fifteen years intervened between the publication of the 'Victories of Love' and the appearance of 'The Unknown Eros' in 1877.

His first wife, the calm and beautiful woman whose portrait was drawn both by Millais and by Browning, died in 1862; and the loss proved to be a turning-point in Patmore's intellectual life. His mystical tendency, hitherto somewhat held in check, began to assert itself more and more strongly. He had exhausted, so to speak, the simple value of his theme; but it remained as much as ever the central and vital fact of life, and in the light of mysticism its range and power steadily widened. His inclination towards the Roman Catholic Church would apparently have shown itself earlier, but for the influence of his Protestant wife. Two years after her death he spent a winter in Rome, met there the lady who became his second wife, and at length entered the communion to which she already belonged.

Patmore's Catholicism was a strange mixture of defiance and submission. It was the combined expression of the desire which an exceptionally strong nature feels to abandon itself unreservedly somewhere, and the equally strong determination to do so at its own discre-

tion and at its own time and place. Thus he was never tired of deriding the priesthood, and of talking lightly of the Pope as an 'amiable old gentleman'; he delighted in scattering such proofs of his independence, and also, it may be said, in puzzling and scandalising his milder brethren. It is impossible not to quote the immortal dialogue, recorded by Mr Champneys ('Life,' ii, 35), between Patmore and an enthusiastic, unsuspecting visitor at his house:

'V. Weren't you surprised, Mr Patmore, to hear of — Church being burnt? I can't imagine how it could have happened.

'P. I know very well how it happened.

'V. Oh, I do so wish you'd tell me how.

'P. The priests burnt it.

'V. Why, what on earth should they have done that for?

'P. To get the insurance money.

(A dead pause. Then:)

'V. Weren't you sorry to hear that Father — was dead?

'P. No, I was very glad.'

But, apart from this characteristic ferocity, with its crackling, sardonic laughter not far beneath, Patmore found in the Roman Catholic Church what was to him the one channel into which his deepest beliefs could flow unchecked. The transcendental colours through which he already viewed the relation of the sexes were discovered by him to interpret yet profounder mysteries. Whether at times he unconsciously himself enlarged the channel in order to admit the stream is not a question that need be considered here. It may, however, be noted that the word 'catholic,' as he used it, came finally to express a very general approbation indeed. When he declared that the Venus of Milo was 'at least as catholic' as the Sistine Madonna, it was difficult to see what more he meant than that he liked it as well. Anyhow, from the moment Patmore entered the Roman Catholic Church, it is clear that all his thought, all the material for poetry which still lay in his mind, became coloured through and through with an ardent mysticism, in which he gradually passed farther and farther away from the common world, though, strange to say, with an intensity of passion which

grew the more concentrated as its object changed from natural to esoteric and symbolical. Beyond every fact, and most of all beyond the great fact of human love, he saw a lengthening vista of spiritual ideas of which that fact was the symbol; and this range of ideas gained in reality as it opened out before him. At length the whole significance of the immediate world seemed to consist in this aspect of it; while of the thing symbolised he wrote with a torrent of vehemence which had never found its way into his earlier work.

But this development proceeded slowly; and, until it was complete, he would write nothing. It was in this interval that another and at first sight a very contradictory side of his character found its scope. His second wife brought him a substantial fortune, so that it became possible for him to give up the irksome post in the British Museum which he had held for nineteen years. He then bought a property of some hundreds of acres in Sussex, planted it, laid it out, built a house, and brought the whole estate to such prosperity in eight years that he finally sold it at a handsome profit. There is one other equally imperious and fastidious poet, Rossetti, who might conceivably have done the same kind of thing, with his trained financier's eye, as Mr Mackail has, put it, for anything that had money in it. But the strain of common-sense in Rossetti was very strongly marked, whereas every paradox and prejudice of Patmore's was part of his daily life. To doubt that all his own surroundings and his own possessions were of the highest perfection attainable by man—to deny that his house was the exact ideal of what a house should be, or that the blackcap (so we read), which sang in his garden was 'a chorus of five or six nightingales'—seemed to Patmore to be pure perversity, probably due to interested motives on the part of the doubter. On the other hand, to believe that the country and nation at large were not going headlong to the dogs was to Patmore merely the too familiar evidence of the blindness with which a maddened people will rush violently down to their own destruction.

These were hardly the peculiarities of a practical man of business; but Patmore's native efficiency was stronger even than his prejudices. He slashed about him, quarrelled with most of his friends, laughed bitterly at the thought

of himself (and this was a picture that he really loved) standing alone in the world, feared, misunderstood, and abused. But this attitude, much too instinctive to be called a pose, disappeared when there was a definite piece of work to be attacked and successfully carried through. When he produced a new book, he thoroughly enjoyed the thought that the reviewers would spit at it and stamp on it, and exclaim (as he predicted) 'Ugh, ugh ! the horrid thing ; it's alive !' and he was even a little chagrined when, after all, it would be received with respectful appreciation. But, when necessary, he could measure difficulties and forecast results more soberly than this. His ferocity does not appear to have blasted the Library Department of the British Museum during the years of his work there, or to have hindered the management of his Sussex estate. Such activities as these his masterful mind could grasp effectively, without that exaggeration of theory to which he yielded in more speculative regions.

That exaggeration, for instance, ran riot in his literary and artistic criticisms, of which from first to last he contributed a large number to various periodicals. Some of these he reprinted, in later years, in a little book called 'Principle in Art,' clear and forcible in exposition, and full of suggestive utterances, but also profoundly dogmatic and dictatorial. Architecture was a special study of his, and his knowledge of it was considerable ; but his tone in writing of this, as of other arts, almost suggests that it is governed by laws as unquestionable as those which guide the courses of the stars, and with as little relation to the preferences of men. Patmore, fantastic and eclectic as he was in habit of mind, none the less felt no doubt that there was an eternal standard in such matters, and accounted for his own most far-fetched likes and dislikes as though they were part of an immutable scheme. As quickly and easily as his blackcap became a chorus of nightingales, any opinion or preference of his own became sanctioned, and indeed dictated, by the whole weight of natural and moral law.

By a process which, though it took longer, may to some seem almost as arbitrary as this, the 'Angel in the House' of his early years became the 'Unknown Eros' of his later life. His tendency towards mysticism, growing steadily stronger, carried him into the Roman Catholic

Church; but he did not leave behind him that pre-occupation with the love of woman and man with which he had started. It could not be doubtful that he would find in this new region of thought a place for the cardinal interest of his life; and, Patmore being what he was, it was equally certain that its place there would prove to be the crowning perfection of what had before seemed to be perfect already. To find the last beauty of human love in its aspect as a symbol of the Divine, and to believe that only in the Church to which he now belonged was this aspect to be rightly apprehended—it will seem to some that in a mind like Patmore's these were foregone conclusions, however little he may have suspected it himself. He was not often at a loss in discovering triumphant proofs, hitherto unguessed at, that what he had held as opinions were in fact overmastering and incontrovertible truths; and, if it sometimes seemed to be not so much a matter of following the light as of planting the light where he chose it to be, the question here at any rate is not of that, but simply of the bearing of it all upon his poetry. That his poetry grew in richness with the change, even while its manner became infinitely more austere, will hardly be denied.

It is not quite clear when Patmore began the study of the great Spanish mystics of the seventeenth century; but it seems that his own line of thought had tended in their direction before he actually found in them its confirmation. At any rate, when he at last began to read the works of St John of the Cross, their strange, luxuriant beauty thenceforward profoundly affected him. The ardent eroticism which, its natural satisfaction being denied, thought to find in the language of the 'Song of Solomon' a sanction for lavishing itself in transcendental raptures, was indeed worlds away from the imperious virility of the nineteenth century poet. But the incongruity did not trouble Patmore. He found in the passionate, overwrought pages of the Spaniard a vision of the ecstatic union of the human soul with the Divine Presence, which offered such daring analogies with earthly passion as must inevitably seem unintelligible, not to say repellent, to the average human being. To Patmore, however, although his own mysticism was so securely grounded upon natural emotion, the lack of any such foundation

in the writers to whom he was now turning for guidance did not vitiate the doctrine which they taught. It must indeed seem a further tribute to the amazing purity of his own ideal that he could feel these disembodied passions to be entirely ethereal in origin. For the ordinary mortal, it must make all the difference whether or no they spring from a robust and natural soil, such as that on which Patmore's feet were firmly planted. The great beauty of such poems as 'Sponsa Dei,' and the 'Child's Purchase' might even have a certain taint if they had not been preceded by the poems of his youth.

However that may be, there is certainly no sickliness in the stately irregular odes in which Patmore so fearlessly traces the analogy between human and divine love, or rather, he would have said, their identity. He seems in them to have mastered the secret of uniting the most honied sweetness with extreme severity of line. The metre he adopted—iambic lines of unequal length, with rhymes recurring at irregular intervals—is not in itself a very good one, for it depends for its whole effect upon the taste and ear of the writer; unskillfully used, it becomes ragged and shapeless at once. But in the right hands it is of course capable of much finer effects than the too facile numbers he had used before. Patmore handled it with great skill, and made fine use of the endless modulations which become possible through such varied choice in the disposition of rhymes and length of line. In his earlier work his peculiar and highly mannered diction, even though it was there less marked, had often seemed too heavily weighted for his material; but in the longer odes, with their more dignified metre and more abstruse subjects, it has a singular fitness—the stiff-robed angular beauty of some lean effigy of medieval bishop or saint. With all this, and somehow without sacrificing the effect of severity, Patmore contrived to unite a strain of sweetness as voluptuous as that of Crashaw. The whole of 'The Child's Purchase' is an instance of this—that wonderful burning prelude to odes which were never written. Here is another from a less recondite poem, 'The Day after To-morrow':

'Tell her I come,
And let her heart be still'd.

One day's controll'd hope, and then one more,
And on the third our lives shall be fulfill'd!
Yet all has been before:
Palm placed in palm, twin smiles, and words astray.
What other should we say?
But shall I not, with ne'er a sign, perceive,
Whilst her sweet hands I hold,
The myriad threads and meshes manifold
Which Love shall round her weave:
The pulse in that vein making alien pause
And varying beats from this;
Down each long finger felt, a differing strand
Of silvery welcome bland;
And in her breezy palm
And silken wrist,
Beneath the touch of my like numerous bliss
Complexly kiss'd,
A diverse and distinguishable calm?'

The essential quality of these poems, the quality which singles them out among poetry, and gives them their curiously unmistakable ring, is perhaps this union of severity—a certain noble gauntness—with a sensuousness that lavishes itself in such lovely and minute detail. Both in beauty of this kind and in beauty of pathos Patmore seemed able to pass in all security far beyond the limit at which, in more languid hands, these things become over-ripe and sentimental. Not even so, however—to leave the simpler poems for the present out of account—is it easy to explain the profound impression which the 'Unknown Eros' makes upon many to whom the transcendentalism by which it is inspired is entirely alien. In the most characteristic of the poems, such as the three 'Psyche' odes or 'The Contract,' Patmore threads his way through a maze of delicately adjusted discriminations to his final vision of perfect love—that complete union in which strong and weak meet and are satisfied, the weak subject to the strong and yet exerting over the strong an even more potent mastery, both finding their fulfilment in a mutual bond, not imposed on them from without, not a concession to weakness, but joyfully and freely embraced as something without which the very flower of love would be wanting. Moreover, through every line runs the current

of symbolism ; and, to read the poems aright, we must in every word see through and past the actual picture under our eyes, to the vision of that other marriage of the soul, which few have drawn as this poet, out of the depths of his fearless strength and faith, dares to draw it.

It is small matter for wonder if most of those who read cannot hope to follow him thus far. Perhaps it is, after all, no more strange that, even for those to whom the whole train of thought seems most unreal, the poems should yet remain revelations of deep and magic beauty. Poetry to the making of which has gone such pure fire and austere art can scarcely end, wherever its way lies, in coldness of appeal. Those who have thus felt the beauty of Patmore's great odes will find it difficult to speak of them without the appearance of exaggeration. No doubt it is impossible to claim for them the highest place ; reasons for this—their lack of clarity, their frequent harshness, their violent transitions—are easy enough to single out. But they have a place apart, a peculiar niche, where they stand removed from the possibility of comparison with other poetry, greater or less. In writing of Patmore there is no danger of indulging in that favourite game of critics, derided by FitzGerald, which consists in sorting and arranging poets in order of merit, like schoolboys in a class. Patmore's genius, whatever its scope may be, is far too original and solitary to be treated like this. Mr Gosse predicts for it an increasing influence upon future generations ; and it is indeed probable that, as time goes on, his lonely individuality, so far removed from all the aspirations of his own age, will stand out more and more clearly. Even now its appeal, though naturally limited, probably penetrates deeper than that of many more dominating names.

Patmore, who would never force his impulse towards poetry when it ceased to flow naturally, developed the theme of the more esoteric odes in a prose work, which he named '*Sponsa Dei*.' In this book he wrote more openly and at greater length of the mysteries of the soul's spiritual union with the Divine Presence. It was shown in manuscript to a few intimate friends, among them Mr Gosse, who describes it as '*polished and modulated to the highest degree of perfection*,' but was eventually destroyed by its author as being, not indeed more

advanced than orthodoxy permitted, but too outspoken for indiscriminate publication. Not to speak of the loss to literature which this sacrifice evidently entailed, the incident was characteristic of a tendency in Patmore which ran counter to his usual scorn of caution. The high doctrines of which he held the secret were for the elect only; if the rest of the world were too gross and ignorant to be ready for them, they should be withheld, or, at most, veiled in poetry—that ‘language dead,’ as he bitterly phrased it in the final poem of the ‘Unknown Eros.’ He had not the smallest desire to proselytise, to interpret his secret to the simple. This was not, indeed, due to any respect for other ways of thinking than his own, or to any feeling that truth may embody herself differently for different natures; even in the ‘Child’s Purchase’ he does not think it out of place to fling a contemptuous phrase at those whom he considers outside the pale. Rather it was the mark of his jealously exclusive temper, his scorn for common folk, which was like nothing so much as the scorn of some scowling aristocrat of old-fashioned fiction. It was in this spirit that he wrote his political odes, few, but deplorable:

‘In the year of the great crime,
When the false English Nobles and their Jew,
By God demented, slew
The Trust they stood twice pledged to keep from wrong—’

It would take another Patmore to guess that this ferocious prelude refers to the Reform Act of 1867.

The picture we thus piece together will hardly be called attractive. The tall, lean figure, with its sweeping curves of hair and its imperious look, which glares disdainfully out of Mr Sargent’s wonderful portrait (now in the National Portrait Gallery) is a figure to be feared indeed; there is small trace to be found there of sympathy or tenderness. And yet, in spite of everything, in spite even of the number of friendships which he alienated or broke abruptly off, a strain of affection, strong and warm, cut across the harshness of his nature. To the friends whom he kept to the end of his life he was loyal, grateful, devoted, even humble. And this strain is not missing from his poetry; for we come finally to the small section of his work which may almost be

called widely known and loved—poems like ‘The Azalea,’ ‘The Toys,’ ‘Departure,’ and, in a more tranquil vein, ‘Amelia,’ his own favourite.

In this last poem he used the dignified metre, which he made so completely his own, for an idyll, pensive and tender, of the love of a man no longer young for a young girl. On a flowery May day of bright sunshine, the air full of lilac and gorse, the maiden walks with her lover to the grave of Millicent, who years back had been his betrothed. A subject after Patmore’s heart—one which a man of less courageous simplicity would scarcely venture to handle. Even as it is, Patmore grazes the very border of fatuity. He throws in such homely touches as the maiden’s promise to her mother to behave, if she is trusted for once alone with her lover, ‘as She were there.’ He so emphasises the mildness and innocence of the whole scene that the result might well suggest the varnished sentimentality of what is known as a ‘coloured supplement.’ Only—here as not always elsewhere—Patmore’s high seriousness, his utter unconsciousness that there can be supposed to be anything ridiculous in innocence, carry him safely past the dangerous places at which he seems to be deliberately aiming. The sentiment of ‘Amelia’ is complacent indeed, but it is grave and sincere; and there is a certain nobility even in its very lack of humour. The sparkling background to this little romance is in Patmore’s finest manner. The glimpses of spring landscape, bathed in sunlight, are rendered with that firm, even hard, outline, that concentrated economy of words, which was one of his own peculiar gifts.

‘And so we went alone
By walls o’er which the lilac’s numerous plume
Shook down perfume;
Trim plots close blown
With daisies, in conspicuous myriads seen,
Engross’d each one
With single ardour for her spouse, the sun;
Garths in their glad array
Of white and ruddy branch, auroral, gay,
With azure chill the maiden flow’r between;
Meadows of fervid green,
With sometime sudden prospect of untold
Cowslips, like chance-found gold;

And broad-cast buttercups at joyful gaze,
Rending the air with praise,
Like the six-hundred-thousand-voiced shout
Of Jacob camp'd in Midian put to rout.'

This is the exact opposite of what is loosely called 'impressionism.' The impressionist gains his end by blurring the picture in his own mind, and merging detail into the general sense of light and colour. If he then rightly renders this effect, the more salient detail stands out of its own accord, as in the old anecdote of the landscape with cows in the distance, which the painter himself had not recognised to be cows. Patmore's method starts from the detail in the first place, and by means of detail gives the general impression. Every word in his beautiful descriptions is chosen and fitted into its place like a stitch in a tapestry; each has its own value, and no redundancy is allowed. His epithets have the ring of words selected on the spot—the sort of word, often homely, as often far-fetched and curious, which occurs to the mind while the field or flower is actually before the eyes; and these he always refrained from softening down afterwards. Here comes in again the unique flavour of his style, so unmistakable and so hard to analyse—that blend of angularity and richness, held together and harmonised by the masterful brain of a man who knew exactly what he believed and what he wished to say.

Finally, in some half-dozen poems, strangely mingled, in the first part of the 'Unknown Eros,' with the shattering blast of several political odes, there are flute-notes heard only here in all Patmore's work. It is hard to describe the double and treble pathos that clings about this small group of lyrics, in which alone his self-sufficient nature seems to have part in the common weakness and sorrow of ailing mortals. It is not only their perfect simplicity, it is the truthfulness with which they render the exact impact of grief upon the mind, that gives these poems their extraordinary poignancy. A spirit tuned to high moments of tragedy can perhaps comprehend the disaster as it falls, can measure the change which in a single moment may deflect and shadow all that follows of life. But it is otherwise with sorrow that falls into the very middle of ordinary, near-sighted existence. Small things, inessential details, bulk as largely as before, and only

time can clear them away; tragedy is at first bewilderment, hardly more than a sense of disquiet. It is this moment which is seized with such wonderful insight in the poem 'Departure,' a picture of grief which does not yet perceive that it is grief. 'The Azalea,' with its desolating contrast of perfumed warmth and chill solitude, touches even more consummately the actual reality of suffering. No mystic vision, no intangible abstraction, here lifts the mood into an air too rare for human sympathy and understanding. It is incredible that a man who in his poetry lived so persistently in an exotic world of his own should yet have been able to identify himself thus closely with life at the very moment when its prison-walls seem most insurmountable. In two other well-known poems, 'The Toys,' and 'If I were dead,' the thought itself is scarcely more touching than the thought of that inaccessible spirit, for the most part so scornfully detached, sharing after all in such woundings as await strong and weak, with no other hope than lies open to the weakest.

'I have written little, but it is all my best; I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labour to make my words true. I have respected posterity; and should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me.'

So Patmore wrote in the note which heads his final collection of poems. Popularity was nothing to him; and, though he had it in his own time, the narrow line which he faithfully followed seems now to have led him away from the possibility of it. Among the many greater writers who have devoted long lives to poetry, he stands out, perhaps almost alone, as one who allowed no consideration to turn him aside from the exact path which he saw was his own. It was indeed his own; the greatest and broadest imaginations have not achieved more profoundly original work. Such new forms of beauty, offered by an interpreter so little inclined to conciliate or to explain, may be long in producing their full effect; but it is impossible to doubt that they contain the indestructible element which, as time goes on, will make them more and more conspicuous among the falling ruins of their day.

PERCY LUBBOCK.

Art. V.—MOHAMMED AND ISLAM.

Annali dell' Islām. Compilati da Leone Caetani, Principe di Teano. Vol. I: Introduzione; Dall' anno 1 al 6 H. Vol. II: Dall' anno 7 al 12 H. Con tre carte geografiche, due piante, parecchie illustrazioni, e l' indice alfabetico dei volumi I e II. Ulrico Hoepli, editore-libraio della real casa: Milano, 1905-7. Fol.

THE biographies of the Prophet Mohammed issued in the nineteenth century illustrate the truth of the maxim that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, if strength and swiftness in this region be represented by acquaintance with the subject. The public verdict, which Horace assures us is as often wrong as right, assigns the prize without hesitation to an author who was not an Orientalist, and had access to a small portion of the material. Washington Irving's is the only Life of Mohammed that has been a great literary success, has been re-issued in a variety of shapes, and won admission to Tauchnitz's academy of popular favourites. Others may be studied for instruction, but his is read for pleasure. He enlists the sympathy of his readers for his hero, and the hero's helpers, the faithful Khadijah, the brave Ali, deprived time after time of his rightful inheritance, the mighty warrior Khalid, the loyal and devoted Abu Bekr; but he has no doctrine to inculcate, no theory, religious or philosophical, to uphold. If Oriental history has few readers, the success of Washington Irving's monograph shows that the historians rather than the history are responsible for this.

After Washington Irving comes Sir William Muir, though at a long distance; for his scholarly and admirable work was never actually reprinted, but survived for a time in an abridged edition, of which there was more than one impression, yet which appears now to have fallen to the remainder booksellers. Sprenger's standard treatise seems to have had a second impression, but it has not been reprinted since 1869; no writer on the subject has come to it with fuller knowledge or a keener historical instinct, though he blunders shockingly when he leaves the region of Islam; his Greek, his Hebrew, and his Syriac afford food for mirth. His attempt at an

English Life was less successful than his German work, as the former was never even finished. A short and popular life appeared at Hanover in 1863, by Nöldeke, the most venerated of Orientalists; the 1863 edition appears never to have been exhausted. Weil's Life, in several ways epoch-making, and the basis of Washington Irving's, has not been reprinted since its appearance in 1843, though the rest of his history of Islam has had the honour of a photographic reproduction. French writers on the subject have been no more successful in winning popular favour, though the theme has been handled by many, including Barthélemy St Hilaire. The secret of interesting the world in Mohammed and his successors seems to have been revealed to Washington Irving and to no one else, unless Syed Ameer Ali's 'Spirit of Islam,' which is popular among the Indian Moslems, and not unpopular in this country, should be mentioned in this context.

The Prince of Teano does not—at any rate at first—contemplate being read by a large public, since his work is only printed in 250 copies, and of these a large number are generously presented by him to his fellow-students. It is planned on a great scale, being destined to cover the whole history of Islam, and executed in magnificent style; should he complete it, as every Arabic scholar hopes he may, his history will rank in bulk with the most sustained efforts in this branch of literature which any language can show. Rampoldi, who wrote a history of Islam in twelve octavo volumes about a century ago, will be easily surpassed. For the prince's two first volumes, comprising over 2300 folio pages, bring the history down only to the commencement of the Caliphate. How many will be required to cover the well-chronicled thirteen centuries that separate us from that time?

The vastness of the plan is due to the method employed by the prince, who reproduces the content of the original authorities, sometimes without condensation, in numbered paragraphs, to which notes are attached, giving the results of modern research, including the author's own, where there are conflicting traditions, or where the veracity of the narratives is questionable on other grounds. Where the author launches out into lengthy discussions, he shows that he can write with vigour and

eloquence in the noble language of Italy; but whether it be the fact that fine paper and types help the reader more than they are ordinarily supposed to do, or whether it be that the prince possesses skill similar to that which belonged to de Sacy, who could make grammatical paragraphs pleasant reading, his book takes less time to peruse and leaves a more definite impression on the mind than many of far smaller compass which deal with the same events. And owing to the profound and exhaustive studies on which it is based, over which it is clear that the prince has spared neither labour nor expense, it seems likely that his *Annali* will in any case form the groundwork for future researches, as summing up the results acquired by the labours of the nineteenth century, and securing intending workers from wasting their efforts on problems that have already been solved.

The sources for the Life of the Prophet appear to be very numerous, but critical inspection restricts them considerably. It might have been expected that so remarkable a personage would have had a Boswell—some friend and admirer who aspired to the honour of being the great man's biographer, and who therefore kept notes and collected materials till the time arrived when a large circle would be glad of an exhaustive memoir containing the truth about him. If the idea did not occur to an Arab, because no Arab had till then composed a biography or other prose monument, there were converts from the Jewish and Christian communities to whom models for such a performance must have been familiar. Though the Prophet's own notions about the nature of the 'Injil' were hazy, some of his followers must have been aware that the Gospels were biographies of the Christian Saviour and might have guessed that an authentic account of the founder of the new religion, destined to supersede all others, would bring its author lasting fame. That no such memoir was attempted agrees with a tradition according to which the Koran tolerated no written literature beside itself. Letters might be written and contracts, but a book would constitute a possible rival to God's book, and it was not permissible to write one. Since the proof of the divine character of the Koran lay in its inimitable eloquence, the risk of such rivalry was serious. A man who had shown the Meccans that he, too, could tell the

stories of the Ancients, had been executed by the Prophet's order as a specially dangerous enemy ; because, it would seem, 'de gustibus non est disputandum,' and there might be persons with the bad taste or the want of candour to prefer some other style to that ascribed to the Divine Being. Translations of the older Scriptures might have been thought not only innocent, but even necessary, since the Koran claims to be in agreement with them ; but the perusal of such translations was not permitted. Eulogistic odes would appear to have been the only literary efforts patronised at the Prophet's court, and even for the beauties of these he had no critical ear, and at one time had to deliver a polemic against the poets.

No one, therefore, making it his business to collect materials, such were not collected. The contents of the Prophet's letters were afterwards cited, not from originals jealously guarded, but from some traditionalist's memory. These are, till the last years of his life, few, obscure, and meagre. Collections which would have been of unique value to the historian, such as the correspondence of the Prophet with his agent at Medinah before the Flight, have perished without leaving a trace. There may also have been an Abyssinian correspondence going back far into the Meccan period. Towards the end of the Prophet's life he carried on a diplomatic correspondence with the aid of official secretaries, of which rather more has come down.

What was done in lieu of compiling biographies was to remember casual sayings, or, long after the events, to get persons who had been present to narrate them. The order of the chief occurrences between the Flight and the Prophet's death was probably recorded, not because any one had kept a journal, but because his second successor assigned pensions to the Companions of the Prophet, which varied in amount according to their precedence in conversion. When the date of conversion became an asset, with a fixed cash value, it got into the public registers, and thence found its way into history.

From the registers, then, of state pensioners the dates of the chief battles are likely to have been obtained, and from these some portions of the Koran can be dated and interpreted. Other portions are dated by conjectures, based usually on psychological considerations. A certain

evolution of the Prophet's mind is assumed, and the Surahs arranged to correspond with it. The results may be correct or incorrect; there are some grounds for fearing the latter. One is that the Prophet's respect for the Koran was largely theoretical, like his belief in the older Scriptures. When an oracle had been delivered he ordinarily thought no more about it. There is no evidence that he kept any sort of record of his revelations; indeed, there is good evidence that he kept none. After his death the Koran had to be collected; it did not exist as a whole. When consulted about revelations said to have been delivered by him, he betrayed considerable embarrassment, and resorted to evasions in order to save his face. At times, however, he awarded certain honours to those who had collected most texts, putting a premium on exhaustive collection. At a solemn service after his death Abu Bekr recited a text in which the event is foretold. It seemed to the audience that they had never heard that text before. To many of these persons the Prophet's revelations counted as the most important of the day's events; yet a noteworthy text seemed new to them! Unless, therefore, the style of the Koran be really inimitable, we have no guarantee that the texts on which the psychological history of the Prophet is based are genuine. They may have been put into the final collection by mistake or by fraud.

But even if this suspicion be unfounded, there is another circumstance which suggests caution. Either these effusions are conscious or they are the product of the subliminal consciousness. In the latter case who can say in what order the subliminal consciousness tosses up the matter which it has at some time absorbed? But if they were conscious compositions, and so intentional mystification, we should be mistaken in regarding them as a faithful mirror of the author's mind.

The prince, who lays very proper emphasis on the fragmentary character of the Koran, and its intentional mutilation by the Prophet, tries to find a way out of the dilemma.

‘Nessuna delle Sure esistenti è la prima assoluta delle rivelazioni avute da Maometto: queste non gli vennero un giorno all' improvviso come un fulmine a ciel sereno, ma furono invece il prodotto di un lungo periodo di incubazione e di

riflessioni religiose, che Maometto trasformò con molto studio in composizioni letterarie, pur sempre nella convinzione che lo stimolo interno, che lo muoveva ad agire, fosse un essere soprannaturale, quale abbiamo descritto precedentemente' (vol. i, p. 203).

This view seems to carry the possibilities of self-deception unreasonably far. Mohammed, according to it, thought a matter out at great length, then took great pains to put it into literary form, and when finished and ready for publication, assigned it to a supernatural agency! The process is a familiar one; Virgil and Milton, no less than Homer, attributed the authorship of their poems to the Muse, although the poems were elaborated consciously; yet neither thereby declined the responsibility of authorship. In Mohammed's case it seems clear that from beginning to end such responsibility was declined; the view which he took of his Surahs was similar to that which Mrs Verrall takes of her automatic writings, the curious Latin and Greek of which may form a clue to the personality of their author, but do not represent Mrs Verrall's own scholarship. In her case the badness of the composition is evidence that though she (physically) wrote it, it was not hers; in the case of Mohammed its unapproachable excellence furnishes a similar argument. Supposing that the lady mentioned had deliberately thought out unclassical words and phrases, and then published the result as 'automatic writing,' she would have been guilty of conscious imposture, if that phrase have any meaning.

The same reasoning must be applied to Mohammed's case, nor would any Moslem shrink from applying it. Spontaneous utterances might be mistaken for the words of another being, and published as such in good faith; but matter which is the result of reflection, and put with 'much study' into literary form, cannot be ascribed by its author to some one else without deceit, unless such ascription be a mere literary convention, like that of 'Paradise Lost' to the Muse. The greater the care we suppose to have been bestowed on the Prophet's revelations, the less we shall be disposed to trust them as revealing his real purposes and intentions. When he became a commander of armies, it was observed that it was his regular plan to start in a very different direction from that which he

intended actually to take ; the enemy was to be put off the scent. There is no reason for supposing that this wise and effective strategy was first practised by him in actual warfare. When he fled from Meccah he started southward, though Medinah lay to the north ; and those who inferred that Medinah was not his destination would have been as skilful in gauging his abilities as those who infer anything as to his ultimate aspirations from the early Surahs of the Koran.

With regard to the Tradition, its authenticity in any particular case has to be settled largely by *a priori* considerations. A remarkable feature about it, to which Sprenger with justice calls attention, is its sympathy for the losing side. The Prophet's opponents are represented as his superiors in scrupulousness and humanity. Want of energy, want of persistence, want of forethought, want of discipline—with these failings Mohammed's enemies are charged, and doubtless with justice, by the Prophet's successful followers ; but charges of deceitfulness, heartlessness, bloodthirstiness, they in the main reserve for their paragon and his disciples. Ordinarily, therefore, the Tradition has not been falsified by attempts at blackening the character of the adversary or whitewashing those of the founders of Islam. Nor has the miraculous element been introduced to an extent which renders it difficult to eliminate. Angels, it is true, are introduced at some of the battles, and the devil occasionally appears on the scene ; but their part resembles that of chorus rather than that of *deus ex machina*, and does not appreciably affect the result.

The causes that led to the accumulation of apocryphal traditions were, however, sufficiently numerous. One such was curiosity, the desire to know more and more about the most interesting of all figures, a desire which unscrupulous persons would gratify, often for a small sum. We read of a greengrocer giving a traditionalist two-pennyworth of goods for a penny and three farthings, the remaining farthing being represented by a tradition about the Prophet's grandson ; and the rate for fresh matter about the Prophet himself is likely at times to have been no higher. But besides mere curiosity, there was the desire to support the claims of rival dynasties and the more honourable desire to obtain rulings or

precedents for questions of law and ritual that were always cropping up. Where there was no source of law save the Prophet's example, the case had to be met by a legal fiction, at the expense of falsifying history.

The only criticism of the tradition known to the Moslems consists in an enquiry into the character of the various endorsements, and the justice is obvious of the principle that honest men should be believed and others disbelieved. Unfortunately with the Moslems honesty is interpreted as piety, and experience shows that piety may be simulated, that it does not always go with intentional veracity, and that veracity is dependent on mental attainments no less than on moral disposition. Strict, therefore, as are the conditions on which the 'two Shaikhs,' Bokhari and Muslim, give their authority to traditions, they do not satisfy European critics, who in some ways are yet stricter, and in others more lax.

On the whole the work of the nineteenth century has resulted in the relegation to the region of fiction of more and more matter that used to figure in biographies of the Prophet. The fabric of genealogies so carefully erected by Wüstenfeld collapsed before the attack of Sprenger, and the remains were largely swept away by Robertson Smith. The chronicles of Meccah before the rise of Islam have dwindled to the meagrest proportions. Nöldeke showed that the expedition of the Elephant must have happened many years before the Prophet's birth, with which the Arabs make it synchronise; Prince Caetani would throw doubt on the very existence of this elephant. His grounds are that African elephants are difficult to tame, and that the arid land of Arabia would not have furnished an elephant with an adequate supply of food. Not even *one*? Whether the elephant be a myth or not, the expedition named after it is certainly historical, for it alone renders the subsequent development of Islam intelligible. Its precise analogy is the expedition of Sennacherib, which, as shown by Wellhausen, accounts for the rise of Judaism and its consequences for mankind. The gods ordinarily abandon their temples before powerful invaders; when they stay to defend them the world feels the result of the miracle.

So many an excrescence has been removed by the knife of earlier critics that it rather looks as if Prince

Caetani had been compelled to amputate what are not excrescences, but parts of the healthy organism. The tradition makes Mohammed a posthumous child of Abdallah, son of Abd al-Muttalib, named after some earlier member of the family. Sprenger made the unfortunate suggestion that Mohammed was not a personal name, but a title like that of Messiah. For this there was not a particle of real evidence; and Mohammed as an ordinary proper name was observed by Renan to occur in pre-Islamic inscriptions. Sprenger should have simply recalled his conjecture; but this is not the way of even the best scholars, and so no fault can be found with him. He suggested, without actually asserting, that the name Abdallah, as applied to the Prophet's father, was an invention. The prince takes up that suggestion, would have it that the evidence for the name is 'suspect,' and that such a name as 'Servant of Allah' in pagan times is grossly improbable. We next come to Abd al-Muttalib; this ought to mean 'Slave of the god Muttalib'; but we know of no such god, and the Arabs explain that in this case it meant slave of a man Muttalib, a sobriquet given by mistake. Here the prince argues that the personage in question must have been called slave of some god, and therefore Muttalib is a wilful alteration by Moslems, who did not wish the Prophet's grandfather to be called after an idol; but that meanwhile the probability is that Mohammed was not connected by blood with this personage, but was, as the Arabs would say, 'Hays son of Bay,' i.e. a person of unknown origin, adopted in childhood by a family resident in Meccah.

Apparently, then, Abdallah is condemned as a name because it is too obvious, Abd al-Muttalib because it is too obscure. The Koran assures us (xliii, 87) that if you asked a Meccan idolator who had created him he would reply, Allah; and elsewhere the Meccans are represented as saying that they were acquainted with the name Allah, though they did not know the Prophet's 'Rahman.' Wellhausen supposes that by Allah, 'God,' the Meccans meant Hubal, on the principle by which the head of a household is in his own home called father, not John Smith. Whether this be so or not, it is going beyond the range of our evidence to assert that a Meccan could not have had the name Abdallah. And with regard to the

grandfather's name, it surely has no appearance of being fictitious. The name Muttalib is a variety of the name Talib, which appears in that of Ali's father, and there are other forms of it. Moreover, even in the first fifty years of Islam, owing to disputes over the succession and other causes, the names of the immediate ancestors of the leading figures on the political stage must have become household words wherever Islam made its way. For a time it was the custom to curse Ali publicly from the pulpits. This is how a man who died in the year 125 A.H. used to do it (according to an early and excellent authority): 'May God do unto Ali, son of Abu Talib, son of Abd al-Muttalib, son of Hashim, son of Abd Manaf, cousin of the Apostle of God, husband of his daughter Fatimah, father of Hasan and Husain.' Unless the whole of the early history be thrown overboard, uncles and aunts of Ali survived after the Flight: one of the former, Hamzah, was the hero of more than one of the Prophet's battles; another, Abbas, played an important part even later. Could all these have forgotten their father's name, or could their descendants have made an agreement to conceal it?

In general the tradition of the course of events at Meccah before the Flight appears to deserve more credit than the prince would assign it. If the story had been falsified for the purpose of edification, it would have been easy to make the Prophet stay there protected by a guard of angels; the tradition makes him be protected by Meccan families, and leave Meccah in the interval between the death of one protector and the securing of another. If it had been falsified in the interest of reigning families, it would have selected the Prophet's protectors out of them, rather than out of the family of Ali, whose sovereignty was ephemeral. The slight extent to which this has been attempted in the case of Abbas, eponymous of the Abbasids, is evidence of the general soundness of the tradition.

However, questions of detail interest only a small public. A larger audience is concerned with general results. Should Mohammed be regarded as a genuine prophet (whatever may be the definition to be assigned that term), or as a conscious or unconscious impostor, or as a prophet for the first half of his career and an

impostor for the second half? So far as this question concerns the depths of Mohammed's mind, perhaps we scarcely possess the power to pry into it; those, however (and Prince Caetani is not one of them), are mistaken who approach it with a poor opinion of the Prophet's intellectual ability. A man who, so far as we know, never left anything to chance, who insured to his utmost against all possibility of risk, who never troubled himself about the genuineness of a conversion, provided he had secured an ally, who gauged the abilities of enemies and friends with exactitude, possessed mental qualities which his critics and biographers would do well to respect. An accurate scholar he undoubtedly was not; but the prince rightly observes that in the discussions between the Prophet and the Jews the audience were quite unaware that the latter scored. If the speedy production of proselytes be the object of a mission, there is no reason for supposing that the most accurate knowledge in the world would have added to the Prophet's efficiency.

A rather more soluble problem is that which concerns the essential character of Mohammed's system. Was he a preacher of righteousness turned by circumstances into a captain of banditti, or was he essentially an empire-builder, who, with the one end kept steadily in view, compassed it by preaching and by fighting, by delivering oracles and by organising assassinations, by circulating tracts and by ordering massacres, according as the circumstances rendered the one or the other course practicable and efficacious? So far as the period after the Flight is concerned, the prince is not wanting in respect for the Prophet's 'fine political tact.' He analyses with lucidity the character of the political game which the Prophet had to play as despot of Medinah, and does full justice to the ability with which he played it. If the parts of the opposition are still shadowy, if, with the keenest desire to render justice to the other personages who in one way or another contributed to the result, he still makes Mohammed's the towering figure, which leaves little room for any one else on the canvas, the nature of our sources is to blame. A Medinese Josephus, a chronicle by either a pagan or a 'hypocrite' of the time, would probably increase our admiration of the Prophet's

ability, but it would also aid us to understand the failure of all his enemies. Sprenger, who undertook to explain Mohammed from the circumstances of the time, by no means carried out his undertaking; had he not mentioned his intention in his preface it would scarcely have been guessed. Perhaps the prince has in Sprenger's place carried it out so far as the nature of the evidence admits of such execution.

It is, of course, difficult at once to eulogise his intellectual powers and to defend his acts. The pages of delightful reading which are devoted by the prince to this endeavour are scarcely likely to carry conviction. The brigandage which commenced almost immediately after the Flight is defended on the ground that private property was undeveloped at the time, and between members of the same family there can be no theft! How the second of these principles works is not very clear. If one member of the community appropriate the common property, it is a case of theft just as much as if he appropriated goods to which he had no title at all. In the Arabian communities it seems that there was no private property in certain things, e.g. wells, and perhaps land; but here the property was inherent in tribes; and in most articles (unless the whole of early Islamic history be a fiction) the theory of personal property appears to have been fully developed at both Meccah and Medinah. The defence for the massacre of the Banu Kuraizah is that it was in accordance with the sanguinary spirit of the time, and that the fault lies rather with the ideas of the age than with Mohammed. This line of defence would be excellent if we had not to do with a reformer, for such a person is *ex officio* in advance of his age, and must be judged by a somewhat higher standard. The defence for the Prophet's making Allah (as Ayesha expressed it) pander to his lusts is that the Arabian idea of God was very low. Is Mohammed then to have it both ways—to be admired for introducing a higher idea of the deity, and excused for basing his practice on a lower one?

At times it would appear that the Prince abandons his defence and frankly acknowledges that the Prophet at Medinah pursued his ends with absolutely no scruple as to the means. Similarly, Sprenger observes that he

left his conscience at Meccah. The question that remains is whether he ever had one to leave. For it is impossible to trace during the Medinah period any gradual deterioration of character in the Prophet, such as can occasionally be discovered in politicians. He seems to have taken to what we call atrocities as a duck takes to water, without requiring education and habituation. He wanted to massacre the first Jewish tribe with which he had a quarrel. That his measures in dealing with the Israelites became more and more severe was therefore a concession to circumstances, not the result of growing callousness on the Prophet's part. His statesmanship showed him presently that there were better and more useful things to be done with unbelievers than massacring them; but his severity and his leniency were both dictated by considerations of utility; morality and humanity had no part in the reckoning. In general his morality (apart from sexual matters) appears to have improved as his political power became more and more firmly established. It was in the early days that he got rid of opponents by assassination; in the early days that he raided the Meccan caravans. There is no evidence that he ever repented of any of these acts. They were conditions of success which could not be avoided, but which he had no desire to repeat without necessity.

We are of course at liberty to make the Prophet at Meccah a single-minded champion of virtue, because we have a blank page to fill. In favour of this opinion the maxim '*nemo repente fuit turpissimus*'—no one suddenly developes into a scoundrel—has been cited. That maxim would, however, seem to be wholly on the other side. At Medinah, as the prince allows, the Prophet became a religious opportunist. If people acknowledged him to be God's Messenger, and paid their taxes, they might think what they liked, and even do as they liked in the matter of religious observances. There is evidence that even in the matter of tolerating idolatry he took a much more liberal line than the chief Companions. Did power, then, in his case not reveal the man, but radically change the man?

The prince does his best for the Prophet, but he confesses that his account of the matter is so subtle that many readers will be unable to follow it. He brings

one quite new argument in favour of the Prophet's sincerity—the statement that none of Mohammed's contemporaries ever charged him with being an impostor!

‘Se i pagani lo avessero accusato d'ingannare gli uomini con menzogne ed imposture, memoria di cio se sarebbe trovata tanto nel Qur'an che nel Hadith. I versetti quranici del periodo makkano sono la prova documentata di cio che i nemici di Maometto gli addebitavano: lo chiamavano poeta, indovino, mago, ed anche pazzo (magnun, ossia ispirato dai ginn), nessuno pero lo chiamo impostore nel senso che non fosse vera la sua pretesa ispirazione.’

This statement staggers any one who possesses any acquaintance with either the Koran or the tradition. It is sufficient to quote Surah xxv, 5:

‘The unbelievers say this is nothing but a fabrication which he has forged, and whereunto he has been helped by others; and they have committed wrong and falsehood. And they say Stories of the Ancients, which he has taken down, they being recited to him morning and evening.’

Compare Surah xvi, 103. ‘When we substitute one verse for another, although God knows best what He reveals, they say You are fabricating.’ In the same Surah (verse 105) he answers the charge of being taught by a man (*basharun*) by the assertion that the person they mean is a foreigner, who cannot be the author of a book which shows no trace of foreignness. These are Meccan Surahs, and they inform us that the Prophet was charged with wilful deception, and with publishing as God's words texts which he had been taught by some man, if indeed he had not invented them himself. The proposition which has been quoted in the original Italian is therefore simply untenable. The Prophet's pagan contemporaries did charge him with being an impostor, and regarded his alteration of what he called God's word, which should be eternal and invariable, as demonstration of the fact. And these remarkable verses, in which the Prophet is depicted by his enemies as taking notes, and getting assistance from various persons, including a foreigner, show that the Meccan community was far less naïve than many people suppose. They postulated human agencies and not ‘jinn’ for the composition of literary matter. If they called a man ‘majnun,’ meaning ‘lunatic,’ they

probably connected his state with the 'jinn' to the same extent as we connect it with the moon. It also appears that they had a notion of Mohammed's purpose which the event justified. 'This is merely a man like yourselves who wishes to set himself above you,' is what the contemporaries of Noah said to him, according to the Koran, where Noah undoubtedly stands for Mohammed. What they misjudged was his ability; they thought him mad, i.e. bent on an impracticable enterprise. He proved it to be practicable enough. The statement of the prince is not due to ignorance, but to zeal going beyond the bounds of discretion.

One of the longest discussions is that in which the prince argues against von Kremer that the ceremonies of Islam, in their rigid form, were not the work of the Prophet but of the theologians after his decease. He endeavours to prove that the Mosque of Medinah, the building of which the Prophet commenced immediately after his arrival at the place of refuge, was not at the first a mosque, but merely a house for the Prophet and his family: circumstances turned it into a mosque. The Friday service and the daily five prayers were not rigidly fixed in the Prophet's time; had they been so the Koran must have expressly enjoined them. The argument from the silence of the Koran is a dangerous one: we might infer from it that circumcision was not an Islamic ordinance, because it is well known that the Koran has nothing on the subject. The Koran is not a code but a collection of fragments of discourses put together no one knows how. But the proposition that the religion of the Meccan period was a purely speculative system, to which the Medinah period added a ritual, seems exceedingly hazardous. There is no doubt that the Meccan Prophet warned his fellow citizens against impending doom, whether heavenly flame or hell-fire. To the question what they must do to be saved, the answer cannot have been purely negative: Abstain from the worship of idols! It must have offered a substitute for that worship; and this there is every reason to suppose to have been prayer preceded by washing, of the person or of the clothes. Public prayer was perilous in Meccah, though secret assemblies were doubtless held for the purpose, or for the delivery of revelations. That the Prophet's first

care when he reached Medinah should have been to provide a meeting-place for believers appears to be exceedingly natural. His wives' houses were otherwise his houses; the mosque was for public assemblies, and so was the house of the community rather than his own.

The desire to elevate Mohammed's first programme at the expense of the later development of Islam frequently prevents writers from doing justice either to the Prophet's intellectual power or to the moral qualities of the Islamic theologians. As Kant says, 'concepts without percepts are empty.' Sublime and simple as is the notion of One God, without companion or associate, it contains no guidance for conduct. What man wants to know is how God or the gods can be propitiated, or—if we rise to the highest plane—obeyed. And no system that does not prescribe some form of worship has any chance of spreading, except perhaps among persons with very great capacity for abstract speculation, which does not appear to have been the character of Mohammed's followers. The offering of milk to Al-Lat was shown to be ridiculous. What then was not ridiculous? Some form of service to Allah was of course the answer, and this had to be specified. Traditions, which cannot be set aside without shattering the whole fabric of the Prophet's biography, place the institution of *salât*—the repetition of formulæ accompanied by various postures of the body—at the commencement of the mission. That it is more meritorious or purer to perform this ceremony at irregular times than at regular seems to be an extraordinary doctrine.

Naïve forms of religion proceed on the supposition that God likes what man likes; whence the early Israelites offered Jehovah boiled meat. Advanced forms reject that supposition and substitute for it the hypothesis that the merit in the service lies not in the gratification which the deity derives from it, but in the implicit obedience of the worshipper; for the intrinsic value of the offering there is substituted the *etiquette* (to use Wellhausen's term) observed in the process of presenting it. The etiquette is known from a divine revelation prescribing it. Speculation on the hidden reasons which underlie the rules is unsafe, because it may reveal imperfections. That the rules for service were given in

this way is not only the system of the Moslem theologians, but Mohammed's own ; he had the privilege of access to the Divine Being, whereas the theologians have access only to what was revealed through him. From the point of view of neither has the practice of other communities anything to do with the matter. To the unbeliever, however, it has a great deal. He finds that the ceremonies of Islam are copied from other systems, in which their origin can be traced very often to a naïve belief ; and he holds that they were deliberately taken over by the founder of Islam, either because he considered them to be essential parts of a religious system, or because he saw some advantage accruing to the community from them. Supposing this view to be right, the theologians appear to be morally superior, though intellectually inferior, to their founder.

Of the conflict between the theistic notion of God and ceremonies originating in naïve theology, we see traces in the Koran no less than in the Old Testament. God fills all space ; how reconcile with this the building of a house for Him ? This difficulty occurs to the Solomon of the Books of Kings, or perhaps to his prophetic chronicler. God is in every direction ; so when you pray turn towards the Ka'bah ; this is the logic of the Koran. If the terms of that syllogism be filled in, it will be found to contain the propositions that the philosophical notion of God suggests nothing as to any mode of worship ; such modes must then be naïve or arbitrary. If naïve methods be rejected, arbitrary methods must be substituted, and these may be dictated by political expediency.

This is the reasoning of the historical Mohammed, the astute ruler of Medinah and conqueror of Arabia. He claims not to speak from caprice, and this claim is not unjust. His extraordinary calendar, twelve lunar months, which bear no relation to the seasons, is not due to caprice, still less to 'moon-worship,' perhaps the absurdest charge ever brought against the Prophet ; it was made to deprive certain officials of the right to intercalate, and in ignorance of the fact that the year had some relation to both great luminaries. His prohibition of liquor was no caprice either ; he appears to have been a 'moderate drinker' himself ; but a painful example showed him that drunkenness was fatal to discipline, and

he forbade alcoholic drinks altogether. He was not the first religious reformer who penalised their use, but is likely to have been the first who did so for a purely practical reason. His regulations on the subject of the Sabbath perhaps, illustrate best the intensely practical character of his mind. A holy time in the week appeared to him advantageous from many points of view ; whereas to rest from work one day out of seven seemed to him no less than to Juvenal gross waste of time ; and the Jewish Sabbath, with its endless restrictions, was justly regarded by him as an undesirable institution. For a day, then, he substituted a fraction of a day in which worldly thoughts were to give way to religious celebration, and selected an hour in a day which differed from those taken by Jews and Christians.

The process whereby the revelations at Medinah were delivered somewhat resembles those by which the sovereign's speech is produced in a constitutional country, where it is the result of calm deliberation by ministers, who ascribe their work to the sovereign. What reason have we for supposing that the revelations at Meccah were different in quality ? It is hard to say, except that the detestation for idolatry which many have inherited from Puritan days appears to win sympathy for Mohammed in his campaign against the Meccan idols, which he forfeits when his attitude becomes positive and constructive. Is it in accordance with experience that a man's character changes radically at the age of 53 ? Such cases may occur ; but a much more ordinary phenomenon is that a man develops when the scope of his operations enlarges, and exhibits powers perhaps unsuspected, but none the less latent previously. At Medinah, as Caetani represents the Prophet, he is an opportunist with whom religion is a political instrument. To win the Jews he very nearly became a Jew ; when he finds that they cannot be won, and must be destroyed, he dissociates himself more and more widely from them. For both proceedings the responsibility is placed on Allah. Why should we suppose that this calm calculation, this cynicism, if we may use the term, was a product of the air of Medinah ?

Before we could share this view we ought to know more about the religion of Meccah, and more about the history of the Meccan mission. Our knowledge of both

is from Moslem sources. No Jew or Christian would grant that the Koran contained anything but a travesty of his religion made by a man who, either purposely or through ignorance, misrepresented it; why should we suppose that the Meccan pagans would have regarded theirs as correctly portrayed therein? The charge that the Jews say Ezra—if that personage be meant by 'Uzair—is the Son of God is rejected by the Jews as a baseless calumny; can we trust the same authority implicitly for the assertion that the Meccans regarded their goddesses as God's daughters?

What the Koran tells us about the Meccan religion is not after all very shocking. The practises condemned are, as Sprenger says, some innocent, some pointless, some disgusting;* the only horror recorded in connexion with them is not in the Koran; it is the story that Mohammed's grandfather vowed to sacrifice his son. But this story is a fiction in the first place, and in the second the grandfather, even according to the myth, does not accomplish the sacrifice, but forces the oracle to let him substitute for it a hecatomb of camels. Whether the virtues which the Meccans undoubtedly exhibited in their dealings with the Prophet and with each other were authorised by their goddesses we do not know, just as we should not have known that the much-abused Ashtoreth disapproved of the violation of tombs, had not an inscription been discovered attesting it. Of their authorising any decidedly immoral practice we have no evidence.

It often happens that a man's later career reproduces his earlier fortunes with some variations in the environment and the actors. In his dealings with the Jews and Christians we find Mohammed's chief difficulty lay in the fact that he wished to take the place of the personage who, in their respective systems, acts as mediator between themselves and God; neither party giving way on this subject, internecine struggles ensued. Mohammed's dispute with the Meccans seems to have hinged on the same matter; either the goddesses or he had to give way; otherwise he was willing to take over much of the

* Sprenger adds, 'some criminal,' with reference to infanticide. But the extent to which this practice prevailed at Meccah is most obscure.

Meccan ritual just as he took much from the Jews and something from the Christians. But it is not clear why in the one dispute he was a sincere reformer and in the others a conscious opportunist. If idolatry or no idolatry had been the question, it is certain that the kissing of the black stone would not have been taken over from the earlier cult. But the theory of the prophetic office in the Koran has really but little to do with the inculcation of doctrines. The nations are punished for disobeying the prophets, not for holding wrong opinions or doing immoral acts. Agreement with a prophet on every subject was valueless unless that agreement meant belief in the prophet's authority.

If we choose to deal with the kernel rather than with the shell, and see whither Mohammed's claim led and how he enforced it, admiration for his intellectual ability is the feeling that most fills the mind. Every poor fortune-teller at a fair claims to have access to 'the Guarded Table,' i.e. to be able to read the decrees of God, to which others have no approach; and is not necessarily a conscious impostor. Yet he or she is satisfied with a few coppers for the exercise of the power. To a great mind the inference occurred that such a power gave a right to supremacy in the state and in the world, to reconstruct the moral code, to dictate every item of human conduct. But without proper knowledge of mankind, without coolness of head and clearness of vision, without patience and tenacity of purpose, the announcement of such a claim would have resulted in a miserable fiasco, provocative of laughter and contempt, and afterwards forgotten. In the case of Mohammed it resulted in the foundation of a new religion, and in the conquest of half the world.

Nor can it be said that such great results were altogether unearned. The world gives nothing for nothing; and not only was a revision of the moral code a boon to Arabia, but the erection of a powerful state was unquestionably a meritorious achievement. To take the execution of the law out of the hands of individuals and tribal organisations and compel obedience to a central authority which, even in remote regions of the desert it was unsafe to disobey, was a result justifying many irregularities, if ever the end justifies the means. Intellectual gifts of so high an order are not intelligible

without some corresponding moral qualities, and indeed the Prophet's extraordinary self-control might rank as either. His ordinance abolishing the use of liquor, issued and observed by him after he had passed his fiftieth year, is an example. Still rarer qualities are two negative ones—freedom from envy and freedom from vindictiveness. To his doctrine that Islam cancelled all that was before it, he adhered, whatever the provocation to violate it; no insult and no outrage that had been inflicted on himself or those nearest and dearest to him was ever remembered when once its author had acknowledged that Mohammed was the Apostle of God. If men had talents that he did not possess he gladly utilised them in his service; hence the victories won for Islam were largely the work of those who had been its prominent opponents. Improvements in his system and suggestions for his campaigns were welcomed, if only no scepticism were expressed as to his access to the divine will; and that access, though so emphatically maintained, was never asserted by him for his own glorification to the detriment of the state. To the state, its growth and maintenance, the whole energy of his being was directed, and for it he was prepared to make almost any sacrifice.

By the transformation of this man of war and statecraft into a saint and visionary, whether by his own act or that of others, the concept of saintliness loses a great deal and the founder of Islam gains very little. In a world that had been worth his winning he found two things, he said, worth enjoying, scent and the fair sex! Islam shows many examples of saintliness that took the same line without the genius for war and diplomacy, and the result has been unedifying.

Those who aided the Prophet received a very different reward from that which fell to the lot of the apostles of the Christian Saviour. One or two died honourably on the battle-field; more lived to become princes and governors, to direct the fate of cities and nations, to pile up wealth greater than Meccah and Medinah together had possessed before Islam, to fill harems rivalling or surpassing in attractiveness those which awaited them in paradise. These persons were the true interpreters of the Prophet's ideas; they followed whither he had led, and perhaps went farther than he, but in the same direction. Such spiritual

value as Islam possesses was the gift of the decried theologians, men who thought the world worth neither winning nor enjoying, and who laboured not for the meat which perisheth.

It is, however, time to leave controversial matter, from which the subjective element cannot be altogether excluded, and terminate with some warm expressions of admiration for the service rendered to students of history by the prince's minute investigations and colossal industry, which must certainly place him in the front rank of contemporary scholars and historians. If, for the period which closes with the Prophet's death, the labours of numerous workers had rendered the bulk of the material generally accessible, for that which begins with the Caliphate of Abu Bekr very much less had been accomplished, and it should be gratefully acknowledged that the prince has so far introduced order where there was confusion, and lucidity where there was obscurity. The causes and the nature of the uprisings in Arabia which followed on the Prophet's death, the order of events which led to their suppression and the commencements of the Islamic conquests in the Byzantine and Persian Empires, are traced with such exhaustive research and critical acumen as seem to leave little for future enquirers to glean. In the essay on the 'General Aspects of the Arab Conquests' the prince leaves special for universal history, and, partly guided by the suggestions of Winckler, endeavours to find for that memorable expansion a place in a series determined by cosmic causes, and in which the rainfall of the Arabian peninsula plays a more important part than the genius of Mohammed or his lieutenants. That essay may be regarded as a final vindication of Arabia as the original home of the Semitic peoples, while giving an adequate account of the phenomena which have caused eminent investigators to seek it elsewhere. But even if some of the prince's results appear to be less convincing, it may be asserted that his work is epoch-making for the study of Islamic history, in which it will occupy a place similar to that of the 'Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum' in the study of Semitic epigraphy.

Art. VI.—A FAMOUS ETON HOUSE.

Annals of an Eton House, with some notes on the Evans family. By Major Gambier Parry. London: Murray, 1907.

'ANNALS of an Eton House' is primarily a book for the initiated. It is the history of an Eton boarding-house, which grew and flourished in the hands of a little family dynasty during a period of nearly seventy years. To old members of that house, and indeed to old Etonians generally, the volume is like a miniature 'Iliad.' The forms of heroes stalk through the pages, among a crowd of lesser forms. The book makes no claim to literary scheme or proportion; it is a collection of episodes and scattered reminiscences. In reading it, one is confronted with the fact that, no matter how eminent the writer may be, every one's reminiscences of his schooldays bear a melancholy resemblance to the schoolboy reminiscences of every one else. The points that seem to linger in the mature memory appear to be always the food, the fagging, the floggings, the awful majesty of house-captain and head-master; and when we come to the escapades, confessed with a sort of innocent complacency, we cannot help wondering whether, seen through the golden mist of years, they have not become a little brighter and more adventurous, more edged with prismatic hues, than they were in real life. After all, in looking back on boyhood, it is not really the incidents which we remember—the same and similar incidents befall us still every day and hour—it is the ardent, lively, unwearied, inquisitive spirit in which we made trial of them, and which lent them their brisk savour. The change of quality is in us and not in our environment. And even so, the book has its charm, because it is full of the spirit of boyhood and recollected joy; moreover, to those who can read between the lines, it is full, too, of deep pathos, the pathos of *notre pauvre et triste humanité*—the plaintive entrance upon the world, the ardent growth, the radiant confidence, the brief performance, the bewildered exit. If the book is full of youth and light, it is haunted by such phantoms as Gray, in his Eton Ode, saw beckoning from

the vale of years. It may seem morbid to indulge such reveries, but surely school records of any kind, written page or carved panel, are the most pathetic things in the world, brimming over with the *lacrimæ rerum*, because of the contrast between high-spirited, ardent, impulsive adolescence—its limitless dreams, its sturdy optimism—and the years that lie beyond, even if they are shadowed by no reflection more serious than that which troubled the spirit of the philosopher who, looking on at a game of cricket, heaved a sigh to think that so many of those bright boys would be turned in so few years into dull members of Parliament!

On the other hand, we have the encouraging and uplifting spectacle of character blossoming and strengthening under wholesome school influences; the timid, weak-kneed boy becoming resolute and strong by the force of an admired example; the morose and suspicious gaining frankness and good-humour in the sunlight of success; and, best sight of all, the simple, wholesome, ingenuous nature making its gracious and tranquil progress, unsuspecting of evil, unconscious of merit, driving meanness and tyranny and all uglier spirits to cover by its pure and serene radiance, and then launching off into the world to do noble and sturdy work, unpraised perhaps, and even unnoticed, but no less beneficently there; or perhaps, on the other hand, to be recognised and crowned, as the world does crown, clumsily and almost by haphazard, some few of those who serve her and do her honour.

So much for the dramatic aspect of the book. But it has a further technical interest to the educationist and the psychologist. Here are the records of a little community with a substantial unity and a vigorous inner life which lasted for nearly seventy years. Evans's was undoubtedly the most independent, the most famous, the most successful, in some ways the most typical of Eton houses during the greater part of its long existence. How did such a community come into being? How was it inspired and governed? Partly, no doubt, it owed its prosperity to good fortune. It had in its best period a succession of boys of high character, athletic distinction, and superabundant energy. The long line of Lyttelton brothers, to say nothing of other honoured names, made the backbone of the house; and it may be said, generally

speaking, that Evans's was exceptionally fortunate in attracting to itself and helping to mould boys of high spirit and sound principle, without the least touch of priggishness. At the same time, even such material as this would have been wasted or spoiled in fussy or unsympathetic hands. The secret of the success of the house lay partly in the material of which it was composed, and partly in the extraordinary tact, perception, and simplicity with which it was guided.

The *dramatis personæ* of the dynasty were five in number—a father, two daughters, a son and a grandson. The founder of the house was William Evans, son and successor of an Eton drawing-master. He was himself an Eton boy, but at seventeen was sent up to London to study medicine. A year later he was imperiously recalled by Dr Keate to act as assistant to his father, whose health had broken down. He appears to have had no technical artistic training; but with characteristic energy he flung himself into the practice and study of art, and eventually became a leading water-colour artist. He was an active, able, vigorous man, fond of authority, with a commanding, if somewhat florid, personality.

A few years later it was suggested to him that he might take a small boarding-house. He had lately lost his wife, and was feeling the bereavement severely. It was his close friend, Bishop Selwyn, then a young private tutor at Eton, who pressed the scheme upon him, partly, no doubt, for Evans's own sake, but partly discerning his real aptitude for a difficult task.

Up to that date the arrangements for boarding boys at Eton had been of the most haphazard kind. The system, like most English institutions, had grown up fortuitously, and without either design or supervision. The masters had nothing to do with the housing of the boys. They were merely lecturers and private tutors, with general disciplinary powers. Practically any one, male or female, respectable enough to pass muster, who had some slight local connexion with, or influence in, Eton, and who was compelled to earn a meagre livelihood in a humiliating way, could get leave to open a boarding-house there. These 'Dames,' as they were called, had no direct, and very little indirect, authority over the boys. A master appeared at stated intervals to

see that the boys were not out of the houses within prohibited hours, and disciplinary complaints could be referred to him; but the boys had such ample opportunities of revenging themselves upon an unpopular Dame that practically very few complaints were made, and the community ruled itself, the Dame winning what influence he or she could by tact and good-humour, or purchasing neutrality by mutual concession, or at worst appealing for forbearance on the ground of infirmity and incompetence. The accommodation was in many cases infamous, the food inadequate, and the supervision merely formal. These methods developed, perhaps, a sort of precocious independence among the boys, and the only astonishing thing is that such a system did not produce even worse horrors and scandals than it did actually produce. The system was seen at its very worst in college itself—the cruelties and abominations of Long Chamber being so notorious that about this same date only two candidates presented themselves for admission to thirty-five vacancies, though an Eton scholarship meant, in most cases, a well-endowed scholarship to follow at King's College, Cambridge, the right of succession to a fellowship, and a degree without examination.

No doubt Selwyn and his friends saw that William Evans was the kind of man who could be trusted to give moral impulse and tactful direction to a Dame's house. Evans himself fell in with the idea, bought the premises and goodwill of a small boarding-house which was vacant, reconstructed the place at great expense, and the ball was set rolling.

A few years later he met with a serious accident in the prime of life. A fall on some rocks, while he was sketching, inflicted injuries from which he never recovered, though he lived to be nearly eighty. His health slowly deteriorated, and this eventually led to his gradual withdrawal from the active superintendence of the house. In his later years he was often abroad, or invisible for weeks together, confined to his bed and disabled alike by pain and the anodynes administered to relieve it. Yet his buoyant temperament continued to reassert itself at intervals. He pursued his artistic work, he gave a general supervision to the boarding-house, he interviewed parents, he conducted the necessary correspondence.

Though the actual direction and government of the house fell gradually into the hands of his two daughters, Annie and Jane, he was still a sort of brooding Olympian force in the background, the very mystery that surrounded his life and movements increasing the awe with which he was regarded. Of late years, indeed, he became so much disabled as to be little more than a benevolent and interesting survival. Indeed, the present writer, who was a boy at Eton for several years before William Evans died, does not recollect having ever heard of him even as the nominal ruler of the house, of which Miss Evans was the very conspicuous superior.

The management of affairs thus by degrees devolved upon the two daughters. The elder, Miss Annie Evans, was a high-minded, nervous, sensitive woman of marvellous courage and great insight into individual character, but never quite able to condone the faults of immaturity, or to bring herself to tolerate the boys' easy standards of conduct. Brave and effective as she was, she was also easily agitated, unnecessarily indignant, excessively vehement. But she had a true and deep devotion to the welfare of the individual boys and the community alike, and she was respected and even feared, though but few boys ever understood her well enough to love her. Boys above all things like settled and mechanical principles in those who have authority over them. They can accommodate themselves to almost any ruler if they only know the exact length of his foot. What they dislike is the mysterious, the unaccountable, the capricious element. There is something very pathetic about the memory of this impetuous, pure-souled, fiery-hearted woman, bound by circumstances to a task which was singularly calculated to exhaust her strength and spirits. Any one who deals with boys has to be ready to make infinite excuse for superficial roughness, hasty thoughtlessness, unconscious barbarity. The only safety is to know that their behaviour is not calculated, that they would not do and say what they do if they had more experience and consideration; and that one can generally count on an ultimate basis of generosity. But Miss Annie Evans was the kind of woman who could not persuade herself that the speech and action of boys was not deliberate and consistent. Yet in spite of the fact

that she did not possess the simple diplomacy and the good-natured *insouciance* which are invaluable in dealing with boys, she was a real force in the house, and helped to mould its spirit; but she died prematurely in 1871, worn out by overwork and anxiety, and the sceptre passed into the hands of Miss Jane Evans, who thus was enabled to furnish an instance of that rare and encouraging spectacle—a human being precisely and exactly adapted to the position she was called upon to fill. Miss Evans, to use the familiar title, was not fitted for a subordinate part, neither would she have been at her ease in a sphere where supremacy required to be based upon intellectual grasp or subtle perception of complex issues. She would, indeed, have unconsciously and benevolently dominated any circle in which her lot was cast; but it was the dealing with boyhood that evoked her best powers and all her powers. She could exert authority peremptorily if it was needed, but she had no wish to make herself felt; she was essentially feminine, yet she was never shocked; she acted instinctively and yet shrewdly; she was patient, long-suffering, compassionate, and hopeful up to the very threshold of indulgence, but the line once crossed she was firm as iron; she had dignity, grace, and charm of manner, investing her very dress, plain to dowdiness, with a sort of appropriate simplicity. She was outspoken, direct, frank, and tender in discourse; her serene air and irradiating smile inspired immediate confidence and friendliness. She had an abundance of mellow, mirthful, and kindly humour, utterly untainted by cynicism, which gave her both the refreshment and the tolerance which are so necessary for easy intercourse with freakish and petulant boyhood. She hardly ever said a memorable thing, but never a thing that was not worth hearing, for her whole personality rushed equably into her talk, like a stream through a sluice. She enjoyed a kind of royal precedence at Eton, which she took as unaffectedly as as she took all the other conventional things of life. She was absorbed heart and soul in the house, its doings and sayings, but what she kept ever in view, at the end of the avenue, was character. All other things were but as the fruits upon the trees that drooped over the bounding walls of the way. She lived in a small patriarchal world, with no intel-

lectual tastes and few outside interests. She had no sort of educational creed ; she would not have known the meaning of the word curriculum. The point with her was that the work was there to be done, and the quality of a boy's work and play alike were to her only indications of his character and means of fortifying it.

The house had its ups and downs even in her wise and capable hands ; but the net result was that for thirty-five years she was the guiding and inspiring spirit of a little society where life was lived actively and patriotically. She never lost a friend or made an enemy ; even those towards whom she acted with the utmost severity would never have accused her of injustice or impatience ; while the circle of those who loved and admired and revered her increased year by year. She contrived to combine a deep personal interest in the individual boy with a wise foresight for the interests of the community. She shunted an unsatisfactory boy with a triumphantly transparent diplomacy, while she contrived to inspire her best and most loyal boys with a strong belief in her sagacity and judgment. Never was a delicate task discharged so simply ; and, though at times the materials with which she had to deal were too much even for her insight and prudence, she was never discouraged or overclouded or soured. Her religious faith was deep and undogmatic ; she had no perplexities and no ulterior motives. She never indulged in morbid regrets, but gathered up the fragments that remained with a serene tranquillity. Her method was to have no method, but to deal with circumstances as they arose and on their merits.

It would be impossible, as well as invidious, to attempt to give an exhaustive list of old members of the house who have attained distinction in different ways ; but a few names may be mentioned, as showing the variety of fields in which success has been attained. In public and official life a long record could be compiled, but it may suffice to quote such names as Earl Cadogan, the Earl of Dudley, Lord Welby, Lord Redesdale, Sir Neville Lyttelton, Viscount Esher, the Earl of Plymouth, Mr Herbert Gladstone, Sir Edward Hamilton, Mr Alfred Lyttelton, Mr Henry Hobhouse, Mr Bernard Holland, Earl Percy, and Lord Balcarras ; at the Bar, the late Lord Justice

Chitty; in the Church, the late Bishop Selwyn of Melanesia, the late Bishop Arthur Lyttelton of Southampton, the present Bishop of Winchester, Dean Fremantle of Ripon, and the present headmaster of Eton; in music and literature, Sir Hubert Parry, Julian Sturgis, and Howard Sturgis. These are perhaps among the most conspicuous and characteristic names in a long roll of *alumni* who have done good service to their country in many departments of civic life.

It is natural now to ask what were the distinguishing characteristics of this community. It was marked in the first place by an intense and somewhat peculiar patriotism, an immense enthusiasm for the prowess and reputation of the house, rather, it must be admitted, than for its tone and character. Not that the latter was not a matter of concern to right-minded boys. The names of many could be quoted from the pages of the 'Annals' who not only felt a real anxiety for the moral welfare of the house, but would have intervened, at the risk of personal unpopularity, to stop any case of ill-usage or petty tyranny or notorious misdoing. On the other hand, it is rare to find schoolboys band themselves together to secure what is right. It is melancholy, but true, that, among the young, organised association is more often for evil than for good. This is no doubt a primitive and aboriginal thing, based on the elementary instinct of resistance to authority. This instinct lies, it may be said, almost at the base of the schoolboy code of morals. Because it must be borne in mind that the most right-minded boy in the world, if he became aware of practices existing in his house or school which were fraught with possibilities of the worst disaster, and menaced the good name and reputation of the institution, would have a sore struggle with himself before he would bring the facts to the knowledge of the authorities; while the giving of such information, even by one who was liked, respected, and admired, would be universally scouted and resentfully regarded as infamous by the majority. A boy of high character, finding himself in the possession of knowledge of the kind above described, might use his personal influence to stop the objectionable practices, and might possibly induce the monitorial section to take the matter up. But he would probably not appeal to the authorities unless he could be

sure of his information being used with a tact and a discretion which are still to be desiderated among schoolmasters; and, of course, the schoolmaster, at such a moment, is in a very difficult position. His instinct is to act at once; it is horrible to continue to be aware of the existence of evil within a society for which one is responsible, and not only not to interfere, but to behave as though one were ignorant of it. On the other hand, by acting, it is often almost inevitable that he should betray his informant; and it is doubtful whether the welfare of the community has not, on occasions, been too dearly purchased at the cost of the happiness of the individual who desired to promote it.

It may be admitted that at Evans's this danger was greatly minimised both by the vigilance and tact of the authorities, as well as by the sound backbone of upright boys, which, as a rule, sustained the framework of the house. But it is one of the crucial difficulties of school administration, and it is hard to see how a change is to be effected in this respect.

The house then was intensely patriotic, the individuals being ready, in certain departments of school life, notably athletics, to undergo considerable self-sacrifice, and to subordinate personal convenience to the honour of the house.

Next, there prevailed a strong feeling of good-fellowship, though hardly of tolerance. Originality was, no doubt, somewhat at a discount. It was no place for emotional or æsthetic natures; it was not a favourable soil for the growth of ideas. There were, no doubt, at different times in the house boys of pronounced intellectual tastes; but intellectual tastes, in order to be tolerated, required a background of athletic success and conventional prominence. A boy who was modest, friendly, active, kindly, and athletic was sure of respect and popularity. It was an excellent training-ground for the suppression of angularities and eccentricities, of self-conceit and priggishness; it developed a wholesome and manly type, unaffected and sturdy, patient and resolute under ill-success, and not unduly elated by personal triumph. It may be said that, in this respect, there was far more levelling up of character to a rational standard than levelling down of originality to a conventional type.

But the general tone was Spartan rather than Athenian ; bodily vigour was far more liberally rewarded by admiration and respect than any other quality ; and faults of character were undoubtedly more readily condoned in a successful athlete than would have been overlooked in a boy of high intellectual ability. The strong feature of the case was a sense of unity, a sense of sharing in the advantages of a corporate life, with the duty of subordinating personal tastes to the general prosperity. To overlook the immense importance of this would be a deep error, for the young are habitually self-absorbed, and to develop a corporate emotion among them is in itself a result which is big with possibilities of future expansion.

The truth is that the English boarding-school system, artificial as it would appear to any one who had not seen the steps of its development, has grown up spontaneously out of the soil, so to speak, and out of the conditions of social life ; it is not a national growth, because it is essentially a class-product, a feudal thing, and in this lies one of the sources of its weakness ; but it certainly does reflect, though it can hardly be said to modify, the tendencies and preoccupations of the class which it professes to educate. Perhaps, indeed, one of the very reasons why we tend to regard our public-school system with such complacency, is that it is calculated to emphasise and develop, rather than to affect or alter, the national type of character, its virtues and defects alike. And here again is another weakness of the system—that in the well-ordered state, education, in all its aspects, ought to be a conscious progress, an uplifting to a higher plane, an opportunity, a privilege, something which should open a door to larger things. But in England and in the public school this is not sufficiently the case. Boys are, as a rule, very much alive to the social distinction of having been at a first-rate public school, and proud of any athletic success that has fallen to their share ; but they are not generally grateful for the intellectual education they have received, or conscious of having been brought, as a rule, under strong uplifting moral influences ; yet together with this is almost invariably found a deep local attachment, an emotional devotion to the school of which they have been members, a consciousness, so to speak, of advantages gained rather than of benefits received.

It is not necessary here to go in detail into the question of the intellectual education given in public schools. It must suffice to say that it is, generally speaking, based far too much on a standard of scholarship which is to be found, and can only be found, in a small percentage of the boys subjected to the curriculum in use. To put it simply, boys in classical schools are educated as though they were all to go in for honours at the university. It is no doubt true that, [with the class system and without unlimited resources for the payment of teachers, some more or less uniform theory of education must be adopted; boys cannot be taught individually to any great extent. But the question is whether it would not be better to skim the scholarly cream from the school, and treat such boys as specialists, giving to the majority a more general and practical education. The best judges differ as yet on the practical solution of these complex questions, and it certainly would not be desirable to overlook the scholarly element; but even many who duly value it feel that at present, in intellectual matters, the interests of the many are sacrificed to the interests of the few.

And if this be true of intellectual interests it is also true to a certain extent of what may be called broadly moral interests. The object of the boarding-school system is to develop strength and to encourage the strong. It aims at developing leadership; it is in this respect a Homeric system, because it tends to use the common herd as materials for practising prowess upon. The question is whether enough attention is paid to the claims of the weak; for, after all, in schools it is not the wicked but the weak who are numerous. The difficulty, of course, is to distinguish between the boy whose weakness will be braced by public-school methods and the boy who will be demoralised by them. The result, as a rule, is that a certain number of boys get the very best of times, and are turned out strong, capable, unaffected, with all the gifts requisite for dealing with their fellows; a large majority, it may be said, are turned out typical public-school men, conventional, respectable, straightforward, sensible fellows, of a conservative and unreflective type, but able to do their work in the world honestly and satisfactorily. But then, quite apart from the small percentage who have made moral or social shipwreck,

there is a distinct proportion of boys who are in a sense failures, who are either, on the one hand, purely self-absorbed and self-interested, given up wholly to money-getting or amusement, without the least sense of duty or citizenship, without either Christian or even humanitarian principles; such boys as these are by no means necessarily regarded as failures either by their teachers or their companions, but they are failures none the less. On the other hand, there are boys who have, for want of *aplomb*, athletic capacity, ease of manner, gained neither respect nor even toleration; who have been snubbed and disheartened, contemned or simply disregarded; who have left a school entirely undistinguished, and with but few agreeable memories. Then there are boys of real originality and special gifts for whom no opening has been found, boys to whom, perhaps owing to some strain of elderliness or sensitiveness, the atmosphere has never been quite congenial. There are many types and many varieties of each type. But any school-master who has kept his eyes open and his sympathies fresh will know that a considerable percentage of boys at a big public school are sacrificed to the development of the typical boy. How, indeed, can it be otherwise in a community living at such close quarters and with so strong an instinctive standard of taste, so elaborate a code of morals and manners? The question is whether this need be the case, whether there is unnecessary waste, whether it would be possible to regard a school more as a place to fortify and develop the weak than as a place to glorify and crown the strong.

But then there is a very obvious and reasonable defence for all this. It may be said with justice that, after all, school is or should be a preparation for life, and that therefore it should be a microcosmography, a miniature world, where the same principles and motives will be at work, the same tendencies and influences will have play, the same cross-currents and tides will move beneath the surface, as in the larger world. Of course there will be a difference; there will be wise and kindly supervision and direction; older and experienced minds will warn, advise, guide, step in to correct mistakes and to prevent errors being irreparable. But there will be no artificial rearrangement of life, no over-tender screening

and sheltering ; the plants will grow up as in a carefully chosen and well-nurtured garden, not as in a hothouse. Those who argue thus, who defend the existing state of things on this ground, point to the fact that artificial systems almost invariably break down, because contact with the world must come some time ; and the collapse for the feeble nature is all the more complete and disastrous when it is suddenly obliged to act for itself without any shielding arm to rely upon.

No one would for a moment contend that the conduct of boarding-schools has not improved to an almost incredible degree in the last fifty years. Humanity has triumphed ; boys are looked after in physical respects with immense care, comfort has increased, sanitation is jealously supervised, instruction is multiplied, discipline is far more effectively exercised, yet without undue friction, while, at the same time, the independence of the boys, within certain limits, is guaranteed, if not always secured. Again, the type of man who exercises the profession of schoolmaster is incomparably superior to the old type ; the relations of boys and masters, socially at all events, have been greatly extended, though it may be questioned whether, except in a few exceptional instances, a real and frank confidence is ever completely established. The whole system is, in fact, highly efficient—as efficient perhaps as it is ever likely to be.

Fifty years ago a philosopher regarding the English boarding-school system might be excused for thinking it an almost incurably bad system ; indeed, with our enlightened ideals, we find it hard to conceive how a system should have preserved so vital an existence through such obvious and unquestioned abuses. The task of deciding at the present time how far the boarding-school system fulfils our educational needs and feeds our public ideals is a far harder one. It may frankly be granted that, though a good many boys pass through boarding-schools without any particular intellectual improvement or intellectual deterioration, they are at least physically and morally braced for actual life. But on the other hand, there is some ground for thinking that, just as the standard of intellectual education is based on the requirements of the scholar rather than on the requirements of the average citizen, so the moral training is based on the aim of

developing leaders rather than of training the rank-and-file. The success of a school is not to be measured by the fact that it has produced a few heroes, but by the fact that it has produced a large number of capable, active, and dutiful citizens. It cannot be said that the public schools do not do this ; but it is conceivable that they might produce more if this were more their avowed and deliberate aim.

It may then be admitted that the chief deficiencies of the boarding-school system are three in number : (1) an atmosphere unfavourable to intellectual interests ; (2) the withdrawal of home influences ; (3) the danger of encouraging and increasing class prejudices. For the first deficiency, it may be said, the boarding-school itself cannot be held to be wholly responsible ; if all the boys in a boarding-school came from homes in which there was a strong and unaffected intellectual element, the same tendencies would no doubt reappear in the school. But while the principle of boarding-schools is to allow the boys the largest possible amount of liberty and independence, and while a considerable majority of boys come from homes where the intellectual element is in no way conspicuous, the tone of conversation, if not of thought, will be set by the most vigorous and unabashed section of the boys, who will naturally be the boys of conspicuous physical activity. Behind this too lies the far-reaching shamefacedness of the Anglo-Saxon, who holds it a kind of indecency to speak frankly in public or to write of what he holds most serious and most dear. But where the boarding-schools are to blame is in not having a more deliberate aim in the matter. The masters—who, after all, are Anglo-Saxons too, it must be remembered—might perhaps make more of an effort to disseminate intellectual interests ; yet the tone too often adopted by a schoolmaster when discoursing of some unprofessional subject of an intellectual kind, in which it may be he feels a sincere interest, is a gruff jerkiness, as though he were himself half ashamed of having such interests at all. Moreover, it is doubtful whether the curriculum aims sufficiently at width, stimulus or modernity ; it seems rather to be framed to develop accuracy and precision by stern mental gymnastic. It does not lay itself out to attract or please or win ; and the result of this is that after a boy has parted with his early gay docility, his

sense of duty and his desire to improve tend alike to fail him. But it is impossible here to treat this side of the subject in detail. Let the 'Annals' themselves bear witness, by their unconscious frankness, how comparatively small a part the intellectual element played in the community-life of the house.

The withdrawal of home influence is a thing to which we are so much used in England that it is a little difficult to analyse it; moreover, it may be said that, in the classes where this early withdrawal does not take place, there is not a conspicuous superiority in humanity and virtue among the children. On the other hand, if one tries to imagine a state in which the day-school system had long and universally prevailed, it would seem to citizens trained on such lines an altogether preposterous, monstrous, and unnatural thing to separate children at so early an age from their homes, and to substitute for domestic influences a strict, if humane, barrack system. Such a method would seem to contradict and set at nought the best and most sacred natural instincts. Such a theory of education could only be accounted for on the supposition that it was intended to produce the frankest militarism. And it is probably true that it is much more possible for a generation brought up on the boarding-school system to contemplate the institution of a day-school system, than it would be to a nation exclusively educated at day-schools to contemplate the introduction of the boarding-school. But, as a matter of fact, the boarding-school system is not, at all events nowadays, as rigorous and Spartan as would appear. The danger of withdrawing home influence is the danger of diminishing emotional motives for conduct, and that is, to boys of a certain temperament, a serious loss. It is true that in a boarding-school the emotional element is to a certain extent driven out of sight, but it is by no means driven out of existence; and it is possible that a boy whose home affections are very strong may have the emotional influences, which home ties exert, accentuated rather than diminished by compulsory absence from familiar scenes. On the other hand, granted a home harmoniously united, pervaded by strong family affection, and indulgently yet firmly ruled, it cannot be pretended that a boy does not lose by being taken out of the range

of such influences, except for the brief periods when he returns to be entertained as a privileged guest rather than to live the common life of home.

The question of class prejudice is a difficult one to touch, because it is so deeply rooted in various sections of the British nation that many of its victims would loudly disclaim its very existence. Yet we are, as the Americans say, a deferential people, and have a strong sense of due subordination; the feudal feeling is so instinctive in what, for convenience, may be called the upper class—though it is fast dwindling elsewhere—that it is beyond the reach of reason and argument. The present writer once heard an eloquent sermon at Eton, when the preacher produced, with apt rhetorical emphasis and attractive delay, a maxim of conduct which, he said, represented the crystallised experience of the school life of a well-known Etonian. ‘I learnt at Eton,’ this notable personage had said, ‘to know my place and to keep it.’ No more pharisaical and anti-democratic motto could be framed; it contains the distilled essence of centuries of class prejudice. The author of the saying, if he had commented upon it orally, would no doubt have explained that the first part of his maxim was meant to reflect a spirit of modest subordination; but who is more conscious of superiority than the man who has clearly defined his inferiority? It is true that the Manchester unemployed have lately been allowed to address the Eton boys in School Yard. Perhaps this might enlarge a thoughtful boy’s horizon; but unless the occasion and its significance were to be very tellingly expounded to the boys by some one whose opinion they respected, it would be just as likely to confirm them in the sense of separation. It may be true that class feeling is ineradicable and that it has practical advantages, but it cannot be defended on philosophical or rational, and still less on Christian, grounds.

The ideal system would seem to be one where boys of all classes attended the same day-schools and fraternised both in and out of school hours; they would thus not lose the influences of home, while, on the other hand, if *savoir-faire* and the power of entering frankly into relations with other men is held to be the one chief merit of the class boarding-school, the same lessons could be learnt

more, rather than less, effectively in the school where no distinction of class prevailed. The suggestion will appear to many in the light of a fantastic and not particularly desirable dream. Yet it is an ideal which has been realised in Scotland, to say nothing of America. And, impracticable as it may at present appear, there are signs that the tide is beginning to shift and stir in that direction.

The attempt has been made in the foregoing pages to criticise frankly the whole boarding-school system from an idealistic point of view. An impression of hostility is perhaps inseparable from the practice of outspoken analysis. But the writer of these pages would be sorry to end by leaving that impression. He is strongly of opinion that the best and wisest policy in all cases, whether political or religious or educational, is to see that the old runs smoothly into the new, and to be careful not to part hastily with old inheritances of worth and dignity because they do not conform exactly to the dreams of reformers. There is no doubt whatever about the grandeur and the stateliness of these great places of education, their ennobling associations, their venerable traditions, their famous annals. If these influences do not play a direct part in the development of the average boy, they at least give him a dim sense of the presence of glory and renown. There is no doubt of the devotion the public schools inspire, nor of the manly, spirited, modest, serviceable type of character that they succeed, in countless instances, in developing. The two great dangers which threaten them are, the illiberality of their curricula, and the esoteric moral standard which tends to prevail, or rather to recur, among them. It is in these two respects that the parental world requires to be reassured. Both subjects are matters of anxious concern to many of those who hold the practical responsibility in their hands; but, on the other side, there are reactionary forces which exert a strong influence over would-be reformers. A headmaster who wishes to try experiments meets with opposition from the boys themselves, who are the most conservative and routine-loving of creatures; from his staff, because schoolmasters as they grow older tend as a rule to become cautious, unadventurous, prudential, and perhaps a little cynical;

from parents, who are swayed largely by the unconsidered utterances of their boys, and from old members of the school, in whom devotion as often as not takes the form of an exaggerated worship of the *status quo*. Yet such men as Arnold and Thring succeeded in infusing into the schools they ruled a spirit which rose superior even to local traditions.

There is, at all events, no doubt of one thing, that unselfish emotions, such as patriotism and national honour, are the mainspring of character. Excellently equipped and efficient as the best day-schools are, they do not produce that fervent devotion, that subtle freemasonry of common traditions, which animates the members, past and present, of a great boarding-school. The question is how not to lose that spirit and yet how to amend confessed deficiencies. If the deficiencies are inseparable from the system, then a choice will have to be made, for the problem is both complex and delicate—how to raise the intellectual tone without inducing a precocious self-consciousness; how to fortify the moral standard without developing a premature and oppressive sense of responsibility; how to direct energy into the right channels without sacrificing the sense of personal liberty; how to govern effectively, yet leave the community its conscious independence. Such are the problems which must be grappled with if we are to preserve the splendid inheritance of inspiration and tradition which constitute the essence of the public school spirit.

Art. VII.—RECENT NAPOLEONIC LITERATURE.

1. *The Cambridge Modern History*. Vol. ix: Napoleon. Cambridge: University Press, 1906.
2. *Napoleonic Studies*. By J. Holland Rose. London: Bell, 1904.
3. *Napoleon's Last Voyages*. With introduction and notes. By J. Holland Rose. London: Fisher Unwin, 1906.
4. *The Napoleonic Empire in Southern Italy*. By R. M. Johnston. London: Macmillan, 1904.
5. *Napoleon and the Invasion of England*. By H. F. B. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley. London: Lane, 1908.
6. *Studies in Napoleonic Statesmanship in Germany*. By H. A. L. Fisher. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1903.
7. *Bonapartism*. By H. A. L. Fisher. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1908.
8. *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*. Par Albert Sorel. Vols. VI, VII, VIII. Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 1903-4.
9. *L'Avènement de Bonaparte*. Par Albert Vandal. Vol. II. Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 1907.
10. *Napoléon à Bayonne*. Par E. Ducéré. Bayonne: Hourquet, 1897.

To the stream of publications on Napoleonic history there is no end. It is not only in the land which he reconstructed that

‘Every year and month sends forth a new one.’

In the English language there will soon be as many monographs on Napoleon as there are German treatises on Hamlet. There does not seem to be any other example of a historical character obtaining such a literary hold on the imaginations of men so soon after the achievement of his work. The whole career of Napoleon is so near us that we have still among us a member of the House of Lords whose father was only two years younger than Napoleon's mother, the present Lord Leicester's father having been born in 1752 and Letizia Ramolino in 1750. Yet Napoleon has passed into the ranks of the immortals as though the period he dominated were as far away as the Renaissance or even the early Roman Empire.

But the surpassing greatness of Napoleon and his

swift apotheosis would not have produced such an abundant flood of literature in any other generation than our own. Specialism, invented in the laboratory, has invaded the library, and the historian, in the old sense of the word, is giving way to the monographer. Although Napoleon's public life lasted less than twenty years, from 1795 to 1815, and though he was invested with sovereign power for barely fifteen years, so many-sided was his genius, so numerous and diverse were the scenes in which it was manifested that the narration of his several achievements appeals peculiarly to the skill of the modern specialist. It may be doubted if the new method will be as conducive to the education and culture of the community as was the old. The reign of William III, as recounted by Macaulay in his 'History of England,' is a good example of the old style. We hear much nowadays of its faults—its bias, its inaccuracies, its high-colouring, its incompleteness. Yet it is probable that, thanks to Macaulay's narrative, a larger number of the English-speaking public are conversant with the reign, the character, and the policy of William of Orange than with the corresponding features in the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, in spite of the multitude of English works on the latter subject. No doubt to William III is due 'the origin of our present form of government,' as Lord John Russell said in a Whiggish lecture he addressed to the late Queen, as recorded in her recently published letters. But Napoleon is nearer to us by more than a century; middle-aged men of to-day have conversed with eye-witnesses of his work, which still forms the basis of the administrative government in several countries of Europe. Yet, excepting to the student or the candidate for examination, the real work and character of Napoleon are little known in English-speaking countries, where the circulation of printed matter has chiefly developed.

The specialising of history is not likely to popularise its study in an age when the most palpable result of the diffusion of what in England is called 'education' is the reading of cheap newspapers, magazines and novels. Subjects such as 'Napoleonic Statesmanship in Germany,' or 'The Napoleonic Empire in Southern Italy,' which are the titles of two of the works cited at the head of this

article, cannot appeal to a large number of even cultivated readers, though they are most instructive to serious students of the history and development of the States of modern Europe. The ordinary reader of intelligence who wants to become acquainted with the annals of the second phase of the French Revolution, and with its effects on the civilised world, will be more grateful for the comprehensive volume which forms the ninth part of the 'Cambridge Modern History,' and is entitled 'Napoleon.' 'The Napoleonic Period' would perhaps have been a more appropriate title, as some of the sections treat of events which have no direct connexion with the personality which dominated Europe from the end of the eighteenth century until the summer of 1815.

The difficulty of editing such a volume, the work of no fewer than sixteen competent writers of various nationalities, is so obvious that we will say nothing about it. A criticism which its perusal calls forth can be made without offence as it may be applied to all the histories of the world since the invention of letters, from Herodotus to Tacitus, from Saint-Simon, who sometimes devotes a dozen pages to the incidents of an afternoon, to Gibbon, who has been known to sum up the events of a reign in a few lines. The fault in question is lack of proportion, which, difficult to avoid in the work of a single hand, is almost unavoidable in a compilation written by a company. At the same time certain examples of it might have been corrected here by a more vigorous editing of the 771 large pages allotted to historical narrative. No doubt in a comprehensive text-book it was necessary to give a succinct account of the history of Great Britain and its dependencies during the Napoleonic period. But one-ninth of the available space was excessive to devote to that subject, and the volume consequently presents some anomalies. In a work entitled 'Napoleon,' the wedding of the Emperor to Marie Louise is disposed of in fewer lines than the marriage of the Prince of Wales in 1795, before Napoleon's public career had begun. The interesting incidents at Compiègne and at the Louvre after Napoleon met his bride, are passed over in silence, as are Cardinal Fesch and his remarks on the marriage, though Lady Jersey and her relations with the royal British couple

are needlessly alluded to. An attack upon George III, on his way to open Parliament in 1795, 'with a pebble or a bullet from an air-gun,' is described with greater detail than the attempt to assassinate the First Consul in 1800 in the rue Saint-Nicaise. In the same way, while the three months' sojourn of Napoleon at Bayonne in 1808, which was the turning-point in his career, is indistinctly slurred over, and while no reference is made to Napoleon's dramatic adventure on the night of March 30, 1814, when the Empire practically came to an end, pages are given to ministerial conflicts in England and to circumstances attending the foundation of our Australian colonies which have no manifest connexion with the career of Napoleon or even with the Napoleonic wars. If it is difficult for editors to regulate the contributions of a numerous band of collaborators, it is almost impossible for each several writer to be aware of what his fellow contributors have set down or omitted, and their mutual ignorance of one another's prose may cause inconvenience to their readers. Thus the author of the last chapter, entitled 'Saint Helena,' mentions, among 'the episodes in Napoleon's career which had proved most repugnant to British opinion, the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, the death of Captain Wright,' etc. Now every one who has ever heard of Napoleon knows something about the Duc d'Enghien, and his murder is mentioned twice in the 'Cambridge Modern History.' But beyond the words quoted above we cannot find any other reference in the volume to the unlucky British officer and conspirator who came to a violent end a week after the capitulation of Ulm in 1805. His name is known only to experts in the history of the period, and its mention without explanation must be perplexing to students at the universities, for whose use this work is primarily intended.

The foregoing criticisms do not detract from the opinion we have of this volume. Its usefulness, however, would be greatly enhanced if it were supplemented by a good index, the one which is appended to it being evidently the work of a person whose acquaintance with the art of index-making and with the history of the Napoleonic period are on a par. But one ought to be thankful for relative mercies. If the index of the

'Cambridge Modern History' is bad, it is better than no index at all, as is the case with all the French works before us. The French are admirable index-makers when they take the trouble to construct one; but not one in twenty of their works of history, philosophy or memoirs is supplied with any other aid to reference than a meagre 'Table analytique' at the head of each chapter. The usefulness to students of a monumental work such as that of M. Sorel, with its eight stout volumes, is impaired owing to it not being furnished with an index. For the purposes of collation a good index is indispensable, as the most diligent reader of modern texts is incapable, for lack of time, of checking with his own unaided notes a large proportion of their parallel passages. Within the limits of a short article there is only space sufficient for the comparison of a few of the versions of the authorities whose works we have cited, and collation on this small scale can be effected without the help of the skilled index-maker.

It is a commonplace that strict accuracy in historical fact is most difficult of achievement. M. Vandal, one of the ablest and most painstaking of the historians whose works we have cited at the head of this article, indicates the difficulty in his second volume of 'L'Avènement de Bonaparte'—a work which, with all its learning, is as agreeable to read as a book of memoirs. In describing the projects of the First Consul in the spring of 1800, when war had become inevitable owing to Austria's intention, not only to keep Northern Italy, which it had won back in 1799, but to reconquer the Low Countries, M. Vandal discusses Bonaparte's anticipations of the campaign which was to end with Marengo. He comes to the conclusion that the First Consul always intended to make Italy the scene of his fateful effort. But he points out that the chief authorities on the subject, most of whom were soldiers and contemporary spectators of the events, were divided in opinion. According to Mathieu Dumas and Jomini, the First Consul's original idea was to make Germany the principal seat of war. Thiers, however, opined that Bonaparte never intended to go anywhere but to Italy; while old Kellermann—whose title of Duc de Valmy was the most revolutionary of the Imperial creations (which did not prevent its holder becoming a Royalist peer in

1814)—in his 'Histoire de la Campagne de 1800,' declared that Bonaparte had turned over both projects in his mind. But it is not only history a century old of which it is impossible to check infallibly the accuracy. The undisputed truth about the Ems telegram, which was the spark to fire the conflagration of 1870, is still a matter of controversy. Various versions are accepted of the real cause of Gambetta's death in 1882—*crime passionnel* or misadventure. Even events which took place in the eyes of the public within the memory of the present generation are diversely related, such as the incidents attending the fall of Jules Ferry in 1885, some chroniclers describing how he nearly lost his life at the hands of a furious mob, which tried to drive him into the Seine, while others declare that, after the stormy sitting in the Chamber which ended his career, he went tranquilly home under normal conditions. Perhaps in the future history will have to be written on the system of the Abbé de Montgaillard. His 'Histoire de France depuis la fin du règne de Louis XVI jusqu'à l'année 1825' appeared in 1827, and is an attempt to chronicle day by day the events of the Revolution in all its phases and of the first ten years of the Restoration. It was a task too huge for one hand to accomplish, though the nine volumes (which include an excellent index) form a very useful work of reference. Yet, even if history in the future were to be written in the form of a gigantic transcript of daily events, mechanically fabricated by an army of specialists, after the manner of the Oxford Dictionary, it is not certain that strict accuracy of fact would be obtained; for specialists are as prone to the human failings of carelessness and inadvertency as the Frôudes and the Michelets of the past, though they have less excuse.

The most important of the works we have cited is M. Sorel's 'L'Europe et la Révolution Française,' and the lamented author is one of the most accurate of modern historians, and is unequalled for his reliance on original authorities. In his early volumes he makes several references to Lord Gower, the last British ambassador to Louis XVI. In his chapter on 'Relations extérieures après le 10 Août,' he records that a week after the overthrow of the monarchy the British Government ordered Lord Gower to ask for his passports. This was on August 17, 1792. But in 1805 he introduces us again to

'Lord Gower.' After the mission of Novosiltsof to London in the first year of the French Empire, to arrange a treaty between Russia and England, Sorel relates that Pitt 'envoya des pleins pouvoirs à Lord Gower, ambassadeur en Russie, pour signer ce traité.' This was the famous treaty of April 11, 1805 (ratified on July 20 of the same year), under which peace was to be restored to Europe, while Hanover, North Germany, and Italy were to be evacuated by the French, and the independence of Holland, and of the kingdoms of Sardinia and Naples, to be guaranteed by the allies—all of which projects failed to be realised. In 1807 'Lord Gower' reappears frequently in Sorel's narrative. It was after Tilsit when, as the result of the Russian defeat at Friedland on June 14, the Tsar Alexander had entered into a treaty of alliance with his conqueror, Napoleon, all the conditions of which were not published. The Tsar had been followed to St Petersburg by Savary, whose mission it was to keep him up to the mark of his promises at Tilsit, while in Russian society the British ambassador was the most important and popular personage of the day, by reason of the strong anti-French feeling among all classes from the Empress-mother downwards. So, from July to November 1807, when Savary announced to Napoleon that the British ambassador had received his passports, the latter played a most important part at St Petersburg. But Sorel calls him all the time 'Lord Gower,' and there is nothing in his pages to suggest to the French reader that this is not the Lord Gower who, as ambassador to France, saw the monarchy fall—nor indeed to the English reader, unless he has old Foreign Office lists and the Peerage at his finger-ends. In the latter case he knows that our last ambassador to Louis XVI became Marquess of Stafford on the death of his father in 1803; in the former case that our ambassador at St Petersburg, when Napoleon had become Emperor, was Lord Granville Leveson-Gower (created Viscount and Earl Granville in 1815 and 1833), step-brother of the other. Whether Sorel was aware of this we shall never know. Had there been a scientific index of his fine work, made under his supervision, he might have pointed out that there were two persons whom he called 'Lord Gower,' for he was an accurate man. But no Frenchman ever understood the usage

of English titles any more than English writers can avoid blundering over the use of the French nobiliary *particule*—as often shown in the English works before us. Sorel is better at English nomenclature than are many French historians, though he does call the British agent at Copenhagen 'Jakson.' He is in this respect a pattern of accuracy compared with another historian of the First Empire, M. Houssaye, whose '1814' and '1815' contain many confusing mistakes in the spelling of English names.

Our courtesy titles are always a stumbling-block for French writers, as M. Hanotaux has shown in his recent volume on a later period, where, to the perplexity of his readers, he mixes up Earl Russell and Lord Odo Russell by calling them both Lord Russell. But there is little excuse for English writers who fall into similar errors; and Dr J. H. Rose, who is an industrious writer, to whom diplomatic archives are familiar, joins with Sorel in misleading his readers as to the identity of the British ambassador to Russia in the early days of the First Empire. In matters of nomenclature he is an adept, and sometimes takes praiseworthy pains to distinguish homonymous persons. Thus, in his valuable 'Napoleonic Studies,' he relates his discovery at the Foreign Office of 'probably the first description of the condition of Egypt penned by a British official.' It was signed 'William Hamilton,' and Dr Rose observes that the ordinary enquirer might suppose it to be the work of 'our ambassador at Naples, husband of the more famous Emma. But the writer was not that indulgent envoy, neither was he the other celebrated William Hamilton, the philosopher; he was Lord Elgin's secretary.' Yet, though the biographer of Napoleon is not to be deceived about the identity of different William Hamiltons, he lays himself open to the imputation that he imagines that the British ambassador to Russia associated with the Treaty of April 11, 1805, was either the Lord Gower who was ambassador to France in 1792, or else his youthful son, who became Lord Gower in 1803, and who was—though Dr Rose may be unaware of it—attached to the British Embassy at St Petersburg after Tilsit. In the chapter entitled 'Pitt's plans for the settlement of Europe,' Dr Rose repeats three times—so it cannot be

a slip of the pen—that 'Lord Gower' was British ambassador at St Petersburg in 1805, and the mistake is the more curious as he describes the chapter as 'gleanings of research in that little worked field . . . the archives of the British Foreign Office.' He does not, however, follow Sorel in his error of making 'Lord Gower' ambassador in 1807 after Friedland and Tilsit. In his chapter of the 'Cambridge Modern History' entitled 'The Napoleonic Empire at its height,' which includes 1807, he correctly describes our ambassador to Russia as Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, and he does so again in his interesting account of 'A British Agent at Tilsit,' though, in his 'Canning and Denmark in 1807,' he gives him the amazing title of 'Lord Leveson-Gower.' It surely cannot be that Dr Rose supposes that the ambassador to France in 1792 and the ambassador to Russia in 1805 were identical, and that a new representative of England came on the scene in 1807. It is in no hypercritical spirit that we have called attention to this confusion. Just as we have applauded Dr Rose for his care in distinguishing his William Hamiltons, so we hope he will be grateful to us for indicating this mistake. It is the duty of a specialist to be accurate in matters of minute detail, and it happens that there are few periods in history in which there are so many homonymous minor actors as in the Napoleonic. Between Brumaire and Waterloo there were two General Dumas (one of whom we have mentioned), two Metternichs (kinsmen in diplomacy, as the Gowers), five Latour-Maubourgs, four Montesquious, and as many Montmorencys, all of whom took greater or less part in public life, with a little army of Dupins, Lebruns, and Lefebvres.

The 'British Agent at Tilsit,' mentioned above, has excited much interest among our amateurs of the Napoleonic period. Last year the subject occupied many columns of the 'Athenæum,' and more recently it has called forth a spirited controversy in 'Notes and Queries.' One of the provisions of the treaty which resulted from the interviews of Napoleon and the Tsar at Tilsit, in June 1807, was a secret article stipulating that Sweden and Denmark should be constrained by France and Russia to close their ports against England. Our Foreign Minister, Canning, got information of the secret convention and

forestalled it by sending a fleet to Denmark, which bombarded Copenhagen in the first days of September. Canning was severely criticised by the Opposition, both before and after the opening of the next session of Parliament, for having acted with craft and inhumanity towards 'a friendly and unsuspecting nation'; and before Parliament met the Government put forth an explanation of its action in a declaration dated 'Westminster, 1807,' and issued as a reply to a manifesto of the Tsar after Lord Granville Gower had been handed his passports. In this important document—no notice of which we have observed in the books before us—after a long narrative of the circumstances of the Peace of Tilsit, it is said:

'His Majesty (George III) feels himself under no obligation to offer any apology or atonement to the Emperor of Russia for the expedition against Copenhagen. It is not for those who were parties to the secret arrangements of Tilsit to demand satisfaction for a measure to which those arrangements gave rise, and by which one of the objects of them has been happily defeated.'

The questions which agitate our Napoleonic experts are: (1) Who was the agent who brought the news of the secret convention to the British Government? (2) How did he get his information? (3) On what dates did he start from the seat of war and arrive in England? The importance of the last is because the orders were given to the fleet on July 19; so it is sought to prove that, before that date, Canning had in his hands the secret information of what had passed between the two Emperors at Tilsit on June 25, and that he did not act wantonly in despatching the fleet. There is a Foreign Office tradition that the information was furnished to the British Government by the vacillating Tsar himself. In certain contemporary narratives it is said that the informant was the well-known secret agent and pamphleteer who called himself Count d'Antraigues, whose services were rewarded by a pension from the British Government. Alison adopts this theory, which is objected to on the ground that d'Antraigues was, at the time of Friedland and Tilsit, already in England, where subsequently he was murdered. Most of the recent English writers on the subject give the credit of the espionage to Colin Alexander Mackenzie, who

certainly was on the spot at Tilsit and travelled to London very soon afterwards. Two of his kinsmen, General R. Mackenzie, R.A., and the Rev. E. C. Mackenzie, who is still alive, declare respectively, from family tradition, that Mackenzie overheard the conversation between the Emperors on the raft moored in the Niemen, concealed out of sight, or disguised as a cossack in attendance. Dr Rose seems to believe that Mackenzie was the bearer of the news—the general purport of the secret articles, not the actual text—but suggests he got it from General Bennigsen, with whom he was on dining terms, and who, having commanded the Russian army with inefficiency at Friedland, resented the blame laid upon him by the Tsar. Dr Rose quotes in an appendix a document which describes Bennigsen as of ‘Hanoverian extraction,’ and we may add that, born a subject of George II in Hanover, he retired thither after the wars, so the fact of his nationality may have disposed him the more to betray his Russian master to the government of George III. The assassin of the Tsar Paul would not have much scruple in playing false to the son whom he had helped to put on the throne six years before. The letter which Dr Rose publishes from Mackenzie to Lord Granville Gower, dated June 23, 1807, on which he bases his belief that it was Bennigsen who gave the information, would be infinitely more interesting if a few notes were added relating to the people mentioned. In the second line of the letter, for instance, ‘Young Talleyrand made his appearance.’ Why does not Dr Rose explain the presence of this guest of General Bennigsen, and tell us something about him? Another omission of Dr Rose is that he does not state clearly the precise official position of three different agents of the British Government at Copenhagen during this critical period, Jackson, Garlike, and Brooke Taylor. A perusal of his two articles, ‘Canning and Denmark in 1807,’ and ‘A British Agent at Tilsit,’ leaves a confusing impression of the dates when those three diplomatists were exercising their functions. Moreover, he repeatedly speaks of ‘Mr Garlike, British Ambassador at Copenhagen,’ and one so familiar with the Foreign Office archives ought not to use the term ‘ambassador’ in this loose journalistic manner. A conscientious student, with some knowledge of the diplomatic

hierarchy, might be misled into thinking that, for some special reason, the British envoys to Denmark in 1807 were accorded ambassadorial rank. It was to prevent confusion of this kind that the Congress of Vienna issued what are known as 'The Regulations of June 9, 1815,' dividing diplomatic agents into three classes; in spite of which ambassadors of and to minor Powers still abound in the newspapers of Europe.

We now come to the question of the dates connected with the conveyance of the news of the secret convention at Tilsit to the British Government. In the 'Cambridge Modern History,' vol. ix, c. viii, Mr H. W. Wilson writes:

'On July 19, eleven days after the signing of the secret articles [at Tilsit], the resolution to seize the Danish fleet was formed, and on July 26 Admiral Gambier sailed from Yarmouth.'

In chapter xi of the same volume Dr Rose puts differently the date of Canning's resolve:

'On July 16 Canning received important despatches which warned him that dangers were ahead. One of these was from an officer, probably a Russian, describing . . . the friendly bearing of the two Emperors . . . on the raft at Tilsit. The second was from Garlike, giving bad news that had come through General Clinton. . . . The third despatch was from Mackenzie, a British agent, who had dined with General Bennigsen at Tilsit on June 22, and heard news as to the Tsar's ratification of the armistice and the general wish for peace. These tidings, coupled with the notorious partiality of the Danish Prince Royal for the French cause, caused Canning to take a step of great importance. On that same day, July 16, he appointed Brooke Taylor British Minister at Copenhagen in the room of Garlike, and instructed the new envoy to inform the Danish Government that a large British fleet would at once be sent to the Sound. . . . As yet, however, Canning seems to have entertained no thought of employing forcible measures against Denmark. That drastic resolution was apparently formed on or shortly before July 22, when he had had news "directly from Tilsit." . . . The source of this news is unknown. A British agent, Mackenzie, and Dr Wylie, were probably the only Englishmen at Tilsit at the time of the interview; and Mackenzie did not arrive in London until July 23, when he brought despatches from Lord Granville Leveson-Gower at Memel. . . . The news which reached Canning on July 21 must have come from a Russian.'

The date on the title-page of this volume is 1906. Now in his 'British Agent at Tilsit'—originally written in 1901, but republished in his 'Napoleonic Studies,' and presumably revised, in 1904—Dr Rose says, 'It is certain that Mackenzie left for Memel on June 25, and that he forthwith set out for London.' He also speaks of 'Mackenzie's interview with Canning on July 21.' So, as in the 'Cambridge Modern History' he says that Mackenzie did not arrive in London till July 23, it is clear that between 1904 and 1906 Dr Rose changed his mind as to the date of the British agent's arrival, and also as to the source of the information which induced Canning to take his much-criticised resolution.

A writer in 'Notes and Queries' (December 14, 1907), who does not seem acquainted with Dr Rose's writings, though familiar with the Foreign Office archives, says that Mackenzie 'left on 26 June with Leveson-Gower's despatch, and arrived in London on 16 July.' He and Dr Rose differ as to the date of Mackenzie's arrival, though they approximately agree as to the date of his departure. We venture to think they are both wrong as to when he started. In 1890 an interesting volume was published called 'Stafford House Letters,' edited by Lord Ronald Gower. The letters are mainly from the editor's father, subsequently second Duke of Sutherland, addressed to his mother, Lady Stafford, who, as Lady Gower, was the last ambassadress whom Marie Antoinette knew, and they include forty letters written when he was a young *attaché* first to Lord Morpeth's mission to Prussia, then to Lord Hutchinson's, and finally to that of his uncle, Lord Granville Gower, mentioned above. The first letter of this series is dated a week after Jena, in October 1806, and the last from Petersburg in November 1807, when 'that d—d fool, the Emperor of Russia, has thought fit to comply with Bonaparte's commands' by a rupture of diplomatic relations with England. He was at or near Memel, constantly in the intimate society of the King and Queen of Prussia during the first eight months of 1807. He was the real 'Lord Gower' of this period, and his letters are of remarkable historic value considering the youth of the writer. They throw a more vivid light on some of the events before and after Friedland than do the despatches in the Foreign Office archives or the

correspondence of Savary, of which M. Sorel makes good use. Lord Gower throws some light, too, on the movements of the despatch-carriers from Memel to London, as he used them to send his own letters home. On June 24, 1807, he writes :

‘Mr Harvey, Lord Hutchinson’s private secretary, is to leave Memel—perhaps in an hour, perhaps in a week—so that I must prepare, as I do not mean to lose so good an opportunity.’

The messenger was evidently only waiting for the impending news of what was to occur the next morning on the raft. The letter also announces the arrival of Lord Granville Gower and ends with a postscript,

‘June, Friday. The armistice has been concluded. The Emperor and King have met Bonaparte on the river. . . . We do not know the result. I suppose we shall be going to Petersburg, as the Emperor will probably not stay while negotiations are going on. Harvey is just going.’

The last words may be useful to Dr Rose, as he has recorded that ‘Captain Harvey left Memel before June 22,’ though on another page of the same paper he says that Harvey left Memel for Copenhagen on June 26 in the cutter ‘Princess of Wales.’ Dr Rose’s latter version is corroborated by Lord Gower’s postscript, as, if we are not mistaken, the Friday after June 24, 1807, was the 26th of that month. A week later he gives some more information on the subject of communication with England.

‘Memel, July 3rd, 1807. Well, Bonaparte and the Emperor are both at Tilsit, where the former, I believe, does everything in his own way, and . . . our great ally (Alexander) will do very little for us. They say they have sent from Tilsit a messenger overland to London.’

This is interesting, indicating that a despatch went from Memel to London between that carried by Harvey and, as we shall presently see, that which Mackenzie took. What strikes one in reading these letters is the complete liberty enjoyed by the English on this frontier land of Prussia and Russia in the very presence of Napoleon and his army, just after he had become successively the master of Prussia and of Russia. As Lord Gower writes in this letter,

It is rather odd that while the King [of Prussia], etc., are living with Bonaparte fourteen miles from hence, we should be dining or drinking tea with her [Queen Louisa] every day here.'

For our present purposes the concluding words of the letter of July 3 are the most important.

'A Mr Mackenzie who came with Lord Granville will take this. He was to have been with the army to send information from thence, but as unfortunately he can be no longer useful there he is going back.'

From this it seems that Dr Rose was mistaken when he wrote that Mackenzie left for London immediately after June 25. It should be noted for the unwary specialist, if ever he makes use of these letters of Lord Gower, that when the young *attaché* refers to his uncle as 'Lord Granville,' it does not mean that that was his title in the peerage of the United Kingdom, which he assumed only in 1815, but is only short for Lord Granville Gower.

We wish we could linger over these letters, which are of superior human interest to the official despatches sent from the Baltic. In them 'Garlike' and 'Jackson' (M. Sorel's 'Jakson') are not mere signatures to diplomatic documents, but are living Englishmen. Moreover, the young writer throws important light on the causes of historical events. Thus he writes how, on arriving at Memel on June 12, 'the first person I saw was the Queen . . . and on Saturday [the eve of Friedland] I and one or two English that came with Lord Granville accompanied her to the 'Astræa' frigate, where we were all very sick and very jolly.' On July 10 Lord Gower relates how 'the visit which the poor Queen has been obliged to make to Bonaparte has been a useless humiliation'—the well-known incident of the unhappy Queen consenting to dine twice with Napoleon at Tilsit, being led vainly to believe that she might thus obtain better terms for Prussia. The young *attaché* goes on to explain the motive of Napoleon's resolve to give the Queen a wanton personal mortification.

'Do you remember an expedition to the "Astræa" frigate that I told you of? About a week ago we made a second, when Lord Granville, etc., were of the party. Soon after Bonaparte said to the King, "While we negotiate here, and you are

requesting of me to give you back some provinces, the queen, with a party of English, goes on board an English frigate. If she chooses to have them for her friends, let them help her; I'll not give up an inch."

On a more important point of history Dr Rose seems again to have changed his mind. In his 'Napoleonic Studies' of 1904, after quoting from the English edition of 'Metternich's Memoirs' the saying attributed by the Austrian Chancellor to Napoleon, 'The army assembled at Boulogne was always an army against Austria,' he adds:

'I am not convinced that Napoleon seriously intended to invade England, even by the able arguments brought together by Captain Mahan. If Marmont, Ney, and Davoust believed that the invasion would be attempted, Decrès, Bourrienne, and Miot de Mérito disbelieved it. . . . Disbelief in the invasion was widespread in England. . . . The evidence lately brought together by Captain Desbrière . . . shows that, up to the end of 1804, Napoleon's invasion schemes were probably a blind.'

But in 1906, in his Introduction to 'Napoleon's Last Voyages' (transcripts of Captain Ussher's account of the deportation of Napoleon to Elba, and of the narrative of the voyage to St Helena by the admiral's secretary, Mr Glover), Dr Rose goes back upon his opinion. Commenting on a conversation of the Emperor at Elba on May 9, 1814, he says:

'Indirectly this conversation throws light on the interesting question whether Napoleon was intent on the invasion of England. He surely would not have remembered the minute details of his great naval combination of 1805 had it been designed merely as a blind in order to lure on Austria to a premature attack by land. . . . But those who note the enormous extent of his preparations on the northern coast . . . will find it difficult to believe that he did not really intend to strike at London. Probably he hoped to effect a landing near the mouth of the Thames,' etc.

Belief in the latter of these inconsistent opinions has produced the two handsome volumes before us entitled 'Napoleon and the Invasion of England,' by Messrs H. F. B. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley. They express

their obligations to Captain Desbrière (mentioned above) for his '1793-1805—Projets et Tentatives de Débarquement aux Îles Britanniques,' published in five volumes, in 1900-1902, under the direction of the General Staff. But though they have in great measure founded their work on M. Desbrière's, they do not arrive at his conclusion, and they criticise not a few of his points. The volumes contain, moreover, a quantity of original matter drawn from the valuable collection of MSS. of the period in the possession of Mr Broadley. A remarkable feature of the work is the inclusion of more than a hundred reproductions of contemporary caricatures and other prints illustrating the epoch, which supply overwhelming proof of the general belief in England of the imminence of invasion, in spite of the contrary opinion of solitary pamphleteers such as Spence, quoted by Dr Rose to support the impression he held in 1904. The authors have no doubt whatever that Napoleon did intend to invade England, and give their reasons in a well argued chapter. They quote the more or less authentic sayings on the subject ascribed to Napoleon in the literature of St Helena, in which he asseverated the truth of his intention to invade. They also quote the opinions in the same sense of French historians who treated Napoleon from various stand-points, from Thiers to Lanfrey, to whom we might add Duruy. They also discuss the contemporary writers of memoirs who have dealt with the question, rejecting the theory put forward by Bourrienne and Miot de Méliot that the invasion scheme was only a feint intended to dissimulate his plans of conquest on the Continent, and accepting the positive statement of Méneval, Napoleon's secretary, who denied the truth of the account in 'Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte'—which work, we may say, was originally called 'Histoire de Bonaparte, par un homme qui ne l'a pas quitté depuis quinze ans,' and afterwards appeared in another guise, about 1830, as the 'Mémoires de Bourrienne.' Among the authors of other works cited at the head of this article, Mr Fisher, in his 'Napoleonic Statesmanship in Germany,' writes that it was a 'falsehood to say that the Boulogne flotilla was never seriously meant'; while Sorel, out of the vast stores of his knowledge, expresses no doubt on the subject, believing that Napoleon dreamed

of the conquest of London, where he hoped that a revolution would welcome him.

In spite of the opinion of Captain Desbrière, which merits our respect, we range ourselves with Thiers, Lanfrey, Duruy, and Sorel, and we can support our view from the evidence of other French writers not cited in the English books before us. The chief evidence on the other side is that of Miot de Mérito and of Metternich. Bourrienne we need not trouble about. Even if he is the author of the '*Mémoires*,' they are so full of inexactitudes that they provoked two copious volumes entitled '*Bourrienne et ses erreurs*.' The importance of Miot de Mérito's evidence lies in the fact that he, having been a Conseiller d'État, asserts that the Emperor, in January 1805, assured the Council of State that he had organised a complete army on a war footing, ready to take the field against Austria or any other continental Power, thanks to his pretended preparations for the invasion of England. Miot was a functionary of the old monarchy who rallied to the Revolution and held office under the Consulate and Empire, but was more intimately associated with Joseph (to whom he owed his title), at Naples and in Spain, than with Napoleon. His Memoirs did not appear till 1858, when they were published by his son-in-law General von Fleischmann, a German officer hostile to the memory of Napoleon. Metternich, who lived from 1773 to 1859, was sent as Austrian ambassador to Paris in the early days of the Empire and remained until the war between France and Austria in 1809. In the high functions he exercised at home he was reckoned a friend of Napoleon after the Peace of 1809 until 1812, when he became openly anti-Napoleonic, and so remained till the end. There is an interesting book, not mentioned, we think, in any of the works before us, which, if read with caution, is of some value for the information it gives on the memoir writers in question. '*Napoléon et ses Détracteurs*' was written by Prince Napoleon, the son of Jerome, in 1887 in reply to Taine's study of Napoleon, which now forms the first chapters of his '*Régime Moderne*.' Making allowance for the extreme bitterness with which he attacks Taine, who had been on terms of intimacy with him and his sister, the Princesse Mathilde, one may gather much valuable information

from his pages. We will not dwell on what he says about the unreliability of Bourrienne and Miot, who are frequently cited by Taine. But in his chapter on Metternich he incidentally refers to the Austrian diplomatist's suggestion that the army assembled at Boulogne was destined to fight Austria. This he does dispassionately, as it is not a thesis adopted by Taine. To any one who was ever brought into contact with either of the children of King Jerome and saw their familiarity with every point in the policy and tradition of their uncle, it is certain that what Prince Napoleon said about the plan of invasion was authentic. Speaking of Metternich's supposition he writes :

'L'inexactitude et la puérilité de cette assertion sont évidentes. . . . L'Empereur suivait avec passion les préparatifs de sa grande entreprise, et, loin de se préoccuper alors de l'Autriche, il poussait ses armements de façon à montrer que c'était bien l'Angleterre qu'il avait en vue.'

Another writer, not cited in the works before us, who was a minor actor in the Napoleonic drama, and who exercised more important functions under the Restoration and the Monarchy of July, M de Barante (1782-1866), gives his impression of Napoleon's intentions at Boulogne with the impartiality of a Frenchman who served several dynasties. He was a friend of Daru, who, as Secretary-general of the Ministry of War, was with Napoleon at Boulogne, and he writes :

'Napoléon ne cessait point de se préoccuper de la descente en Angleterre, qu'il conçut réellement. De si énormes dépenses, une application si constante, . . . deux années consacrées aux préparatifs de cette grande entreprise, n'étaient point une vaine démonstration.'

But Barante knew of the Austrian theory, and, as an impartial writer, he suggests that this may have been a second string which Napoleon was reserving, and he adds :

'Mais bien des circonstances vraisemblables viendraient peut-être à la traverse de cette importante manœuvre [the despatch of Villeneuve to the West Indies]. Aussi, dès le commencement de 1805, il tenait en réserve une autre vaste entreprise pour la substituer à la descente si elle ne pouvait être tentée. La grande armée campée sur les côtes de France depuis Brest jusqu'à Amsterdam serait dirigée contre l'Autriche.'

Miot reappears frequently in one of the most interesting of the English works before us, 'The Napoleonic Empire in Southern Italy,' by Mr R. M. Johnston. The book is dated from Cambridge, Mass., and the author laments the loss of four-fifths of the MS., which he seems to have prepared in Europe. He consequently had to reproduce his work without being able to verify it again with the original documents whence it was drawn. The book is nevertheless one of considerable value, and for readableness as well as for original research we are disposed to place it first among the English monographs under review. The author has a fault which is, however, more conspicuous in some of the other writers, one which specialists, as we have already hinted, ought to avoid. This is the introduction of the names of persons without explanation as to their identity. Nothing is duller than a list of bare names, nothing more discouraging for a student, especially a beginner; and in all the English books before us we have name after name introduced which can convey no idea to the reader unless he be an expert. Mr Johnston, we repeat, is less of a sinner in this respect than some of our native monographers, yet from his half-dozen references to Miot de Mélito no one would gain any idea of the career and character of that person, with which the writer is evidently familiar. The chief part of this interesting work deals with the adventures in their kingdom of two of Napoleon's 'rois-préfets,' to use Sorel's happy expression. These were his brother Joseph, whom, in 1806, he made hereditary Prince and then King of Naples, and his brother-in-law, Joachim Murat who, when Napoleon, in 1808, made the fatal blunder of putting Joseph on the throne of Spain, became 'Gioacchino Napoleone, per la grazia di Dio e per la costituzione dello Stato, Re delle Due Sicilie.' We have nowhere read a more vivid detailed narrative of the last vicissitudes of Murat than in Mr Johnston's chapter entitled 'The Tragedy of Pizzo,' describing his flight from Provence to Corsica after the second Restoration, and his descent thence on the shores of his former kingdom, where he met his death. Another point of interest in this work is the adequate account it gives of the battle of Maida. A populous quarter of London is named after it; but we doubt if

one inhabitant in a hundred has any idea what Maida means. What is curious about that once famous victory—which was won, in July 1806, by Sir John Stuart near the Calabrian coast, supported by Sir Sidney Smith from the sea, to keep the French out of Sicily—is the different appreciation accorded to it by English or French contemporary writers. Hewson Clarke, in his discursive chronicle of the great war, published after Waterloo, writes of ‘the glorious victory of the 6th of July.’ But in a French biography of Stuart, dated 1825, all that the writer finds to say about ‘the glorious victory’ is that,

‘en 1806, il [Stuart] débarqua dans le royaume de Naples, où il défit, dans les plaines de Maida, un faible corps de troupes commandé par le général Régnier.’

The real reason why England laid such stress on a victory in which only forty-five British were killed, is given by the author of ‘The Life of Hussey Vivian,’ although that brilliant cavalry leader in the Napoleonic wars took no part in the Italian campaign. He says that the victory of Sir John Stuart over the French at Maida raised the prestige of British arms when it was sorely needed, after the death of Pitt. As Mr Johnston points out, Trafalgar had inspired the British Government into a false sense of security. We had recently not been successful in the East, and the position of Sicily as a stepping-stone for France towards the Orient urged England to keep Napoleon out of possession of what remained of King Ferdinand’s dominions. We may point out that the index-maker of the ‘Cambridge Modern History’ imagines that there were two victories at Maida, this being his entry :

‘Maida, English victory at (1806), 270 ; Sir John Stuart’s victory at, 404.’

His achievements are rivalled by those of Mr Johnston’s index-maker, who professes to give only the names of persons and places connected with the Napoleonic Empire in southern Italy, and in the former category includes ‘Jehovah’ and ‘Priapus.’ It is a pity, when a man has spent perhaps years of labour in producing a valuable book, that he should impair its value by employing a mechanical drudge to make his index. Mr Johnston’s

bibliography, on the contrary, seems excellent, but it is probably his own work.

Another valuable work before us, which bears some slight analogy to the last mentioned, is 'Napoleonic Statesmanship in Germany,' by Mr H. A. L. Fisher. In Germany Mr Fisher seems to be thoroughly at home, whether dealing with the confederation of the Rhine or with the establishment of the kingdom of Westphalia, with Jerome Bonaparte as its figure-head. As we have little but praise to give to the author's pages on Germany, we may with the greater freedom make some observations on his manner of dealing with France, with which country, its language and its people, he seems to be less familiar. He intimates that the late Prof. York Powell saw the proofs of his book on Germany, and it is a pity that some person of equal competence did not examine his pages on France, so as to eliminate inaccuracies which, however trifling, are of such frequent occurrence as to mislead the student and irritate the expert. In the 'Cambridge Modern History' he speaks of Napoleon's companions at St Helena as 'a little company of French gentlemen and ladies accustomed to the stirring life of a brilliant capital,' who regretted 'the comforts of a well-appointed Parisian hotel.' This mistaken suggestion that the French exiles were Parisians pining for the boulevards is taken from Lord Rosebery, who said of them that 'a collection of Parisians could not be cheerful perched on a tropical rock.' If Mr Fisher had turned to original sources for the lives of Napoleon's companions he would have found that to no company of Frenchmen was the epithet 'Parisian' less appropriately applied. Gourgaud had spent eighteen of his thirty-four years on the battle-fields of Europe; Bertrand's life from 1795 was one long series of campaigns; Las Cases was a sailor in his youth, and then an *émigré*, and had lived about five years in Paris; Montholon left Paris when eleven, and from the age of fifteen was always in active service. Although Mr Fisher allowed himself to be led into this error, he does not follow Lord Rosebery in his misleading conclusions in 'The Last Phase,' from which Dr Rose likewise disassociates himself. Another minor fault of Mr Fisher is that, when he is translating a French phrase, he sometimes puts down English words which have no meaning.

In his chapter on the Codes he says, 'A woman cannot be accepted as a witness to the acts of the Civil State.' What would any undergraduate or other reader unacquainted with French jurisprudence suppose 'acts of the Civil State' to be? The French is of course, 'actes de l'État Civil'—an untranslatable phrase meaning the registrations of births, marriages, and deaths—but how is the student to know that? With one of his translations we are completely puzzled. Fesch, we are told, was 'in turn a constitutional priest, an inspector of carts . . . an archbishop and a cardinal.' What does 'an inspector of carts' stand for? It probably refers to the unfrocked period of the career of 'L'oncle Fesch,' when he was in the commissariat of the revolutionary army. But the posts he then held were 'garde-magasin de fourrages,' and 'inspecteur de fournitures'; so the mystery remains unsolved. This is in the excellent book on Germany, in which 'La Tour and Taxis' on one page is followed by 'Thurn and Taxis' on the next; 1802 is given as the date of the French Concordat, and the Quercy, the region which produced Murat, and also Gambetta, is referred to as though it were a town. Without hypercriticism one may regret such errors in a work intended primarily for students. There is more excuse for them in Mr Fisher's 'Bonapartism,' which is a slap-dash pamphlet, a reprint of six lectures delivered at University College, London, in 1907. They afford no trace of being the work of a specialist. In addition to mistakes of the kind indicated above, such as where the author speaks of Napoleon's 'miraculous progress from Fréjus to Paris' after Elba, confusing 1799 with 1815, the book is clearly from the pen of a writer whose knowledge of France after the latter date is superficial. Grave errors of fact are interspersed with the author's generalisations. Among 'the ugly features of despotism' under the Second Empire he counts 'the debasement of the bar.' Why, the great glory of the French bar in the nineteenth century is that it was the sanctuary of free speech under Napoleon III, when the Press was muzzled and the Legislature in leading strings, and when Berryer, Jules Favre, and Gambetta assailed the Government with their bold eloquence in the law courts. And so up to the end of the book, when the author asks, 'Was not Darboy, that Archbishop of Paris

who was murdered in the Commune, the last of the Gallican prelates?' The answer being that he was nothing of the sort, a score of Gallican bishops having survived him, including Dupanloup, a much greater than Darboy. We submit with respect that such inexactitudes ought not to be offered to university students.

It is with pleasure that we turn back to the author's 'Napoleonic Statesmanship in Germany.' With Mr Fisher's instructive opening chapter on the mutual interaction of the different civilisations of France and Germany we have compared an elaborate study entitled 'De l'influence historique de la France sur l'Allemagne,' by M. Joseph Reinach the well-known French deputy, whose father came from Germany, and who is equally well acquainted with the two nations. Mr Fisher would naturally not be acquainted with M. Reinach's little known essay, nearly twenty years old; and it is interesting to notice how two well-informed students, having no knowledge of one another's work, should come to the same conclusion on important points. To Mr Fisher, 'the French Revolution supplied the electric shock which woke Germany from her lethargy';

while to M. Reinach,

'la Révolution française est pour l'Allemagne ce que le Nil est pour l'Égypte, le fleuve créateur qui couvre la vieille terre de ses flots, la féconde et fait sortir les moissons de son sein.'

Both writers, from very different standpoints, appreciate, not dissimilarly, the influence of the Revolution, effectively brought into Germany by Napoleon, upon German Protestantism; both of them recognise Napoleon as the originator of German unity, just as Sorel and other writers under review have ascribed to him the fatherhood of Italian unity. We regret that reasons of space will not allow us to dwell at length upon some of Mr Fisher's chapters. The two on the kingdom of Westphalia are of special interest, that on Westphalian problems being of value as showing the effect of the introduction into a feudal region of Germany of forms of the administrative, judicial, and ecclesiastical machinery which Napoleon had made the basis of his reconstruction of France. The author is more severe on Jerome—who

was not twenty-three when his brother made him king of Westphalia—than he is, in ‘The Grand Duchy of Berg,’ on Caroline Murat, whose morals were not much better than those of her young brother. With regard to his criticisms of Jerome’s ‘baseness’ to Miss Paterson, Jerome was only a boy when he contracted his illegal marriage in America, and in consenting to its annulment he was only aping the ways of ruling families more ancient than the Bonapartes. We wonder if the author is aware that it was at the Pavilion at Brighton, in the town of Mrs Fitzherbert, that English society showed its sympathy for the basely treated ‘Mrs Paterson, late Madame Jerome Bonaparte,’ who danced in the royal quadrille at Princess Charlotte’s birthday party. A point of more legitimate historical interest, which might have been mentioned in connexion with Jerome being made a king and his consequent marriage with Princess Catherine of Würtemberg, is that, after the death of Princess Charlotte, the issue of the ex-king and queen of Westphalia would have been close to the succession to the British Crown, had the belated marriages of George III’s sons proved barren—Catherine being granddaughter of Augusta, elder daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

Our space does not permit us to do more than mention the book which stands last on our list, ‘Napoléon à Bayonne.’ It is a detailed account from local chronicles, most of which had never seen the light before, of Napoleon’s sojourn at Bayonne, where he arrived on April 14, 1808, and took up his quarters at the Château de Marrac, which he did not leave until he had sent thence the Spanish royal family into exile at Valençay, and had placed Joseph on their throne. This most interesting narrative of the turning-point of Napoleon’s career, to which his eventual downfall may be traced, is the work of a writer little known to fame even in his native land. M. Ducéré, the sub-librarian of the city of Bayonne, is an example of those modest functionaries, often found in the French provinces, who, with great industry and literary skill supply historians with material of the highest value without reaping any public reward for their services.

Art. VIII.—THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE.

1. *Die Shakespeare-Bühne nach den alten Bühnenanweisungen.* Von Dr Cecil Brodmeier. Weimar: Buchmann, 1904.
2. *Prolegomena zu einer Darstellung der englischen Volksbühne zur Elisabeth- und Stuart-Zeit.* Von Dr Paul Mönkemeyer. Hannover und Leipzig: Hahn'sche Buchhandlung, 1905.
3. *Die Bühneneinrichtung des Shakespeareschen Theaters nach den zeitgenössischen Dramen.* Von Dr Richard Wegener. Halle: Niemeyer, 1907.
4. *Some Principles of Elizabethan Staging: a Dissertation submitted to the Graduate School of Arts and Literature.* By George F. Reynolds. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1905.
5. *The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist.* By George Pierce Baker, Professor of English in Harvard University. London and New York: Macmillan, 1907.
6. *The Stage of the Globe.* By E. K. Chambers. (Appendix to vol. x of 'The Works of William Shakespeare.') Stratford-on-Avon: The Shakespeare Head Press, 1904.

ONE of the main tendencies of modern thought has been to emphasise the intimate relationship between an organism and its environment, and the impossibility of thoroughly understanding the one apart from the other. In the field of literature, the drama is so manifestly and peculiarly a product of social conditions that the criticism which considered Shakespeare as a sort of isolated miracle has long ago been discredited and abandoned. No one now denies that the Elizabethan drama must be seen in its true perspective, as a part of English history, before its meaning and value can be properly estimated. But in the case of drama, as distinct from other forms of literature, there is a material as well as an intellectual and social environment to be taken into account. A play is destined for performance in a theatre, and a practical playwright can no more disregard the actual structure of his stage than a composer can disregard the range and quality of the instrument for which he is writing. There are innumerable cases in which, if we want to grasp a

dramatist's reason for doing thus, or thus, and not otherwise, we must recall in imagination the actual mechanism of performance which he had in view. Hence the keen interest which scholars have taken in investigating the true structure of the Attic theatre in the fifth century, which has been obscured by the facile acceptance of unauthoritative traditions, and by deductions from architectural remains of a later period. But our knowledge of the Greek theatre is not a whit more imperfect than our knowledge of the English theatre before the Civil War. The theatrical manners and customs of the period have been to some extent studied, and imaginative historians, founding on passages from prologues, epilogues, 'inductions,' and pamphlets, have drawn animated pictures of the typical Elizabethan audience. But, whatever the value of these pictures, they deal with social, not with technical, conditions—with the environment 'in front of the house,' as we should nowadays put it. Of the structure of the stage and the actual mechanism of presentation, little is known with any approach to certainty. The need for such knowledge, however, is now vividly realised in many quarters. Investigations are being made, points of controversy are being minutely scrutinised, and it is not unreasonable to hope that a thorough sifting of the evidence may before long enable us to reconstruct the main outlines of the Elizabethan stage, even if certain details must always remain obscure.

The need for thorough investigation has been brought home to us, not only from the literary, but from the theatrical side. The modern 'Shakespearean revival,' with its gorgeous scenery, its spectacular interludes, and, in many cases, its ruthless mangling of the text, is evidently quite unlike anything foreseen or intended by Shakespeare. The question whether, if he could have foreseen, he would have approved, need not be here discussed. One may hold that he would not entirely have disapproved, and may yet sympathise with those who wish to see his plays performed, occasionally at any rate, under stage conditions more nearly approaching those which he must have had in his mind's eye. From this desire various artistic enterprises have taken rise. We have had in England the meritorious Elizabethan Stage Society, directed for many years by Mr William Poel.

Several American universities have made efforts in the same direction, and one or two German theatres, notably the Court Theatre at Munich, have given numerous performances on what they call a 'Shakespeare-Bühne.' But there has been a striking lack of unanimity as to the precise characteristics of the 'Shakespeare-Bühne'; and the English performances, at any rate, were arranged with an arbitrariness, often bordering on eccentricity, which greatly impaired their value as serious reconstructive endeavours. All these experiments, in fact, have proved little or nothing, except the urgent need for that systematic examination of all the data of the case which cannot now be long delayed.

Partial and provisional efforts in this direction have already been made, and we propose to pass in review some of the more recent studies of the subject. All except one brief essay are of German or American origin. In England, investigation has not got much beyond the point at which Collier and Halliwell-Phillipps left it. Mr E. K. Chambers' admirable work on 'The Mediæval Stage' stops short, as its title imports, on the threshold of the Renaissance. The one English essay that stands on our list * comes also from the pen of Mr Chambers, and appears among the appendices to the Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare. It runs to no more than ten pages; and in such a space it is impossible to go very deep into this complicated enquiry. Mr Chambers may be said rather to summarise its difficulties than to offer any solution of them. His criticisms of certain German and American theories are very acute; but his attempt to argue away the pillars which are commonly conceived to have supported the 'shadow' or half-roof over the stage of the 'public' theatres strikes us as more daring than successful. His exposition of the probability of a wide divergence in the arrangements of different theatres seems, on the face of it, convincing; but the tendency of investigation is to rebut this initial probability, and to encourage the belief that the great majority of dramatists, in constructing their pieces, kept in view a normal or typical stage. There are exceptions, especi-

* Mention should be made, however, of several learned and valuable papers contributed (in English) to the German periodicals 'Anglia' and 'Englische Studien,' by Mr W. J. Lawrence, of Dublin.

ally in plays written for the 'Children of Paul's,' but they are not more than sufficient to prove the rule.

Among the German studies, Dr Paul Mönkemeyer's dissertation, though not the first in order of time, may conveniently be treated first. It is quite rightly entitled, 'Prolegomena zu einer Darstellung der englischen Volksbühne.' It consists of three chapters, preliminary to a larger work which the author has in hand. The first deals with 'The stage of the English popular drama before the erection of permanent theatres in London (1576).' It is, in fact, a careful survey of the transition from the medieval mystery-stage to the stage of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors. This is an essential part of any thorough-going enquiry, and Dr Mönkemeyer's treatment of it is very intelligent and suggestive. The second and third chapters consist of a general examination of the material with which the student has to deal, and consideration of its evidential value. Much that the author has to say on this point is sufficiently obvious, and yet has been very commonly overlooked. He insists, for example, on the fact that plays acted only at Court, or at one of the universities, cannot be cited in evidence of the practices of the regular theatres. Malone's fundamental error in believing that the Elizabethan stage, like the modern stage, could be shut off by a front curtain, arose from his neglect of this obvious principle. He based his belief mainly on the line, 'Now draw the curtaines for our scene is done,' which occurs at the end of 'Tancred and Gismunda'—a play never acted (it would seem) by professional players, but presented by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple before Queen Elizabeth in 1568. It is clear that from such a play as this no deductions are to be drawn with reference to the common * stage. A more difficult question arises in the case of certain plays as to which our information is insufficient. For instance, Dr Mönkemeyer would reject 'The Divil's Charter,' by Barnabe Barnes, which was published in 1607, 'As it was plaide before the King's Majestie, upon Candlemasse night last: by his Majesties Servants. But more exactly renewed, corrected and augmented since by the Author, for the more pleasure

* We say 'common' rather than 'public' stage, for the latter term involves an ambiguity in this context, and should be reserved for the 'public' or unroofed as distinct from the 'private' or covered theatres.

and profit of the Reader.' Clearly the evidence of such a play is to be accepted with caution; but we think Dr Mönkemeyer would be wrong to disregard it entirely. It is incredible that the actors should have reserved this lurid melodrama for the Court alone; and the author's revision probably consisted in elaborating the dialogue rather than in altering or adding to the 'business.' In writing the stage-directions, which are unusually full, Barnes certainly had actual performance in his mind's eye; and his directions in nowise conflict with the general mass of evidence as to the possibilities and practices of the common stage. On the whole, we should be inclined to rank as admissible evidence any play by a dramatist of experience which was certainly written with a view to theatrical performance, and not solely as a Court entertainment. This principle would apply, for example, to Shirley's 'St Patrick for Ireland,' which Mönkemeyer would apparently reject on the ground that it is not known to have been acted elsewhere than in Dublin. If the stage-directions in such a play flagrantly contradicted our other evidence, we should no doubt be justified in rejecting them; but when no such contradiction occurs we may legitimately assume that the playwright had in view the general type of theatre to which he was accustomed. The more one reads of the Elizabethan drama with a view to reconstructing its material mechanism, the more is one conscious of a certain 'standardisation' of effects.

Dr Mönkemeyer's third chapter deals with the 'Origin of the stage directions in the genuine popular plays,' as distinct from Court plays. He begins by insisting on a very elementary fact: namely, that the stage directions in modern editions are, for the purposes of this investigation, absolutely worthless. They are (for the most part) the interpolations of editors whose sole aim was to smooth the way for the general reader, and who, so far as they visualised the scenes at all, did so in terms of the modern theatre. Dr Mönkemeyer might have stated more strongly than he does the necessity for entirely banishing the modern edition from our ken. Recent editors, it is true, have generally realised the importance of distinguishing between the original stage directions and those which have been supplied by them-

selves or their predecessors. But, even when printed within brackets, a modern stage direction tends to warp the student's vision. This is especially the case with regard to the place indications which it is now the custom to prefix to every scene. It is the beginning of wisdom, in this enquiry, to realise that scarcely any of these occur in the original texts, and probably not one in the accustomed modern form. Rarely do we even find such a direction as 'Enter Brutus in his Orchard,' or 'Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester. Alarum: Scaling ladders at Harfleur.' As a rule, indeed, the locality may be more or less clearly deduced from the dialogue, but the exceptions to this rule are innumerable. The reader who is accustomed only to modern editions would be amazed to learn how many passages in the Elizabethan drama are entirely unlocalised—so much so that it is impossible even to say whether they are 'interiors' or 'exteriors.' Such passages are perhaps more frequent in the minor dramatists, but even in Shakespeare they are common enough. Nor are scenes uncommon in which absolute inconsistencies of locality occur. A simple instance may be found in 'Othello,' iii, 4, and iv, 1. Modern editors, with cautious vagueness, place these scenes 'Before the Castle'—judging, no doubt, that the casual entrances of 'Bianca, a Curtezan' imply some sort of public locality. This is quite true; but in what public locality can we possibly place the private and intensely painful transactions between Othello and Desdemona which occur in both scenes? These things baffle imagination if we conceive them as happening on the open esplanade. They imply a chamber in the castle, or, at the very utmost, a private garden; but how account for Bianca's intrusion into either of these places? The problem is insoluble from the point of view of the modern audience, accustomed always to have a definite scene before its eyes; whereas Shakespeare's audiences, fresh from the moralities and interludes, with their abstract or ideal scenes, were probably unconscious of any difficulty. The category of place imposed itself but faintly and intermittently on the mind of the Elizabethan playgoer: a fact which the believers in the habitual indication of scenes by placards, and even by painted cloths, would do well to note. Here, no doubt, we are trenching on

debatable ground ; but we do so deliberately. We believe the *vagueness of localisation* of the Elizabethan drama to be a fundamental fact which cannot be fully realised until the student has dismissed modern editions from his mind, and gone back to the original texts.

For the rest, Dr Mönkemeyer distinguishes with great acuteness between four classes of stage directions : those which must have proceeded from the author himself ; those in which the hand of the stage-manager or prompter is apparent ; those which must have been inserted by printer-editors for the better understanding of readers ; and those which clearly proceed from stenographers noting the 'business' as they saw it while taking their surreptitious copies. This last class, by the way, is sometimes so valuable as evidence, that one is inclined to think leniently of the dishonest practice to which we owe it.

Some passages in Dr Mönkemeyer's book seem to indicate a conception of the typical Elizabethan stage which we believe to be untenable ; but as he is confessedly only at the outset of his investigation, criticism would be premature.

Dr Cecil Brodmeier's book on 'Die Shakespeare-Bühne' claims no such suspension of judgment. Here we have an attempt to expound the stage-management of all Shakespeare's plays in the light of a hard-and-fast theory—a theory which seems to be largely accepted in Germany, and has found able adherents in America. Wherever it may have originated, Dr Brodmeier is certainly its most conspicuous champion. It is known as the theory of 'alternation' ; and as our whole vision of the Elizabethan stage is determined by our acceptance or rejection of it, an endeavour must be made to state it fully and clearly.

Playgoers whose memory carries them back twenty years or so can recall a general practice, in plays requiring frequent changes of scene, of alternating what were called 'front' or 'carpenter' scenes with full 'sets.' Thus, in 'Othello,' the curtain would first rise on a moderately deep scene representing the exterior of Brabantio's house. Then a painted 'cloth' would be let down in front of this (or two 'flats' would be shoved on), representing a street in Venice ; and on the shallow space between this 'cloth' and the footlights the first encounter between Othello and Brabantio would take place. This over, the 'cloth'

would be raised, or the 'flats' withdrawn, and it would be found that Brabantio's house had been cleared away, and the whole depth of the stage called into requisition for a 'set' representing the Venetian Senate chamber. This practice has fallen into seeming disuse; but it is in truth only disguised by the fact that managers generally drop a curtain, or plunge the stage in darkness, while the scene is being changed. The principle of employing the time occupied by comparatively shallow scenes for the setting of deep scenes remains in force wherever several changes of place within a single act are necessary.

Now the 'alternation' theory would throw back this practice to Elizabethan times, with the substitution of a 'middle curtain' for the 'cloths' or 'flats' of twenty years ago. The dramatists, we are told, habitually arranged that a scene requiring the whole stage should be followed by a scene requiring only the shallow front portion of the stage; and while this scene was in progress in front of the 'middle curtain,' stage-hands were arranging behind it such properties as might be required for the next scene, if not actually setting out painted 'hangings' (*kouliissen-artige Behänge*) somewhat in the nature of modern scenery. That there is a certain initial plausibility in this theory (except in so far as the painted hangings are concerned) cannot be denied. We do frequently find, especially in Shakespeare, that short scenes requiring comparatively few actors are inserted between longer scenes requiring many performers, and sometimes more or less elaborate properties. Moreover, there would seem to be a manifest convenience in being able to indicate a change of place (as well as a possible lapse of time) by some such simple device as the opening or closing of a pair of curtains.* That the theory should have arisen is not in the least surprising; but we do not believe that it will bear examination.

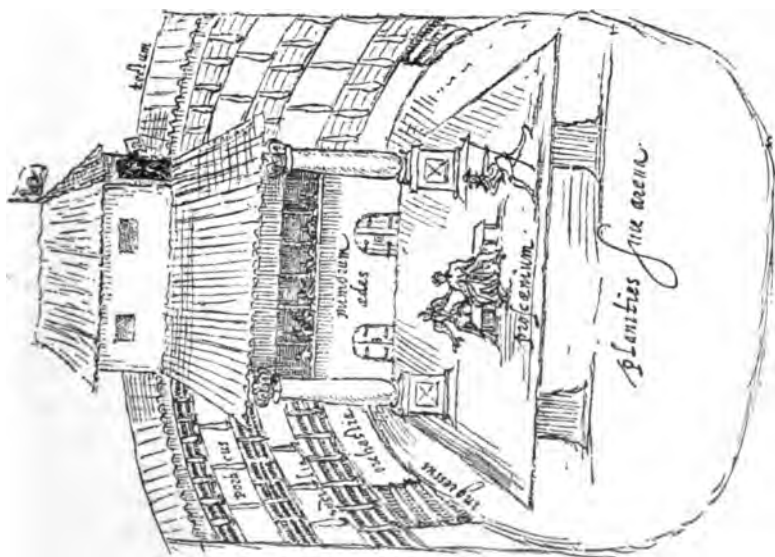
The 'alternationists' all start from the famous De Witt drawing of the Swan Theatre (reproduced facing p. 450), though they are very soon forced to run counter to its authority. It is necessary, then, that we should briefly consider the credentials of this much-discussed document

* It is admitted on all hands that whatever curtains were employed on the Elizabethan stage were not raised and lowered like most modern curtains, but were drawn aside—as a rule, no doubt, parting in the middle.

—our only graphic presentment of the interior of a 'public' or unroofed theatre.

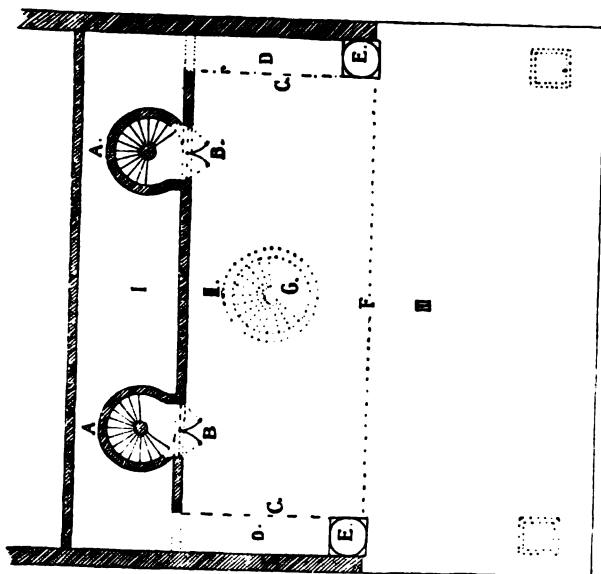
It was discovered in 1888 by a German scholar, Dr Karl Gaedertz, in a manuscript volume in the University Library at Utrecht. The volume is a sort of commonplace-book, kept by one Arend van Buchell (b. 1565, d. 1641). Van Buchell had a friend, Johannes de Witt, who was a noted traveller. De Witt seems to have sent him a letter describing his 'London observations' and including a sketch of the Swan Theatre, which Van Buchell copied into his commonplace-book. The drawing, as we have it, cannot be De Witt's original, for it is on exactly the same paper as the rest of the book. Thus it has not the authority of a sketch taken actually on the spot; nor can we tell whether the original from which it was copied was drawn on the spot, or merely from memory. On the other hand, there seems to be no suspicion of forgery in the matter. No expert has thrown doubt on the assumption that the drawing dates from the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century.

Some of its features may be accepted without question as being very much what other evidence would lead us to expect. We know, for instance, that most of the public theatres were round or octagonal in shape, the Fortune Theatre being the only certain exception. Again, almost all the representations of the Bankside theatres in the old panoramic maps show from the outside that hutch or turret rising over the roof which we see from the inside in the De Witt drawing. It was here, no doubt, that the trumpeter (sketched by De Witt) blew the three blasts which announced the opening of a performance. The half roof or 'shadow' over the stage is mentioned in two building-contracts which we possess. In the Fortune it was probably supported by pillars, as in the Swan sketch; but in the Hope contract it is stipulated that no pillars shall be required for its support. The projection of the stage into the 'yard' is very similar to that provided for in the Fortune contract. The two doors are mentioned in innumerable stage-directions. And, finally, we know that there must have been at the back of the stage some such gallery as is shown in the drawing. It was used by the actors for battlements,



THE SWAN THEATRE.

(The De Witt Drawing, circa 1600.)



DR BRODMEIER'S 'PLAN OF THE SHAKESPEARE STAGE.'

I. Upper Stage. II. Back Stage. III. Front Stage.

A A. Spiral stairs to the Upper Stage.

B B. Doors of the Upper Stage.

C C. Side Entrances to the Back Stage.

D D. Connecting passages for the Side Entrances.

E E. Pillars separating the Front from the Back Stage.

F. Curtain between the Pillars.

G. Trap in the Back Stage.

balconies, etc. ; it was sometimes occupied by spectators ; and at other times (or perhaps concurrently) by the musicians of the theatre.

‘ It would seem, then,’ the reader may say, ‘ that there is independent evidence for practically every feature in the drawing.’ Yes, there is ; and yet, when we come to examine it in detail, and try to conceive it as the scene of any ordinary Elizabethan play, we find it lacking in such essential particulars that we are forced to believe either that it does not accurately represent the Swan stage, or that the Swan stage differed very remarkably from the typical stage of the period. One might almost take it for a theatre conjecturally outlined by some one who had superficially examined the maps, pamphlets, and other documents, but had not gone minutely into the ultimate evidence of the plays themselves.

Dr Brodmeier, however, professes at the outset to accept the Swan drawing without serious question. It does not, indeed, show any middle curtains ; but these, (though, curiously enough, he does not make the suggestion) may be concealed behind the pillars. For the rest, it gives him the three stage-regions (*Bühnenfelder*) which his theory requires : the ‘ *Vorderbühne* ’ in front of the pillars, the ‘ *Hinterbühne* ’ behind the pillars, and the ‘ *balkonartige Oberbühne* ’—the balcony-like Upper Stage—at the back. To these may ‘ *eventuell* ’ be added a fourth stage-region, by opening one or other of the doors and showing some action in progress in the space behind. The fact that this fourth ‘ *Bühnenfeld* ’ is gravely accepted by several theorists shows what dangers beset the mere library student in this investigation. Who that has any sense of the theatre can look at the Swan drawing and imagine the tomb of the Capulets represented—as Brodmeier would have us think—by the space behind one of the doors ? All the most poignant part of the scene, all that passes after Romeo enters the tomb, would be wholly invisible to at least a quarter of the audience, very imperfectly visible to at least another quarter, and, on the whole, so cabined, cribbed, confined as to suggest Bob Acres’ nightmare of a duel in a sentry-box. It is hard enough to imagine, with Brodmeier, that this ‘ fourth stage-region ’ served for the niche in which Hermione, as a statue, was placed at the end of ‘ The

Winter's Tale.' Remember that, as she is twice bidden 'descend,' she was evidently standing on a pedestal; and conceive a statue on a pedestal placed behind one of these door-openings, or any door-opening of reasonable height! All the spectators above the ground level who saw her at all would see her decapitated. But this is credible in comparison with the theory as to Juliet's tomb. Dr Brodmeier evidently has not realised that the star actor's insistence on having 'the centre of the stage' is founded on an optical law which must have obtained in the Elizabethan no less than in the modern playhouse—at all events where anything that occurred towards the back of the stage was concerned.

Returning now to the essential feature of the alternation theory—the 'middle curtain' hung between the pillars of the 'shadow'—let us see how Dr Brodmeier proceeds to deal with it. The main purpose assigned it is to conceal the bringing on of furniture and properties—banqueting-tables and chairs, council-tables, beds, thrones, altars, etc. But it is clear that, in the Swan sketch, if you simply draw curtains between the two pillars, most of what passes behind them will be visible to something like a quarter of the audience. Better no concealment at all than concealment so imperfect; so that Dr Brodmeier is forced to run lateral curtains back from the pillars to the wall of the 'mimorum ædes,' or tyring-house, which shut in the stage at the back. This he is all the more willing to do as there are countless passages in which the two doors shown in the De Witt drawing are flagrantly inadequate to the entrances and exits required, and the lateral curtains provide him with very necessary side-entrances (Seiteneingänge). We assume, then, the possibility of boxing in with front and side curtains the quadrilateral between the pillars and the back wall; but what does this involve in the theatre figured by De Witt? Firstly, front-stage scenes, played with the curtains closed, would be very imperfectly seen, or not at all, by those of the audience who occupied the seats, or stood in the 'yard,' near the 'mimorum ædes.' Secondly, if there were any spectators in the gallery at the back of the stage (and in some theatres, and at some times, there certainly were) they would, when the curtains were closed, see all that they were not, and nothing that

they were, intended to see. Thirdly, the side-entrances would be of no use whatever, since the actor could not possibly reach the point at which he had to make his entrance, except by coming on at one of the doors, stealing round the upper end of the side curtain, and coming down the outer margin of the stage, in full view of nearly half the audience, to take his stand at the opening in the curtain, and await his cue. Add to this the fact that whenever the lateral curtains were drawn so as to admit of side-entrances, the 'Hinterbühne,' thus curtained in, would be wholly invisible to every one who sat, or stood, farther back than the two pillars.

These difficulties, of course, do not escape Dr Brodmeier; and how does he get over them? Simply by abandoning altogether the Swan drawing, and constructing a wholly new form of stage for which there is not an iota of evidence. It will be seen from his ground-plan (reproduced facing p. 450) that he entirely encloses his 'Hinterbühne,' running a wall back on either side from the outer edge of the pillars, which he places (in flat opposition to the Swan drawing) at the extreme margin of the stage. Then from the inner edge of the pillars he runs his lateral curtains back to the tyring-house wall, thus leaving on both sides, between side-wall and curtain, narrow passages to which access is obtained by two new doorways (of course invisible to the audience) pierced in the tyring-house wall. According to this scheme the two pillars are equivalent to the sides of a proscenium arch, and we have practically a modern stage with very narrow 'wings' and a very large 'apron' or projection in front of the proscenium.

Now, apart from the total want of evidence for any such construction, the one determining characteristic of the Elizabethan stage which can be proved beyond all shadow of doubt is its lack of anything like a proscenium—anything in the nature of a picture-frame interposed between the spectator and the play. Dr Brodmeier's box-like stage, with its proscenium pillars, would have modified the whole evolution of the Elizabethan drama in the most essential particulars. It is quite inconceivable that playwrights should never have discovered the convenience of the tableau ending to an act or scene—the ending which leaves a group of characters on the stage and

simply draws the curtains on them.* Why should they always take the trouble to make their characters walk off the stage? Why should the typical act- or scene-ending, be 'Exeunt omnes,' and never 'Curtain'? Why, above all things, should the playwright almost invariably give careful directions for the removal of dead bodies from the stage? This, to our thinking, is the ultimate disproof, not only of Brodmeier's proscenium stage, but of the whole alternation theory. If it were possible, in the normal course of things, to shut off the 'Hinterbühne' from view, it is inconceivable that bodies should always be carried off. In over a hundred plays which we have minutely examined (including all Shakespeare's tragedies) there is only a small minority of cases in which explicit provision is not made, either by stage-direction or by a line in the text, for the removal of bodies. The few exceptions to this rule are clearly mere inadvertences, or else are due to the fact that there is a crowd of people on the stage in whose exit a body can be dragged or carried off almost unobserved. We must add that there is another small group of apparent exceptions, to which we shall presently return. In these cases bodies are not removed, because they are lying on a portion of the stage (unknown either to Dr Brodmeier or to the Swan drawing) which *can* be curtained off, and which is indispensable to the action of nine plays out of ten.†

* There are, indeed, a few plays—probably not more than about two per cent. of the whole extant body of literature—in which tableau endings seem to be indicated. These plays present a problem which we have not closely examined, and much less solved. But had a proscenium closed by curtains been an established feature of the ordinary stage, tableau endings would certainly have been the rule instead of the rarest of exceptions.

† It may be worth while to point out the extreme lack of thought which characterises Dr Brodmeier's ground-plan. He makes the two doors lead, by carefully walled-in winding staircases, to the Upper Stage, to which he seems to conceive, in a vague way, that these stairs form the only means of access. If this were so, the two doors would obviously be quite useless as general means of entrance and exit, and no one could reach the stage from without except by the 'Seiteneingänge,' through the lateral curtains. But as he does not explicitly state that the Upper Stage can be reached only by the winding stairs, we may give him the benefit of the doubt and assume that he admits other entrances to it. What is the result? Unless the Upper Stage is curtained off (as in many cases it cannot have been) no one can reach the main stage through the doors who has not previously been seen to cross the Upper Stage; while every one who goes off by the doors must also reappear 'aloft' before he is finally lost to view. The idea

Before going on to this part of our subject, however, we must briefly examine the alternation theory from another point of view. We have tried to show that it cannot be put in practice on the ordinary Elizabethan stage, as we are compelled by the whole weight of the evidence to conceive it. Let us now see whether we can gather from the texts any real reason for supposing that playwrights deliberately constructed their plays on the principle of interposing a 'Vorderbühne' scene between every pair of 'Hinterbühne' scenes.

This theory has been very ably criticised by Mr George F. Reynolds, of Faribault, Minnesota, in an acutely reasoned treatise entitled 'Some Principles of Elizabethan Staging.' Mr Reynolds accepts Brodmeier's tests of a 'Hinterbühne' or full-stage scene—the appearance of characters on the Upper Stage, entrances and exits through the 'doors,' and the use of large properties such as banquet-tables, etc.—and then cites a multitude of instances in which two unmistakable 'Hinterbühne' scenes come together, with no trace of a 'Vorderbühne' or front scene between them. Most of Mr Reynolds's examples, however, are taken from non-Shakespearean plays, and many of them from plays of early date by Marlowe, Greene, Peele, and Lodge. Dr Brodmeier (who confines his attention almost exclusively to Shakespeare) might conceivably reply that if Shakespeare can be proved to have observed the principle of alternation, that is enough for him, and that the practice may have been a symptom of an advance in art, distinguishing Shakespeare from his ruder predecessors. We believe it to be true that a more plausible case for alternation can be found in Shakespeare than in any other dramatist. In our own examination of the question, so long as we confined our attention to non-Shakespearean plays, we wondered how the theory had ever arisen; but on passing to Shakespeare our wonder disappeared. Let us, then, meet Dr Brodmeier on his own chosen field, and the field most favourable to his operations. We will try to show that while a few scenes may be cited which *might* exemplify the principle of alterna-

is absolutely nonsensical. What becomes, moreover, of the conception of the space behind the doors as a fourth 'Bühnenfeld'? Did Juliet, in 'Capel's Monument,' repose on a spiral staircase?

tion, it is far easier to point to collocations of scenes which set the principle at open defiance.

One could scarcely find a case more plausibly suggestive of alternation than the third, fourth, and fifth scenes of 2 Henry IV, Act v. The third scene, in the quarto of 1600, begins:

Enter SIR JOHN, SHALLOW, SCILENS, DAVY, BARDOLFE, PAGE.

Shallow: 'Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eate a last yeeres pippen of mine owne grafting, with a dish of carrerwaies, and so forth. . . . spread, Davy, spread, Davy, well saide Davy . . . now sit downe, now sit downe, come cosin. . . . Give Master Bardolfe some wine, Davy. . . .'

Davy: 'There's a dish of Lethercoates for you.'

It is clear that Davy spreads a table, at which the others sit down, while Davy serves them; and they have a jovial carouse, interrupted by the arrival of Pistol with the news of the accession of Henry V. The scene absolutely demands a table and four stools, with various dishes, bottles, cups, etc. The arbour may conceivably have been imaginary; but as an arbour was undoubtedly a commonly used property, there is every reason to suppose that it, too, was visibly presented. This means that the stage was pretty well cumbered with properties; and when we find the next scene (Sc. 4), a passage of only some thirty-five lines, between Mrs Quickly, Doll Tearsheet, and the Beadles, it looks very much as though it had been inserted to permit of the unseen removal of the arbour, table, etc., in preparation for Sc. 5, the procession of King Henry from his crowning. But some sort of interlude was required here for other reasons. Falstaff and his companions were to enter at the very beginning of Sc. 5, having ridden up from Gloucestershire; and it was convenient, if not necessary, according to the conventions of the age, to allow a slight interval for so large a jump both in space and time. Moreover, a few minutes were required for changes in the costume of the party. At the end of Sc. 3, Falstaff says, 'Boote, boote, Master Shallow,' indicating that Shallow is to get into riding dress; and he himself, with his henchmen, was to become mud-spattered and travel-stained. Thus it was desirable, apart from all question of clearing away the properties,

that a short scene should be inserted between Sc. 3 and Sc. 5. It is to be noted, too, that near the end of Sc. 3, Falstaff says, 'Carry Master Scilens to bed.' Had a middle curtain shut off the apparatus of the drinking-bout, there is no reason why Silence should not have been left sleeping in his chair. As it was, his removal had to be effected as part of the dramatic action; for, while convention allowed of the removal of inanimate properties in view of the audience by the servitors or stage-hands of the theatre, who were understood to be external to the play, it did not countenance the removal of dead men or drunk men by the same agency. Such, at least, is our interpretation of the passage; but we do not deny that, were the alternation theory otherwise credible, this sequence of scenes might fairly be quoted in confirmation of it.

Another passage, which ought certainly to be a front scene, if front scenes in the alternationist sense existed at all, is 'Richard II,' Act 1, Sc. 4. Here we have a quite short scene of few characters intervening between the scene of the lists at Coventry and the scene of John of Gaunt's death. Was it not inserted to permit of the unseen clearing away of the lists and scaffolding, and bringing on of John of Gaunt's couch? If ever there was an opportunity for the use of a 'middle curtain' and for a 'Vorderbühne' scene, this is certainly it. But, most unfortunately for the alternation theory, the opening stage direction of Sc. 4 in the first Quarto is 'Enter the King with Bushie, &c., at one dore, and the Lord Aumarle at another.' The third Quarto substitutes for 'another' 'the other.' Now the mention of doors is one of the chief criteria of a 'Hinterbühne' scene; for, on the alternationist stage, the closing of the 'middle curtain' would inevitably conceal the doors. We know from a thousand testimonies, that two entrance-doors at least were invariable features of the Elizabethan stage; and it would be unreasonable to doubt that when a playwright said 'door' he meant 'door.' Dr Brodmeier admits this, but argues that, in the previous scene at Coventry, the 'middle curtain' was closed at the point where John of Gaunt and Bolingbroke are left alone on the stage, and that the lists were cleared away during their final colloquy of some thirty lines. But why should the poet have adopted this

device (called by some students a 'split scene') when he had in Sc. 4 a passage which could, without the slightest difficulty, have been acted in front of the 'middle curtain,' if there was such a thing? Here was a case calling aloud for a simple application of the alternation principle; yet Shakespeare, according to Dr Brodmeier, took pains not to apply it in its simplicity. He preferred 'splitting' a whole-stage scene to using as a front-stage scene a brief and unimportant passage intervening between two whole-stage scenes. The argument is excessively far-fetched. A much more probable deduction from the facts is that front-stage scenes, played before a 'middle curtain,' were unknown to Shakespeare's theatre. It is not unlikely that the parting of John of Gaunt and Bolingbroke took place in front of the pillars while the lists were being cleared away behind. But the weight of the evidence is distinctly against the employment of any curtain or curtains to conceal the operation.

Having now examined two of the cases on which the alternation theory might most plausibly be founded, let us look at one of the countless conjunctures which absolutely negative it.

For the most notable of all, perhaps, we need go no further than the last act of 'Hamlet.' As acted on the modern stage, it presents a perfect example of the alternation principle. We have first the graveyard, a long and crowded scene requiring the whole stage. Then there comes a front scene for the conversation between Hamlet, Horatio, and Osric; and while this is in progress the graveyard is cleared away, and the hall is set for the final scene. On the Elizabethan stage, it is true, there was no graveyard picture; but there was the rubbish thrown out of the grave to be shovelled in again, and the grave-trap to be closed; while, for the final scene, there were numerous properties (seats, a table, etc.) to be brought on. Here, if ever, was an imperative opportunity for closing the 'middle curtain' and letting the Hamlet-Horatio-Osric scene take place on the 'Vorderbühne.' Yet it is absolutely certain that Shakespeare did nothing of the kind. It is true that none of the old copies, even down to the fourth Folio, is formally divided into scenes; but that the poet intended the act to consist of only two scenes is manifest from the fact that Hamlet and Horatio,

having re-entered immediately after the graveyard scene, never leave the stage until the end of the play. That there may be no mistake as to the imagined location, Hamlet says to Osric, both in Q₂. and F₁., 'Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Majestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles be brought.' Again, in Q₂. (though not in F₁.) a lord enters and says, 'My Lord, his Majestie commended him to you by young Ostricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall. . . . The Kinge, and Queene, and all are comming downe.' Thus Shakespeare seems almost to have gone out of his way to insist that, from the entrance of Hamlet and Horatio onward, the locality remains the same until the end. It may perhaps be suggested that the passage was treated as a 'split scene,' the 'middle curtain' being closed before the entrance of Hamlet and Horatio, and opened before the entrance of the Court. If we admit the existence of middle and lateral curtains, this is no doubt conceivable; but if alternation were an established principle, why adopt the awkward expedient of a 'split scene'? What more simple than to make the Hamlet-Horatio-Osric passage a separate scene (as on the modern stage) by letting Hamlet and Horatio go off at the end of it and re-enter with, or after, the Court?

A very conclusive testimony against that 'middle curtain,' on which the whole alternation theory depends, is to be found in the third and fourth acts of 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*' In examining this passage we may find, not only negative evidence in regard to the 'middle curtain,' but affirmative evidence on another point of crucial importance. At the end of Act III Robin Goodfellow, having led the four lovers 'up and downe, and up and downe' until they are exhausted, leaves them all asleep upon the ground. On his exit there follows (in the Folio) the significant stage-direction, 'They sleepe all the Act'—that is to say, all the interact. At the beginning of 'Actus Quartus,' 'Enter Queene of Fairies and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.' Titania says to Bottom, 'Come sit thee downe upon this

* Even if it be true that 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' was written for performance during the marriage festivities of some nobleman, there can be no question that it was acted, and was very popular, on the common stage.

flowry bed,' and there follows Bottom's famous colloquy with Pease-blossom, Cobweb, and Mustard-seed, at the end of which Bottom and Titania fall asleep. Oberon and Puck enter; Oberon frees Titania from the charm, awakens her, and goes off with her, Puck removing the ass-mask from Bottom's shoulders and leaving him asleep upon the 'flowry bed.' At the exit of Oberon, Titania, and Puck, that there may be no doubt as to the position of matters, there is a special stage-direction, 'Sleepers lye still.' Then, 'Winde Hornes. Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.' After the exquisite passage about the 'hounds of Sparta,' Theseus catches sight of the sleeping lovers. 'But, soft, what nimpes are these? ... Goe, bid the huntsmen wake them with their hornes.' Then follows the curious stage direction, 'Hornes, and they wake. Shout within: they all start up.' These stage-directions place it beyond doubt that from the moment the lovers sank down in sleep until they were awakened by the horns, they remained in full view of the audience, and that even through an interact.* If there was a 'middle curtain' by which at least half the stage could be concealed, what possible motive could there be for keeping them thus exposed to view?

But now we have to ask: what has become of Bottom all this time? At line 107 he has been left sleeping on the 'flowry bed'; then follows the whole long scene between Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and the four lovers; and they all go off at line 204 without having taken the slightest notice of him. Then 'Bottom wakes,' speaks his soliloquy, and 'Exit.' Can we suppose him to have been all the time on the open stage? For light on this point let us look a little farther back. In 'Actus Secundus' (modern editions, Act II, Sc. 2), the fairies having sung Titania asleep, Oberon enters, squeezes the magic juice into her eyes, and goes off. Then ensues a scene of about 120 lines between the four lovers, with Puck mischievously intervening, which brings the act to a close; no one (not even Puck) showing the slightest consciousness of the

* At private theatres, such as the Blackfriars, there was certainly music between the acts. A passage in Webster's Induction to Marston's 'Malcontent' renders it doubtful whether this custom was 'received' at the public theatres. The wording of the above-quoted stage-direction, however, makes it clear that some sort of pause between the acts was contemplated.

presence of Titania. 'Actus Tertius' begins 'Enter the Clownes'; and they, with Puck again intervening, have an animated scene of 130 lines before Bottom's song arouses Titania, and she says, 'What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?' Is it conceivable that she, on her 'property' bank, lay on the open stage during two long scenes, while the actors all sedulously made believe to be unconscious of her? Or is it conceivable that the middle and lateral curtains were closed at Oberon's exit, and that the two long and complicated scenes in question were played on the front stage? Neither of these alternatives is credible. We must suppose Titania's 'flowry bed' to have been placed in some recess which could probably be concealed by curtains, or at any rate could, with reasonable plausibility, be ignored by the actors, who would naturally turn their backs to it. In the same recess the same 'flowry bed' would be placed in Act IV, and there Bottom would slumber peacefully while Theseus was awakening the lovers, and their cross-purposes were being evened out. For our part, we have little doubt that the recess was actually curtained off during the unseen sleep of Titania in Acts II and III, and of Bottom in Act IV. How notably would the comic effect be enhanced if Bottom put his head through the curtains at the line 'When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer'!

Of the existence and frequent use of such a recess there is an overwhelming mass of evidence. It is possible of course to affirm it without denying the 'middle curtain'; both may conceivably have been employed. But to attempt, like Dr Brodmeier, to operate without any recess, or, in other words, without what we shall henceforth call a Rear Stage (see illustration facing p. 462), is to plunge into a maze of difficulties and impossibilities.

This is very clearly illustrated by Dr Richard Wegener in his book on 'Die Bühneneinrichtung des Shakespeare'schen Theaters,' which is the most careful and important study of the subject yet published. While Dr Brodmeier confines his examination almost entirely to Shakespeare, Dr Wegener alludes to Shakespeare only incidentally, and goes for the main body of his evidence to the other Elizabethans. He sums up entirely against the 'middle curtain,' so far as the 'public' theatres are concerned, but he thinks that at the 'private' theatres such a curtain

was occasionally used for convenience in clearing the stage of properties. He adduces no proof of this distinction, which seems to us highly improbable; but the point need not be here discussed. Any systematic alternation of 'Vorder-' and 'Hinterbühne' scenes Dr Wegener shows to be out of the question. On the subject of the Rear Stage he is quite convincing.

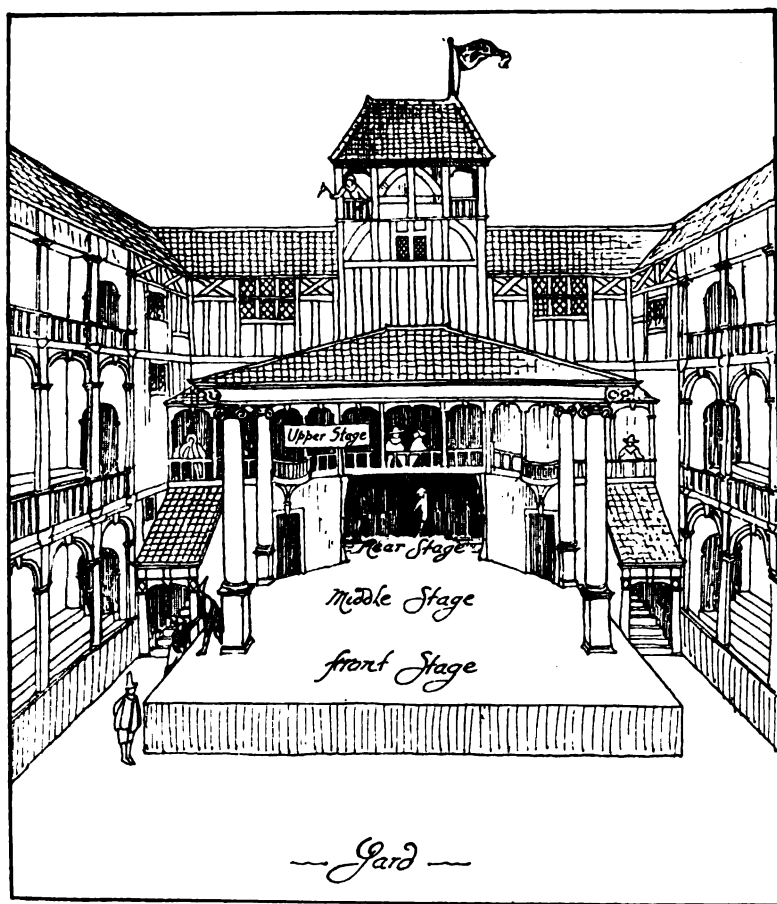
'An assumption' (he says) 'is more than a hypothesis when it enables us to explain the whole body of phenomena simply and without inconsistency. It then becomes a truth, a fully established item of knowledge. Remove the Rear Stage* and there is scarcely a popular play whose staging does not become an insoluble riddle. But if we postulate this stage-region, everything explains itself in the simplest fashion, and the poets' design and course of thought become clear and transparent. The popular dramatists of that time, Shakespeare not excepted, had in their mind's eye, at the back of the main stage, a smaller space, or Rear Stage; otherwise the unanimity would be incomprehensible with which all poets included in their compositions scenes which cannot be placed elsewhere than in such a stage-region.'

Dr. Wegener† slightly exaggerates the universal validity of the Rear Stage hypothesis. It solves an immense number of apparent difficulties; but there remains a residue of problems which it leaves obscure. The existence of such a stage-region, however, may be taken as admitted, even by the more moderate 'alternationists.' Dr Brodmeier is almost the only student of the subject who ignores or denies it.

It is noteworthy, with regard to this Rear Stage, that the evidence for it runs through the whole Elizabethan drama from its very beginnings. One would not have been surprised to find it a comparatively late refinement;

* Dr Wegener calls it 'Unterbühne,' in contradistinction to the 'Oberbühne,' the gallery at the back of the stage.

† Dr Wegener, in his otherwise careful and accurate book, more than once accepts as authoritative the garbled stage-directions of modern editors. In one or two cases, moreover, his argument shows a faulty understanding of his English texts. We would specially urge him to reconsider the suggestion (p. 109) that when Slitgut, in 'Eastward Hoe,' climbed the 'famous tree' at Cuckold's Haven, the actor swarmed up a mast specially erected against the side of the Globe Theatre, and had actually before his eyes the river scene which he described. The fact that 'Eastward Hoe' is not stated to have been played at the Globe, but at the Blackfriars, is the smallest objection to this theory.



THE FORTUNE THEATRE.

(Mr Walter H. Godfrey's reconstruction from the builder's contract.)

Dimensions :

Width of Main Stage	43 ft.
Depth of Main Stage to Rear Stage opening	27 ft. 6 in.
Depth of Rear Stage	7 ft.
Width of Rear Stage opening	17 ft.
Height of Rear Stage	12 ft.

[To face page 482.

but it occurs so early that it would seem to have been a legacy from the medieval drama. One of the earliest, as well as clearest, proofs of it (which Wegener overlooks, by the way) occurs in Greene's 'Alphonsus, King of Arragon,' probably produced between 1589 and 1591. Here we read, 'Let there be a brazen Head set in the middle of *the place behind the Stage*, out of which cast flames of fire.' Almost contemporary with 'Alphonsus' is 'Dido, Queen of Carthage,' by Marlowe and Nash, in which we find a very curious instance of the use of the Rear Stage. It is true that this play was acted by the Chapel children, and that we do not know it to have been presented at a regular theatre. None the less does it provide valid evidence of the use which dramatists habitually made of a curtained recess. Near the end of the second act, Æneas, Achates, Ascanius, Dido, Anna, and others, are on the stage. Then we have the direction, 'Exeunt omnes. Enter Venus at another doore, and takes Ascanius by the sleeve.' This means that, unobserved by the others, she detains the child. Then she coaxingly takes him in her arms and lulls him to sleep with a song. This done, she says, 'Sleep, my sweet nephew, in these cooling shades. . . . All shall be still, And nothing interrupt thy quiet sleep, Till I return and take thee hence again.' Then she 'Exit,' evidently leaving Ascanius sleeping in some place which can be curtained off; for there follows a long scene of many persons (including Cupid disguised as Ascanius), during which the sleeping child is unseen; the locality, indeed, being supposed to change to Dido's palace. At the close of this scene, 'Exeunt,' and 'Enter Juno to Ascanius asleep.' This evidently means that at Juno's entrance the curtains are opened, disclosing Ascanius lying where Venus left him. Venus herself presently appears, and she and Juno, after roundly abusing each other, come to an amicable understanding, Ascanius all the time sleeping peacefully. At the end of the scene, Venus says, 'Meantime Ascanius shall be my charge, Whom I will bear to Ida in mine arms, And couch him in Adonis' purple down.' 'Exeunt.' Now, why should Venus carry off the sleeping child, who is quite comfortable where he is? The next scene but one gives us the reason. It opens with the direction, 'The storm. Enter Æneas and Dido in the

cave, at several times.' In other words, the rear stage being required for the fateful cave, Ascanius could no longer occupy it. At the end of the scene the direction is 'Exeunt to the cave'; which doubtless means that they did not play the whole scene on the Rear Stage, but, having come forward in the course of their colloquy, returned at its close to the Rear Stage, and there made their exit, instead of going off by one of the two doors. A cave was one of the places constantly figured by the Rear Stage, others being a study, cell, tomb, shop, counting-house, tent, prison, and bedchamber.

Let us now turn to Marlowe's 'Tamburlaine the Great,' acted, probably, in 1587. Here, in the second part, we have the stage direction :

'Actus I [a misprint; it is in reality Act II]. Scæna ultima. The arras is drawn and Zenocrate lies in her bed of state. Tamburlaine sitting by her; three Physicians about her bed, tempering potions; Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane, and the three sons.'

Prof. Baker, of Harvard, whose interesting book on 'The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist' contains a very well-informed chapter on 'The Stage of Shakespeare,' argues that this direction 'demands a large space,' and that the passage which follows, 'to be well seen, must have been given in the space under the "Heavens"'—another term for the 'shadow.' It is difficult, indeed, to conceive that the ten persons enumerated were all grouped about Zenocrate's bed, and remained there throughout the scene. But Prof. Baker does not notice that only four of the characters (Tamburlaine and the three physicians) are stated to have been 'about the bed,' or, in other words, to have formed part of the tableau revealed by the opening of the arras. The other six may quite well have entered by the doors on either side and grouped themselves round the opening of the Rear Stage. Again, even supposing that all ten were disclosed when the arras was drawn, those not immediately concerned about the dying woman would quite naturally spread outwards, and thus relieve the awkward congestion of the Rear Stage. And here we come upon a very important principle which, so far as we know, has not hitherto been stated. One of the main arguments

against the 'middle curtain' is that it is never used to close upon a tableau, or to save any character, living or dead, from the necessity of walking or being carried off the stage. 'But,' it may be said, 'since you admit that characters could be "discovered" by the opening of the curtains in front of the Rear Stage, why should they not have been concealed from view by the closing of the same curtains? Would not your argument in disproof of the "middle curtain" equally disprove the Rear Stage curtains?' A little thought will show the way out of this dilemma. It is always easy on the stage for the characters to advance and scatter, difficult for them to retire and cluster together. More briefly, centrifugal motion seems natural, centripetal more or less artificial. A group of characters revealed on the Rear Stage could very easily come forward; but it would have been very difficult and ludicrous for them all to retreat to it, and form a tableau upon which the curtains should close; and still more ludicrous would it have been for every one who was about to die to make his or her way to the very back of the stage before consenting to give up the ghost. This principle makes it clear why the Rear Stage curtains could be much more freely used for disclosing than for concealing anything in the nature of a tableau. Nevertheless, where there was a definite reason for the characters retiring to the Rear Stage, they sometimes did so, and the curtains were drawn upon them. When Æneas and Dido, for instance, went off 'to the cave,' it was manifestly desirable that the curtains should close; and in this 'Tamburlaine' scene, where Zenocrate's bed afforded a point round which the characters would quite naturally gather, the stage direction at the end is not 'Exeunt,' but 'The arras is drawn.' Indeed, it is one of the strongest arguments for the Rear Stage that, in the infrequent cases in which explicit directions are not given for the removal of dead bodies, we have almost always independent reason for believing that they were in this inner recess, where the curtain, arras, or traverse could be closed upon them.*

* In the sentence above quoted from Professor Baker, he puts his finger on the only real difficulty of the Rear Stage theory, namely, that it is hard to conceive the main portion of so important a scene as the death of Zenocrate acted at the very back of the stage. Dr Wegener suggests

Frequent and convincing evidences of the Rear Stage are to be found in Shakespeare. We select from among them one of the most curious: the passage in 'Romeo and Juliet,' which appears in modern editions as Act iv, Sc. 3-5. Here Dr Brodmeier goes more than usually far astray. He will have it that Juliet delivered her great potion soliloquy on the Upper Stage—an idea unthinkable to any one who can for a moment visualise the scene. But it is not only unthinkable: it is put definitely out of court by a document which Dr Brodmeier seems to have overlooked—the first Quarto of 1597. The execrable text of this Quarto is generally admitted to be stenographic, so that the stage-directions doubtless proceed from a shorthand-writer who was present (probably several times) at the performance. At the end of the potion soliloquy—'Romeo, I come, this doe I drinke to thee'—the stage direction is, 'She fals upon her bed within the Curtaines.' Then, 'Enter Nurse with hearbs, Mother . . . Enter Oldeman [Capulet] . . . Enter Servingman with Logs and Coales.' Presently the Nurse and Capulet are left alone, when Capulet, hearing the approach of Paris with his 'musicke,' says, 'Nurse, call up my daughter.' The Nurse replies, 'Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Ladybirde? fast, I warrant'—and so on for five lines, during which she evidently does not open the curtains. She does so, however, at the line, 'Nay then I see I must wake you indeed. What's heere, laid on your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the day, some Aqua vitæ, hoe.' At her outcries, 'Enter Mother . . . Enter Oldeman . . . Enter Fryer and Paris . . . All at once cry out and wring their hands.' It is evident from the dialogue that they come close up to the bed; and when their lamentations are over, 'They all but the Nurse goe foorth, casting Rosemary on her and shutting

(p. 58), and the idea had independently occurred to us, that there may have been on the Rear Stage a low platform on wheels which could easily be run out and run in again. On this platform (analogous to the *ekkyklema* of the Greeks) Zenocrate's bed might have been placed, and the main part of the scene thus brought further forward. The chief objection to this theory is that, had the platform been an established institution, we might have expected to find some explicit allusion to it. We are not aware of any such allusion; yet the not uncommon stage direction, 'A bed thrust forth' (or words to that effect), seems almost necessarily to imply some contrivance of the sort.

the Curtens.' Then 'Enter Musitions,' the Nurse dismisses them, and 'Exit'; and the scene ends with chatter between the Servingman and the musicians. What can be clearer than this whole proceeding? What more manifest than that the curtains alluded to are not middle and lateral curtains? The passage, indeed, is an instance of vagueness of place, the main stage serving alternately for Juliet's bedroom and for a public room, hall, or corridor; but this is quite in the normal order of things.

For a final and, to our thinking, absolutely conclusive proof of the Rear Stage, we turn to Webster's 'Duchess of Malfy,' which dates from about 1612, and was 'Presented privatly at the Black-Friers, and publiquely at the Globe, By the King's Majesties Servants.' We all know the scene, so much extolled by Lamb, in which Bosola and his executioners strangle the Duchess. As soon as they have done so Bosola says, 'Where's the waiting-woman? Fetch her: Some other strangle the children.' Then follows, in Dyce's edition, the stage-direction, 'Cariola and the children are brought in by the executioners, who presently strangle the children.' But there is no such direction in the quartos; and we are glad to be able to clear Webster's memory (sufficiently blood-stained at best) of the atrocity of strangling the children on the open stage. It is absolutely certain, on a close inspection of the text, that Dyce, not understanding the construction of the stage, misread the passage. The quartos give no stage direction at all at this place; but we know that Cariola is brought on, because Bosola's next words are, 'Looke you, there sleepes your mistris,' and he exchanges half a dozen speeches with the waiting-woman before she is strangled. When that is done, Bosola says to the executioners, 'Beare her in to th' next roome: Let this lie still.' Possessed by the idea that the children were on the stage, Dyce substituted 'these' for 'this'; but the reading of the quartos is certainly the right one: Bosola is referring to the Duchess alone. Ferdinand immediately enters, saying, 'Is she dead?' Bosola replies, 'Shee is what you'll'd have her: But here begin your pittie'; and then comes the stage-direction, 'Shewes the children strangled.' It is perfectly evident that the children have not hitherto been visible, and that Bosola here raises for a moment the curtain of some recess and shows them

lying dead. If the reader has any doubts let him note this further fact: after Ferdinand has gone off the Duchess revives for a moment, and then definitely dies; whereupon Bosola, soliloquising over her corpse, says, 'Come, I'll beare thee hence And execute thy last will; that's deliver Thy body to the reverend dispose Of some good women.' The stage had to be cleared; the Duchess's body could not be left lying about; so Bosola had to carry it off. But no provision is made for removing the children—and why? Simply because they are not, and never were, on the open stage, but in some curtained recess. Nor can there be any reasonable doubt that this recess was what we have called the Rear Stage. It could not have been anything temporarily constructed for the purpose, for in that case how were the children to be conveyed into it and away again unseen? Still less is it credible that the long and crowded scene was acted in front of a 'middle curtain,' the whole space behind it being reserved for the momentary exhibition of the bodies of two children.

Observe, now, that this play is stated, with unusual circumstance and emphasis, to have been played at both a 'public' and a 'private' theatre. Observe, too, that the very absence of definite and explicit stage-directions tends to show that the author relied upon a well-established, clearly-understood form of stage, in view of which his intentions needed no elaborate exposition. Bearing these facts in mind, together with the fact that few indeed are the plays of the period which do not presuppose the existence of some such recess, we surely cannot resist the conclusion that a Rear Stage, which could be curtained off without impeding the view of the two main entrance-doors, was an indispensable feature of the normal Elizabethan playhouse.

It is now time that we should describe in general outline what we conceive to have been the structure of the typical stage,* which Shakespeare and his contemporaries seem almost always to have had in view. We know from the Fortune contract that the stage extended

* We have chiefly in view the stage of the public or unroofed theatres. These theatres, being by many years the first erected, would establish the type; and we find no clear evidence of any marked structural difference between the stage of the public and that of the private houses.

to the 'middle' of the 'yard' or pit, and was protected from the weather by a 'shadow.' That two doors,* visible to the audience, formed the chief means of entrance and exit, is beyond dispute; in so far the Swan drawing is borne out. But it is equally beyond dispute that there must have been other means of access to the stage; and here the Swan drawing entirely fails us. Apart from innumerable passages in which more than two means of egress and regress are imperatively demanded, the evidence of the commonest stage-directions speaks for more than two doors. Out of 43 cases, taken at random, in which doors are mentioned, we find that in 11 cases the wording runs, 'at one door . . . at the other door,' in 21 cases, 'at one door . . . at an other door,' and in 11 cases, 'at several doors.' As 'several' in this phrase means simply 'different,' it carries no implication as to the number of the doors. On the other hand, 'one . . . the other' implies two only, while 'one . . . an other' implies more than two; and of this the plain interpretation surely is that there were, as a matter of fact, three or more doors, but that two were so prominent and so plainly formed a complementary pair that when the playwright or stage manager had them especially in mind, he used the definite article, while he used the indefinite article to imply 'any convenient door.' It cannot be maintained, by the way, that the different forms of expression point to different theatres, some having two doors only and others more than two; for 'one . . . the other' and 'one . . . an other' are not infrequently to be found in the same play. Where, then, are we to place the third† (and the possible fourth and even fifth)

* The doors mentioned in innumerable stage-directions *must* be conceived as visible. A playwright states the point at which an actor is to appear to the audience; he does not lay down the route behind the scenes by which he is to reach that point. It does not follow, of course, that the doors could never be concealed from the audience, though we hold that the evidence points to this conclusion.

† Mr G. F. Reynolds, on p. 7 of his excellent treatise, has assembled a large number of stage-directions in which three entrances are explicitly referred to. For instance, 'Enter three in blacke clokes at three doors' ('Four Prentices of London'); 'Enter Jocular, Frisco, and Mopso at three severall doores' ('Maid's Metamorphosis'). An often-quoted example occurs at the beginning of 'Eastward Hoe': 'Enter Maister Touch-stone and Quick-silver at Severall doores. . . . At the middle dore, Enter Golding discovering a Gold-smith's shoppe.'

entrance? The Rear Stage, or recess between the two main doors, which we have seen to be so indispensable in other respects, comes to our aid here as well. It is certain that there were some means of access to the Rear Stage from behind, since the cases are innumerable in which persons or objects are revealed or concealed upon it. There must, then, have been at least one opening to it; and a little reflection will show us that in all probability (since bulky 'properties' had often to be placed upon and removed from it) access to it would be as little obstructed as possible. Thus there is every reason to suppose that it was not in any true sense of the word a 'niche' or 'alcove,' but rather a corridor, some six or seven feet deep, and open at each end. Nor can we see any reason to doubt that there would be a large door in the middle of its back wall. Why should the Elizabethan playwright have denied himself such an obvious convenience? Apart from stage-directions naming, or clearly pointing to, a 'middle' door, we conceive that this door was habitually used to figure the gate of a town or castle of which the Upper Stage had served as the battlements. For example, it was probably by the middle door that Henry V entered Harfleur. The two other doors had been used for other entrances; it would have been absurd for the Rear Stage curtains to figure the gates of a town; and for Henry and his army to go off by one of the side-entrances to the Rear Stage would have been, under the circumstances, wholly ineffective. Dr Wegener believes that the whole Rear Stage could not only be curtained off, but shut off with doors. The reasons he adduces are plausible; but there are almost insuperable architectural difficulties in the way of this theory.

The existence of an Upper Stage to figure battlements, balconies, windows, etc., is admitted by all parties. There is, indeed, a considerable number of plays in which there is no evidence of its being used; but we cannot assign plays which require the Upper Stage to one theatre and plays which do not require it to another. It seems to have been always there for the playwright to use if he chose. There are some plays, however, which seem to demand that characters placed on the Upper Stage should be able to see what was passing on the Rear Stage; and this is the primary reason which has induced Mr Walter

H. Godfrey, in his recent reconstruction of the Fortune Theatre (p. 462), to bring the Upper Stage forward at both ends, thus placing the main entrance-doors in oblique panels of wall, and providing over each of them a balcony-like projection. There are several other arguments of considerable force for this oblique position of the entrance-doors; but it cannot as yet be said to be proven. That the stage was provided with traps is certain; also that they were freely used. It is certain, too, that some sort of windlass was placed in the upper regions (no doubt in the lower part of the turret) by means of which gods and other aerial beings could be lowered and hauled up again. When we add that the walls were draped with arras hangings, and that the boards themselves were generally strewn with rushes, we have given, perhaps, as clear an outline of the typical Elizabethan stage as the imperfect nature of the evidence permits of our attaining.

Postscript.—Too late for full discussion in this article, a remarkable pamphlet has been published by Mr Victor E. Albright, of Columbia University, entitled 'A Typical Shaksperian Stage' (New York, The Knickerbocker Press). Working, in part at least, from different data, and by different methods, Mr Albright arrives at conclusions very similar to those embodied in Mr Godfrey's Fortune Theatre design (p. 462). His essay is one of the ablest studies of the Elizabethan Theatre that have yet appeared.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Art. IX.—THE IDEAS OF MR H. G. WELLS.

The Time Machine. London: Heinemann, 1895.—*When the Sleeper Wakes ; Love and Mr Lewisham.* London: Harper, 1899, 1900.—*Anticipations ; Mankind in the Making.* London: Chapman and Hall, 1902-3.—*The Food of the Gods ; Kipps.* London: Macmillan, 1904-5.—*A Modern Utopia ; The Future in America.* London: Chapman and Hall, 1905-6.—*Socialism and the Family.* London: Fifield, 1906.—*In the Days of the Comet.* London: Macmillan, 1906.—*New Worlds for Old.* London: Constable, 1908.

REMARKABLE as Mr H. G. Wells is as an individual author, he is still more remarkable as a representative figure. He exhibits in a striking manner the virtues and defects of a new and increasing class in the English *bourgeoisie*. He is a revolutionary fanatic with that doctrinaire cast of mind which, as it used to be more common in France than in England, is sometimes regarded as a mark of race, but which, in matter of fact, is merely the product of a certain kind of intellectual atmosphere and a certain kind of training. He is the child of an age of *schwärmerei*, with the qualities of that age enhanced by a scientific education of a peculiar sort. No inconsiderable part of his originality is due to the fact that he happened to appear in a period of unsettlement, when the English mind was, for the first time, losing hold of the world of experience and groping wildly in a world of theory.

From the epidemic of frantic sciolism produced by the eighteenth century movement of enlightenment, the English middle classes escaped somewhat lightly. Their knowledge was the fruit of experiment rather than of deduction; and a happy play of circumstances enabled them to elaborate, out of their own affairs, the principles of modern industrial civilisation. But their exemption from the general disease of thought of their age was purchased at a heavy price. Having initiated, as a matter of practice, the movement of illumination which the spokesmen of the French *bourgeoisie* adopted as a matter of theory, they acquired a dangerous contempt for mere ideas. Their placidity of mind soon degenerated into

lethargy. They stilled the growing-pains of their intellect by drugging themselves with work ; and the result was that they not only ceased to grow, but became, in regard to the things of the mind, childish. In the age of Matthew Arnold and Huxley, however, the soporific commended by Carlyle began to lose somewhat of its efficacy. The more blindly the English middle classes threw themselves into all kinds of mechanic labour the more ample were the means of leisure and luxury which they thereby accumulated. At last, about 1890, the temptation to acquire a taste and display culture grew irresistible ; the results were soon to be seen in all the circulating libraries in the kingdom. Grant Allen's novel, 'The Woman Who Did,' is, in its extravagance of sentiment and its ineptitude of thought, a typical example of the literature of this period. The errant sons and daughters of the Philistines tried in vain to assure their emancipation by masquerading, in bacchanalia of nonsense, as the children of light. Their notions were both trite and belated. Emerging from a fabric of conventions erected in the eighteenth century, they accepted the order of ideas contained in the prose of Godwin and the poetry of Shelley as a novel, daring, and profound philosophy of life and society. Of the works of the men of science and learning who, in the later part of the nineteenth century, had overthrown that philosophy, they were as ignorant as the average socialist. Many of them, indeed, were socialists, and especially socialists of the school of thought which found expression in Edward Bellamy's romance, 'Looking Backward.' In fact, the revival of general interest in socialism was the pregnant event of the movement in its first stage. That compound—in its cruder forms—of antiquated theory and unenlightened humanitarianism then began to acquire the vogue which seems now to have made it the most popular of political nostrums.

In fine, the intellectual atmosphere in certain circles in London when Mr Wells came from the country to study at the Normal School of Science was similar to the intellectual atmosphere in certain circles in Paris just before the establishment of the Second Empire. And the description of student life in the Normal School in 1890, given by Mr Wells in his novel,

'Love and Mr Lewisham,' resembles the description of student life in the *École Normale* in 1850, given by Sainte-Beuve in his article on Taine. There is a similar ferment of thought on matters of science and socialism among a similar group of young men, selected from the middle classes, and converted by the training they receive into vigorous but narrow-minded doctrinaires. The student lives in these intellectual furnaces in a state of perpetual excitation and ardent discussion. His intelligence, formed in solitude on science and books, has to discover everything anew for itself, and refashion everything in its own way. Hence he naturally contracts a certain violence and overweeningness of mind, together with a taste for exaggeration. His judgments are trenchant and uncompromising, owing to his lack of those finer shades and correctives of knowledge which are a matter of long experience and unbroken tradition. In impassioned conversations with companions of his own age, he elaborates countless views on the grand problems of life; but of men in themselves, and in their diverse generations and various modes of existence, he does not learn enough to enable him to discern the relation and the distance between ideas and living persons.

In his genius for framing vast and picturesque generalisations on a very narrow ground of fact, Mr Wells, who was a pupil of Huxley, exhibits in a striking way the strange defects of an education based on the study of science. His extraordinary disregard for facts would have astonished his master. But Huxley failed to see, in his famous controversy with Matthew Arnold, that, while science in the making is partly concerned with facts, science in the learning is wholly concerned with generalisations. To the man of science an hypothesis is serviceable only as a means of illustrating some matter of observation or experiment; to the student of science, on the other hand, a matter of observation or experiment is serviceable only as a means of illustrating some current hypothesis. Since the question of the value of science, as the supreme instrument of education, retains all its importance at the present day, it is worthy of remark that Mr Wells himself confesses to a passion for mere speculation and an extreme impatience of facts. The

result of his severe training at the Normal School of Science has been to make him only an amateur of the architectural beauty of science. For the patient, humble builders of the grand fabric of modern knowledge the form and quality of every stone which they quarry and shape, and the weight and solidity of every mass of masonry which they lay, are matters of the gravest consideration. For Mr Wells, however, the picturesqueness and suggestiveness of the glimmering, spacious edifice are the things of main interest. Like certain etchers of Gothic cathedrals, he has studied his subject so well from the point of view of his own art that he can now invent all the material which he requires for his pictures. Indeed he finds this so facile a way of obtaining effects that he inclines to condemn the laborious means which the men he imitates use to an end entirely different. In a recent romance, 'The Food of the Gods, he goes so far as to express an arrogant surprise that the minds of 'the little scientists' who are building up the temple of modern knowledge should be concentrated on small matters of actual fact. He compares Bensington, a character in the story who is represented as a man of Darwin's calibre, to the reef-building coral insects which do not realise the things they are doing.

'No doubt, long ago, even Mr Bensington . . . when he consecrated his life to the alkaloids and their kindred compounds, had some inkling of the vision—more than an inkling. Without some such inspiration . . . what young man would have given his life to such a work, as young men do? No, they *must* have seen the glory, they must have had the vision, but so near that it has blinded them' (p. 7).

Poor, blind 'little scientists'! It is a pity Huxley did not live to thank his clearer-sighted pupil for revealing to him the vision and the glory of modern science. Huxley's letter of gratitude would have been worth reading, for he was a writer with a remarkable gift of incisive expression. Perhaps it would have been an expansion of that passage in his destructive criticism of some other framers of modern Utopias, in which he canvassed one of the favourite notions of Mr Wells.

'There is a prevalent idea that the constructive genius is in itself something grander than the critical, even though the

former turns out to have merely made a symmetrical rubbish-heap in the middle of the road of science which the latter has to clear away before anybody can get forward.' ('Method and Results,' p. 425.)

If Mr Wells has the same capacity for standing hard blows as he has for dealing them, a reply of this sort would not disconcert him. Besides, he is so frankly unstable in his opinions as to elude direct attack. 'I will point out the defects in my earlier works in order that you may confide in the maturer powers of judgment which I display in this'; such, in effect, is the admission with which he meets the critic in the introduction to 'The Future in America.' His passion for speculating on mere possibilities has made him, he explains, 'a little insensitive' to all the noble things that mankind has achieved and preserved, and very vacillating in his habits of thought.

'One made fantastic exaggerations, fantastic inversions of all recognised things. Anything of this sort might come, anything of any sort. The books about the future that followed the first stimulus of the world's realisation of the implications of Darwinian science, have all something of the monstrous, experimental imaginings of children.... Almost the first thing I ever wrote... was of this type. "The Man of the Year Million" was presented as a sort of pantomime head and a shrivelled body; and, years after that, the "Time Machine," my first published book, ran in the same vein.... [In] the next phase... one becomes more systematic, one sets to work to trace the great changes of the last century or so, and one produces these in a straight line according to the rule of three. If the maximum velocity of land travel in 1800 was twelve miles an hour, and is in 1900, let us say, sixty miles an hour, then one concludes that in 2000 A.D. it will be three hundred miles an hour.... In that fashion one got out a sort of gigantesque caricature of the existing world, everything swollen to vast proportions and massive beyond measure. In my case that phase produced a book, "When the Sleeper Wakes."... One [next] attempts a rude, wide analysis of contemporary history, one seeks to clear and detach operating causes, and to work them out, and so... to achieve a synthetic forecast in terms just as broad and general and vague as the causes considered are few. I made, it happens, an experiment in this scientific sort of prophecy in a book

called "Anticipations." . . . Within certain limits . . . I still believe this scientific method is sound. . . .

'But from the first I felt distrust for that facility in prophesying. I perceived that always there lurked something, an incalculable opposition to these mechanically conceived forces. . . . That, by an easy transition, brought me to the last stage in the life-history of the prophetic mind as it is at present known to me. One comes out on the other side of the "scientific" method, into the large temperance, the valiant inconclusiveness, the released creativeness of philosophy' (pp. 10-16).

After making use of so candid an essay in self-criticism it may seem unchivalrous to investigate any further the weaknesses of a man of Mr Wells' genius. Our excuse for pressing whatever advantage we may have obtained is that we do not find in his last two books, 'Socialism and the Family' and 'In the Days of the Comet,' any suggestion of the 'valiant inconclusiveness' of which he spoke in 'The Future in America.' Perhaps it is a case of 'Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor'; for he seems to us to be now more wrong-headedly dogmatical than before. Moreover, there is involved a nice problem in psychology, the solution of which attracts us. How could a writer of no mean intellectual power, who in 1901, in his 'Anticipations,' fiercely attacked socialism as a vain theory long since discredited by Malthus and Darwin, and who in 1903, in his 'Mankind in the Making,' defended the institution of monogamy, have found in 1906 salvation in socialism and a glimpse of heaven in a wild dream of a new earth peopled by polyandrous houris and polygamous demi-gods? As a matter of fact, Mr Wells is a Frankenstein who has been frightened out of his senses by a horde of spectral monsters which he invented in the irresponsible days of his youth, when he indulged his genius for 'fantastic exaggerations, fantastic inversions of all recognised things.'

As works of fantasy some of these monsters are admirable. They possess something of the decorative ugliness of the demons of Japanese art. In his excursions in sociology Mr Wells exhibits the talent of a brilliant and suggestive, but narrow-minded and one-sided critic. This talent, directed by a deep but indiscriminate sense of wrong, and enhanced by an uncommon power of

imagination, made him in his younger, wilder days, a satirist of no little force. The inveterate inurbanity of his style prevents us from comparing him in a general way with Swift. He never addresses the reader as an equal, in a quiet, simple, and persuasive manner. In the preface to 'A Modern Utopia' he asks us to 'figure' the author

'as sitting a little nervously, a little modestly, on a stage, with table, glass of water, and all complete, and . . . a sheet behind . . . on which moving pictures intermittently appear.'

That, unfortunately, is exactly how we do 'figure' him. The affectations in diction, the awkward gestures, the air of uneasy superiority, the loud voice and the magic lantern, by means of which lecturers of a certain sort try to command the attention of an uncultivated audience—these things Mr Wells' way of expressing himself only too often calls to our mind.

Through all this uncouthness, however, the passion and the power of the writer still shine; and on some points the comparison between him and Swift does not seem to us to be inept. 'When the Sleeper Wakes' and 'The Time Machine' are good examples of his satirical genius. These two tales are based upon one of those ideas which the amateur of science, anxious to startle an indifferent public, is tempted to catch up from current scientific literature and develope in an extravagant manner. When Mr Wells was studying science and discussing socialism at South Kensington, Romanes succeeded in exciting considerable interest in a new theory of the origin of species. Its author, Mr J. T. Gulich, having observed that the form and colour of the shells of snails in the Sandwich Islands varied according to the locality, concluded that the diversity of species was the result of in-breeding produced by segregation. Men with cautious minds, however, held to the ideas of Darwin; and at the present day the theory of the regulative action of natural selection on mutations, or sudden and important 'sports' which are secured against decadence by prepotence, is conceived to be sufficient to account for the facts of the evolution of life.

Naturally, Mr Wells was not among the men with cautious minds. His eyes were fixed upon the future;

and Darwinism, an old, orthodox and complex doctrine bearing on matters of the past, was of little use to him. The hypothesis of segregation, on the other hand, was a novel, heretical, and simple notion, which, as it seemed to permit the speculator to neglect the incalculable, disconcerting factor of 'sports,' reduced prophecy to an affair of slight and facile generalisation. Mr Wells had only to glance at modern conditions of life in order to divine the disastrous event to which the process of segregation was working. Mankind was rapidly splitting up into two new species. On the one side was the pleasure-loving, witty, and graceful type; on the other, the sombre, mechanically-industrious, inartistic type. 'The gradual widening of the present merely temporary and social difference between the capitalist and the labourer was the key to the whole position' ('The Time Machine,' p. 82). This idea is of course the grand fallacy in the literature of socialism from Fourier to Marx; but Mr Wells redeemed it from commonplaceness by the ingenuity and impartiality with which he worked it out. As an amateur of socialism he pitied the imaginary inferior race; as an amateur of science he foresaw the triumph of the *Ueberschensch*; and this he depicts in wild lights and lurid shadows in 'When the Sleeper Wakes.' Instead of framing, out of the best elements of contemporary life, the idea of an earthly paradise, in the manner of More, he fashions out of its worst elements the idea of a terrestrial inferno in the manner of Swift.

The sleeper of the story is a modern socialist who awakes out of a trance of two hundred years, in a London of titanic edifices roofed in from the weather and inhabited by thirty-two million people. All the sinister forces of a purely industrial civilisation have been allowed to expand unchecked. The result is a vivid caricature of those ideals of Chicago which were set out some time ago in the 'Letters from a self-made Merchant to his Son.' There are some acute observations on the same subject in Mr Wells' later work, 'The Future in America,' wherein socialism is preached as the only solution of the tremendous questions which the great Republic has to face. But in this work, it is needless to say, the criticism is not so fine and subtle as that contained in Mr Henry James' impressions of travel 'The American Scene'; and

moreover, the value of the more recent book is diminished by the extravagantly socialistic attitude therein adopted. Mr Wells is more brilliant, while, at the same time, he is more impartial, in his earlier satire, 'When the Sleeper Wakes.' He there depicts a world governed under a system of industrial feudalism by an oligarchy of hard, energetic, and unscrupulous men of business, armed with all the machinery of modern science and supported by a negro police. One third of mankind works in a state of brutish serfdom in underground factories; a remnant of the middle classes is also sinking from a condition of dependency to a condition of servitude; while cities of pleasure, built along the shore of the Mediterranean Sea for the delectation and destruction of those weaker members of the governing race who prefer the delights of the senses to the joys of power, eliminate the epicurean element in the aristocracy, and confirm, by way of reaction, in the men of a staid nature the pagan virtues of self-knowledge and self-control.

So far the satire is almost as deeply coloured with socialistic feeling as is 'The Future in America.' In accordance with the theory invented by Fourier and appropriated by Marx, the development of an individualistic policy is traced from the rise of a network of monopolies to the establishment of a tyrannical plutocracy. A French or a German writer would probably have concluded the tale at this point; and Mr Wells, with a fine touch of irony, has provided the machinery for this purpose. The sleeper is a modern socialist and heir to the immense accumulated wealth on which the power of the oligarchy rests. The populace is waiting for him to arise and bring in the millennium. A tyrant appears, organises the mob, and awakens the sleeper; and a revolution takes place in which the oligarchy is routed. The socialist and the tyrant afterwards fight out, single-handed, the question as to the future mode of government of the world. And the socialist of course wins? No. That is the dramatic surprise which Mr Wells skilfully engineers. He had read Carlyle on 'Heroes' before he studied Marx on 'Capital,' and, in spite of his sympathy with certain socialistic ideas, he still admired, above all others, the capable, masterful individual whose creative and organising genius is the

great instrument of progress in civilisation. The tyrant in 'When the Sleeper Wakes' is a philosopher of the Nietzschean school; and some of his sayings are worth citing by way of illustrating one phase of Mr Wells' thought.

'The day of the common man is passed. . . . The common man now is a helpless unit. In these days we have an organisation complex beyond his understanding. . . . There is no liberty, save wisdom and self-control. Liberty is within, not without. It is each man's own affair.

'Suppose . . . that these swarming, yelping fools get the upper hand of us, what then? They will only fall to other masters. . . . Let them revolt, let them win and kill me and my like. Others will arise—other masters. The end will be the same. . . . What right have they to hope? The hope of mankind, what is it? That some day the Over-man may come; that some day the inferior, the weak and the bestial may be subdued or eliminated. Their duty—it's a fine duty too!—is to die. The death of the failure! That is the path by which the beast rose to manhood, by which man goes on to higher things' (pp. 235–39).

If that were Mr Wells' first idea of the manner in which the theory of natural selection ought to be reduced to practice, no wonder he inclined to a gentler hypothesis of the origin of species by segregation! Mere elimination serves at best only to maintain a race at a certain level. It does not provoke the mutations which are the prime factor in evolution. These, we fancy, are most likely to occur in the order of men with rather unstable temperaments which ranks lowest in Mr Wells' scale of efficacy. But in any event neither elimination nor segregation avail much if we may believe in the tales of the traveller on 'The Time Machine.' This man was a very skilful inventor. Having discovered that there were really four dimensions, three being the three planes of space, and the fourth being time, he devised a machine by which he was able to travel down the tract of years far more rapidly than we can move upon the surface of the earth. His experiences were certainly remarkable.

'I am afraid I cannot convey the peculiar sensations of time-travelling. . . . As I put on pace, night followed day like the flapping of a black wing, . . . and I saw the sun

hopping swiftly across the sky, leaping it every minute, and every minute marking a day. . . . Then, in the intermittent darknesses, I saw the moon spinning swiftly through her quarters from new to full, and had a faint glimpse of the circling stars. Presently, as I went on, still gaining velocity, the palpitation of night and day merged into one continuous grayness; the sky took on a wonderful deepness of blue, a splendid luminous colour like that of early twilight; the jerking sun became a streak of fire, a brilliant arch, in space; the moon, a fainter fluctuating band; and I could see nothing of the stars, save now and then a brighter circle flickering in the blue.

'The landscape was misty and vague. . . . I saw trees growing and changing like puffs of vapour, now brown, now green; they grew, spread, shivered, and passed away. I saw huge buildings rise up faint and fair, and pass like dreams. The whole surface of the earth seemed changed—melting and flowing under my eyes. . . . Presently I noted that the sun-belt swayed up and down, from solstice to solstice, in a minute or less, and that, consequently, my pace was over a year a minute; and minute by minute the white snow flashed across the world, and vanished, and was followed by the bright, brief green of spring' (pp. 29, 30).

After a voyage of eight hundred thousand years the traveller alighted, expecting to be amazed at the development of mankind. The earth was a tangled waste of strange, beautiful bushes and flowers, a neglected and yet a weedless garden. It was peopled by a race of pretty, graceful creatures, only four feet high and indescribably frail, whose days were spent in eating fruit and sleeping and love-making. In the matter of intelligence they were on the level of children five years of age. This was what the victory of the 'Over-man' had ended in! The serfs had been subdued and driven back into their underground factories, and the aristocracy had obtained one triumph after another over nature until all diseases had been stamped out, and all the hard, invigorating conditions of life removed. Then, 'vaincue par sa conquête,' the higher race had degenerated in the paradise from which it had exorcised the spirit of evil which had provoked its strength. And the same dehumanisation which too easy a life had effected in the lords of the upper world, had been produced in the slaves of the nether earth by too brutal and empty a way

of existence. The artisans, reduced at last to mechanical tenders of intricate machinery, the principle of which they were not required, or allowed, to understand, had gradually lost in their subterranean factories vigour and intelligence, and become noisome beasts of prey with nocturnal habits. What they preyed on is a thing best left to the imagination.

Mr Wells, however, is, without the excuse of madness, as explicit in the matter as Swift was in his 'Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People being a Burden.' One is at times inclined to agree with Taine and other French critics, that English literature, for all its magnificence, is the work of a race of barbarians. Mr Wells seems to have at least one trait of the barbaric mind—superstitiousness. As we have remarked, he is now haunted by the gruesome creatures of his imagination. Some of the ways in which he has tried to lay these spectres are as curious as those adopted in similar cases by African witch-doctors. He has endeavoured to transform a few of the phantoms into gracious and noble giants by feeding them on 'The Food of the Gods,' hoping to slay, with the help of these giants, all the other bugbears. Then he has fled in despair to a remote star and entrenched himself there behind the walls of 'A Modern Utopia.' And, finally, he has returned to earth, 'In the Days of the Comet,' with a magical green vapour by means of which he now expects to change all the children of men, from whom the monsters which harass his prophetic soul are fated to descend, into a race of divinities with the beauty of person and the laxity of manners of the gods and goddesses of Homer.

'The Food of the Gods,' however, seems to be the specific in which he has most faith. The story of the discovery of this marvellous drug resembles the story of the discovery of the modern science of evolution. Invented by a man with Darwin's patient strength of mind, and acclaimed by a physiologist with something of Huxley's brilliant genius, it was received at first with general disfavour. Even when it became generally known that a method had been found which enabled mankind to grow in power at an amazing rate, few men, besides the professor of physiology and a certain

civil engineer, cared to bring their children up on the new food. According to Mr Wells the food was denounced by Mr Frederic Harrison as vulgar and inconsistent with the teaching of Comte, and condemned in the public schools and universities as subversive of the humane standard of life which had been fixed once and for ever by the great writers of classic literature. When, however, a proposal was made that the food should be used in elementary schools, it became a matter of practical politics. Terrified by a vision of a proletariat of famished giants, the government formed a committee to restrict the sale of the drug. In this course the promoters of the food concurred. Like Mr Wells, they had been frightened by the apparition of Caddles. Caddles was a peasant who, by mischance, had been brought up on the new food, and had grown into a young giant with great bodily strength and little intellectual power. In blind discontent with the common conditions of life he struck work and marched on London. Here he lived by breaking open baker's shops and stealing bread; and the result was a street riot in which Caddles and several soldiers perished. This tragic and futile rebellion, unhappily, had a disastrous effect upon the character of the revolution which the more enlightened giants were trying to bring about in a gradual and peaceful manner. They had been quietly spreading the new food throughout the earth, and breeding, out of the best elements of all classes in every country, a race of great men to co-operate in the work of re-organisation.

'In America, all over the continent of Europe, in Japan, in Australia, at last all over the world, the thing was working towards its appointed end. . . . And men . . . told one another "there was no change in the essential order of things." . . . There came to men's ears stories of things the giant boys could do, and they said "wonderful!" without a spark of wonder. . . . These children, said the popular magazines, will level mountains, bridge seas, tunnel your earth to a honeycomb. "Wonderful!" said the little folks, "isn't it? What a lot of conveniences we shall have!" . . . They who lived in those days were too much among these developments to see them together as a single thing' (pp. 153, 156).

Caddles' vain essay in anarchy, however, put an end to this plan. The government, in alarm, collected an army

to capture all the giants and prevent any more food from being manufactured; and henceforward the revolution was carried on in a series of fierce battles in which the new race was continuously successful. The romance ends with a speech by the youthful leader of the giants:

“These people are right. After their lights, that is. . . . They were right in trying to massacre us. . . . They know . . . that you cannot have pigmies and giants in one world together. . . . The pigmies might even, perhaps, attain a sort of pigmy millennium, make an end to war, make an end to over-population, (and) sit down in a world-wide city to practise pigmy arts, worshipping one another till the world begins to freeze.

“It is not that we would oust the little people from the world in order that we, who are no more than one step upwards from their littleness, may hold their world for ever. It is the step we fight for, and not ourselves. We are here, brothers, to what end? To serve the spirit and the purpose that has been breathed into our lives! . . . We fight not for ourselves, but for growth—growth that goes on for ever. . . . To grow according to the will of God! To grow out of these cracks and crannies, out of these shadows and darkenesses, into greatness and the light! . . . To grow at last into the fellowship and understanding of God. Growing—till the earth is no more than a footstool, . . . till the spirit shall have driven fear into nothingness and spread”—he swung his arm heavenward—“*There!*” For one instant he shone, looking up fearlessly into the starry deeps, mail-clad, young and strong, resolute and still. Then the light . . . passed, and he was no more than a great black outline against the starry sky—a great black outline that threatened with one mighty gesture the firmament of heaven and all its multitude of stars’ (pp. 310, 315, 317).

Extravagant as the idea is, there is something of the material sublime about it. The imagination of man has never conceived a wilder project than this, which forms a magnificent close to a very striking allegory on the progress of modern science. We are not surprised to find in ‘A Modern Utopia’ that the notion has become the ground of all the religion which Mr Wells seems to possess.

I think very much of the Night of this World, the time when our sun will be red and dull, and air and water will lie frozen

together in a common snowfield where now the forests of the tropics are steaming. I think very much of that, and whether it is indeed God's purpose that our kind should end, and the cities we have built, the books we have written, all that we have given substance and a form, should lie dead beneath the snows. . . . I remember that one night I sat up and told the rascal stars very earnestly how they should not escape us in the end' (p. 307).

For Mr Wells takes a pagan view of human life. Walking by sight, and not by sight and faith together, he regards merely the material phenomena of things and not their spiritual essence. Of all that the individual soul achieves in its strange, solitary pilgrimage on earth, he distinguishes and esteems that very little part only which contributes directly to the mundane welfare of the human race. In appearance this is a scientific standard of ethics; in reality it is merely a degradation of the religious idea of morality, consequent on a vain attempt to rationalise man's secondary mystic relation with humanity by ignoring his primary mystic relation with the divine. There is no scientific standard of ethics. From the point of view of science the future welfare of the species is ultimately as vain a thing as the immediate welfare of the individual, for the species and the individual are alike subject to the law of evolution and dissolution. Of course, when the belief in the permanency of the human race reaches the pitch of fanaticism, it is easy for any man to disregard the point of view of science and speculate in the illimitable inane, where the number of illusions he can invent, on which to ground his prejudices, is restricted only by the range and power of his imagination. But the defect of this method is that it gives varying results. Mr Wells, for instance, bases his theory of socialism on a vision of humanity colonising all the habitable planets in the universe. Condorcet, on the other hand, founds his theory of individualism on the dream of mankind discovering an elixir of immortality which will empty of meaning the question of the welfare of future generations.

In regard to the most brilliant notion in 'A Modern Utopia,' in which the idea of the army of the giants of modern science in 'The Food of the Gods' is developed into a scheme for the establishment of an order of

'Samurai,' or lay priests of ascetic habits of life, devoted to the furtherance of the general mundane interests of humanity, Mr Wells candidly admits his indebtedness to Plato. But, as his training in history has not been so thorough as his training in science, he does not seem to know how often the idea of the guardians in the 'Republic' has been acted on, and how often it has been proved impracticable. The story of every famous monastic order shows what too rigid and complete an organisation of the moral and spiritual energies of any age inevitably ends in. The stronger, the more efficient the machinery of regimentation, the sooner does a sort of fossilisation, if not a sort of decay, set in.

Human nature cannot continuously be run into moulds however fine. It is a plant which grows, and it grows strongest when it grows freely. No doubt there is existing in the world at the present day a scattered body of fine spirits in various walks of life. As they have grown up in an age of liberty, struggle, and incitement it is possible that they are, on the whole, more enlightened, more capable, and more numerous than were the men who gathered about St Francis of Assisi and St Louis of France. So long as present conditions obtain, so long will this body of fine spirits continue to grow in number, in virtue, and in power. The very difficulties of their position are a source of strength. There is no need for them to construct in haste some system of material organisation which would lift them above their fellow-creatures and afterwards impede the free development of soul of their successors. They are united already in an ideal communion. Though, for the most part, they dwell in loneliness, far away from each other, their minds breathe the same spiritual air, and, soaring above their earthly surroundings, assemble and converse in the same ethereal altitudes. Ah, Mr Wells, it is not in revolutions, by Act of Parliament, or by main force, that the spirit of man grows in beauty, wisdom, and holiness! Growth is a tardy thing, and commonly that which grows most slowly lasts the longest.

Happily, Mr Wells is a man of varying moods. On the one hand, he is the artificial creature of an education based on abstract science, to whose cold, unmoved intelligence the life of humanity is a colourless spectacle

which interests him as a kind of problem merely by reason of its possible developments.

'At times (he says) I suffer from the strangest sense of detachment from myself and the world about me; I seem to watch it all from the outside, from somewhere inconceivably remote, out of time, out of space, out of the stress and tragedy of it all.' ('The War of the Worlds,' p. 46.)

This is the mood in which he inclines to become a meddling, hasty, impatient fanatic, with an aggressive creed of Calvinistic socialism in which there is neither help and pity for the weak, nor scope and liberty for the strong.

On the other hand, there is in him a child of nature who is as little concerned as Charles Dickens was with the frigid, logical, scientific study of mankind. In this mood he is a fine novelist, the idiosyncrasy of whose genius resides in the power of quick and winning sympathy with which he irradiates every petty, commonplace detail in the life of the lower-middle classes. Far from despising those whom the stern socialists of the vegetarian school account dull and base, he exerts all the might of his imagination in an endeavour to exalt the humble and put down the mighty. Like Dickens, with whom he has much more in common than Gissing had, he shows a happier touch in revealing the merits of the meek and lowly than in exposing the failings of the rich and noble. Vivid as is the gift for satire which he exhibits in other directions, he cannot get a scantling of truth and sharpness into his caricatures of overbearing village squires and supercilious ladies of the manor. But how fresh and clear, on the other hand, is the picture of the poor rustic scholar in 'Love and Mr Lewisham'! How tender the humour, and how light and telling the touch with which the story of his struggle between love and ambition is depicted! It is, we think, the cheeriest biographical novel in recent English literature, and the most interesting. Without any of the cumbrous apparatus employed by the writers of the psychological school, Mr Wells succeeds in conveying a very definite impression of the vacillations of mind of the younger generation of the English middle classes between 1890 and 1895.

Probably 'Love and Mr Lewisham' is not so popular a novel as 'Kipps,' but to our mind it is the more finished

work. It is more of a piece, a tissue of exquisite realism in which the actual colours of life are subdued by being blended. The first part of 'Kipps,' however, is better than anything else which Mr Wells has written. Kipps himself strikes us as one of the most life-like personages in modern fiction. Few of even the best of our novelists of the younger generation are able to create a character of this kind, which lives and moves with an energy of its own in the memory of the reader. In regard to the conduct of the action, Mr Wells is less fortunate. A striking, original plot which does not exceed the bounds of verisimilitude is as rare a thing in modern fiction as is a striking, original character. The touch of the magic wand which lifts Kipps from the position of a draper's assistant to the rank of a man of wealth and leisure, changes the story of his struggles into the only kind of fairy-tale which does not entertain us. The narrative loses its close relation to life just at that point at which the relation becomes very interesting. And what makes the use of this primitive machinery for effecting a revolution in the plot especially irritating is the fact that it is quite unnecessary. In the precarious existence of the drifting part of our lower-middle classes there is sufficient of the genuine stuff of romance to enable a writer with Mr Wells' gifts to make a novel of manners dealing with that existence as full, if so he wished, of hazard, variety, and sudden change as is an ordinary novel of adventure.

At present, we are afraid, Mr Wells wishes only to make his novels the vehicle for the exposition of certain socialistic theories. It is a great pity that a novelist with so lively a sense of the picturesque, so impressive an imagination, and so gracious a power of sympathetic insight, should have been drawn into a frothy movement of enlightenment in which his natural genius is dwarfed and distorted. We do not think that he will become the 'Luther of Socialism,' of whom he speaks in 'Love and Mr Lewisham.' He lacks the soul of iron and the colour-blindness of the systematiser. The stream of his feelings does not run in the same direction as that in which the current of his thoughts has, unhappily, been turned. Hence his continual alterations of opinion. His polemical works are written with a view to convincing himself. But he cannot make up his mind. He is not, like Mr

G. B. Shaw, a gay and curious sceptic by nature, who has taken up socialism as the latest and most perverse form of intellectual dilettantism. Mr Wells is in earnest, but he is not certain what he is in earnest about. He wants to reduce everything into some formula which he can swear by; but whenever he rises into the cold, grey world of misty abstractions in which the makers of rigid systems dwell, he is enticed down to the warm, green earth by the sounds, the stir, the hues, and the fulness of real life. So he vacillates in a strange, spiritual unrest; being, on the one hand, an anarchist, who would destroy, out of wild, personal discontent, a civilisation on which rests everything that he loves and admires; and, on the other, a troubled, anxious, questioning spirit, seeking vainly amid the shows of time for the eternal foundations of religious faith.

Postscript.—Since the above article was written, Mr Wells has made, in 'New Worlds for Old,' a strange attempt to mitigate the feeling of uneasiness produced among the more sober-minded socialists by the 'glorious anarchism' of 'In the Days of the Comet.' This is the manner in which he now tries to win over men of the stamp of Mr Sidney Webb:

'That Anarchist world, I admit, is our dream; . . . but the way to that is through education and discipline and law. Socialism is the preparation for that higher Anarchism. . . . Socialism is the school-room of true and noble Anarchism, wherein by training and restraint we shall make men free' (p. 257).

Having thus confused the extreme form of coercion with the extreme form of licence, Mr Wells goes on to confound all legitimate and practical matters of constructive politics with illegitimate and impracticable theories of socialism. This, of course, is the method of the Fabian Society. In our judgment, however, the achievements and traditions and spirit of a Christian people, with an incomparable experience in the working of free institutions, afford a surer and a larger base for all real social reforms than the fallacious and destructive hypotheses of collective ownership of property and bureaucratic tyranny on which Mr Wells founds his vision of 'a glorious anarchism.'

Art. X.—A *GENRE* PAINTER AND HIS CRITICS.

Life and Works of Vittorio Carpaccio. By the late Prof. Gustav Ludwig and Prof. Pompeo Molmenti. Translated by R. H. Hobart Cust. With numerous illustrations in photogravure and half-tone. London: Murray, 1907.

THAT there are artists' painters and poets' painters is often acknowledged. It is only fair, seeing at how many points his activities touch on art, that the archivist too should be rewarded by having his special painter. True it is that to some extent the archivist has made most of the old masters more or less his own, has at times obtruded his own special scale of values where the artist's would be found more commensurate; but still it is right that here and there an artist be handed over body and soul to the archivist for dissection. An artist pre-eminently fitted for this purpose is Carpaccio, and he found in the late Dr Ludwig precisely the archivist to do him justice. It is true that, half a century ago, he fell, by some odd mistake, into the hands of a poet and dreamer; but Ruskin had so great a capacity for subjective vision, he saw so clearly through Carpaccio to his own personal predilections, his own emotional habits and prejudices, that Carpaccio remained practically unaffected by his employment as a medium. Ruskin in his study revealed to the world much that was of interest about himself—his intransigent Protestantism, his odd sincerity, his sensibility, his tenderness, and a thousand other quaint or endearing characteristics—but they are, it so happens, characteristics of Ruskin and not of Carpaccio.

By some odd twist in his nature, passing by the many great Italian artists in whom a constant religious exaltation and a deep ethical purpose might indeed be discovered, he pitched on two minor artists, Luini and Carpaccio, and expended on them the wealth of his emotional nature. Of these artists, Luini may perhaps have been religious in a rather mawkish and trivial manner, but Carpaccio was, at least so far as he reveals himself in his art, singularly devoid of religious, or indeed of any rarefied or spiritual imagination. If proof were wanted of this, which stares the impartial observer in the

face from any one of his delightful narrative pieces, it is surely to be found in the precocity with which this naïve fifteenth century artist anticipated already a choice of subject which might seem to belong by right to Félicien Rops or Forain. I allude, of course, to the picture of two ladies in the Correr. Ruskin, confronted with this most curious and, for the period, unexpected clue to Carpaccio's personal tastes, is not abashed for a moment. He thinks, it is true, that the motive of the picture is satirical because of the suggestion of idleness and luxury, but he appears entirely unconscious of the ladies' profession, surmises, indeed, that they are mother and daughter, and actually pronounces the painting, in a burst of misplaced eloquence, the finest painting in the world. It is certainly a very interesting comedy of manners at a period when such documents are very scarce, but it would be difficult for any less soaring imagination than Ruskin's to find in it qualities comparable, nay, superior, to those shown by de Hooghe, Van Eyck, Giorgione, Titian, Bewick, Landseer, Hunt, Turner. This amazing list is given in Ruskin's order.

It is indeed very difficult to find out through what intricate involutions, through what mazy wanderings of his spirit, Ruskin arrived at his paradoxical conclusions about Carpaccio. One must suppose, as always with Ruskin, first of all, a certain æsthetic thrill set up perhaps by Carpaccio's restrained sensuousness of colour, then perhaps some happy combination of external conditions such as occur so easily in Venice. Then, on Carpaccio's side, we have his habit, essentially a frivolous and thoughtless one, of putting into his pictures every kind of costume, type, animal, plant or thing which amused him or attracted his ever vagrant fancy for the moment. This habit, though highly reprehensible, indeed impossible in a great imaginative artist is, of course, one of those engaging vices which endear a smaller man like Carpaccio; but it becomes the foundation, under Ruskin's already impassioned and distorted gaze, of the whole colossal fabric of Carpaccio's reputation as an artist with a deep spiritual, presumably Protestant, message. For, to a mind like Ruskin's, any object may become symbolic of almost any idea; and, where there is such a wealth and clutter of unrelated objects to be found in the picture,

it will go hard with the critic if some things cannot be made to fit, symbolically, of course, with almost any spiritual truth which the critic happens to be interested in. In truth the net is drawn so wide that nothing can slip through. In St George fighting the dragon, St George is to typify Purity, that is the theorem; then, if Carpaccio gives him a white horse, it becomes obvious at once, since white stands for purity; but it so happens that Carpaccio gives him a dark brown, almost black, horse. To the symbolist this provides but a moment's check. St George is Purity, but he needs the strength of the lower nature to bear him into battle. Brown horses are the strongest, therefore St George represents Purity; Q.E.D. There is no gainsaying such argument. Carpaccio might rise from the dead and disclaim any such fine intentions in his delightfully simple art; it would not move the symbolist from his impregnable position.

But I am not concerned here to make fun of Ruskin's exposition of Carpaccio, the more so that, besides having much beauty of language, St Mark's Rest contains certain dimly-guessed æsthetic *aperçus* of so profound a nature that we have not yet quite arrived at understanding them fully. But it is, I think, necessary, if we are to get at all at the real Carpaccio, to sweep aside the whole of this symbolic superstructure. On these lines one might prove that Frith's Derby Day is not only a profoundly moral painting, which it may be, but that it typifies the fall of the Roman Empire or the advent of Christian Science. It is indeed almost pathetic to think that Carpaccio, the most thoughtless, gay, irresponsible painter of the Renaissance, should have been made to bear such a heavy burden of spiritual truth as Ruskin and his collaborator pile on his unconscious shoulders.

Such was Ruskin's Carpaccio—a medium for self-revelation on Ruskin's part. What, then, do our more scientific, more objectively-minded art historians, German and Italian, make of him? Have we from them, at last, the real Carpaccio? In a sense, yes. Carpaccio's activity, his *milieu*, the kind and quality of his patrons, the measure of his contemporary fame, the material he handled in his art—all these are clearly made out for us and are illustrated by a wealth of details of fifteenth

century Venetian life such as only a patient and enthusiastic researcher like Dr Ludwig could accumulate in the course of many years. But of Carpaccio as an artist neither Dr Ludwig nor Signor Molmenti have anything authoritative to tell us; they echo in a perfunctory way a number of fine sounding but really meaningless phrases about truth, sincerity, directness. They allude constantly to his genius, his power of observation, and his decorative sense, but there is nowhere in this book a serious attempt made to appreciate Carpaccio's exact position, to say what, as an artist pure and simple, he is worth, what he would be worth to us if, for instance, he were painting the Regent Circus of to-day, if his companions of the Calza were the *habitués* of Ritz's. If his Doge were the Prime Minister and his gondolas taxicabs, what then would be his value for us as pure art? It is really only by some such imagined transposition of the material of his art that we can estimate its æsthetic as opposed to its antiquarian value. For Carpaccio satisfies as scarcely any other artist, certainly as no other Italian artist, does, a certain intellectual craving—the desire to know, in such a detailed way that we can picture it clearly to ourselves, how people lived four hundred years ago. The past is always sanctified by time; and those of us who would be ashamed to be found reading backstairs information about smart people in a modern society journal feel that we are fulfilling part of our intellectual purpose in life if we are puzzling out a *chronique scandaleuse* of the seventeenth century or piecing together the day's doings of a very ordinary man of business in the fifteenth century. Our difference of feeling in the two supposed cases has no doubt some justification. It requires a more deliberate effort of imagination to vivify the bare facts of the daily life of a long past century than to give a vital impulse to similar facts of to-day. Then, again, Time has destroyed so ruthlessly that all that he has left becomes precious as helping to make part of a picture which we feel of infinite importance. After all, the past is part of us; we absorb it all into us, identify ourselves with all its efforts however contradictory; whereas the present belongs mostly to other people, rivals, enemies, or what not, certainly no part of ourselves.

Then, again, we may stop in our realisation of a past

age wherever we wish. We may think how pleasant to see a *festa* on the Grand Canal; we need not dread the plague or the Turks as those who were present did. We may imagine as long as it gives us pleasure; we can stop our imaginings whenever pain begins. The present is more relentless, and spoils our nicely planned work of art by obtruding hateful and incongruous facts.

Now Carpaccio, by a kind of miracle, that is, by a number of fortunate chances of environment and character, Carpaccio does just what we want. He gives the antiquarian imagination all that it asks and no more. He can be detailed and precise as an auctioneer's inventory, minute as an insect, circumstantial as a false witness; he is never real enough to hurt. He, standing there in fifteenth century Venice at the time, will swear to us that all our illusions about the past are justified; that life was just that mixture of what was picturesquely insignificant and naïvely piquant which we like our retrospective imaginations to distil for us from the records of the past. And this was in part because he had just our less responsible interest in things, our love, in idler moments, of the details of remote life, remote either in time or space, our love, in short, of local colour. His eastern scenes prove this beyond doubt; and our authors show how much ingenious learning, of a kind that we are familiar with among our own historical and religious painters, Carpaccio could display on occasion. Then, again, when he has to do scenes with vague and indeterminate settings, like the St George, his fancy is always pleasurable. What horror that battle-ground between St George and the dragon, in the Albergo of the Sclavonians, might have aroused under, for instance, Mantegna's hand; and yet here how pleasant are these pieces of half-devoured human limbs, what a delightful thrill of quaintness they give to the setting. Even in this great battle, the supreme conflict, according to Ruskin, between purity and man's bestial nature, even here all is gay and attractive. There is no dramatic suspense, no real issue at stake. St George is our old friend Prince Charming of the fairy stories, and it is bound to be all right.

But before going further with our enquiries into Carpaccio's genius, let us consider, in brief summary, what it is that Dr Ludwig and Signor Molmenti have really

brought to light for us in the history of Carpaccio's life and work. We are still strangely ignorant about him; he eludes the archivist as scarcely one other of the major figures of Venetian art does, dodging behind the bigger men, living perhaps in a somewhat lower social stratum nearer to the haunts of his fisher kinsmen, and, one may guess, feeling a little 'out of it' in the cultured atmosphere of the Bellini studios, glad to get back to a cruder, more jovial society. Even the indefatigable researches of our two authors have failed to reveal the date of Carpaccio's birth—a matter generally of great importance in any attempt to estimate an artist's exact position in relation to his contemporaries, since upon this depends much of our estimate of his originality. In Carpaccio's case this is particularly disappointing, since the archives have yielded considerable information about his relatives. We know something about Frà Ilario, his uncle, a turbulent priest; we know at least the names and a few dates about a whole row of uncles and cousins, including one Gasparo, who was condemned to death for larceny at the Mint; and we know of a large family of more distant cousins among whom smuggling seems to have been a favourite profession. Altogether the genealogical table gives one the idea of a vigorous stock of fishermen and small tradesmen, with at least a fair share of criminals. There would be little in such surroundings to bring a young man into touch with distinguished and cultivated society, and we ought rather to be surprised that Carpaccio shows so keen an intelligence, such an aptitude for learning, as he does, than that he belongs to an altogether different class of artists to the Bellini, Giorgione, and Titian.

But to return to the question of Vittore Carpaccio's birth. One thing is at least satisfactorily determined; he was born in Venice, of an old Venetian family, and not at Capodistria, as was at one time held. The first notice of him that has been traced so far is his mention in the will of his uncle, Frate Ilario, in 1472, where he is named as an heir. This implies, according to Dr Ludwig, that he was born about 1455-6, since no one could enter into an inheritance under fifteen years of age. But surely a boy could be named for an inheritance before he was of an age to inherit, since the will might not take effect for some time. One can hardly doubt that Dr Ludwig thought

of this point, and yet it would be surprising if Vittore was really born so early as 1455, for of the earliest dated pictures we have by him, the *St Ursula* series, the first is dated 1490. It represents the landing at Cologne, and is so childish in composition, so feeble in drawing, and is followed at such short intervals of time by pictures, each one of which shows such striking and rapid improvement, that one finds it hard to doubt that that picture of 1490 is indeed an almost youthful work, done, say, when the artist was about twenty-three or twenty-four years old and coming rapidly to his full artistic growth. On the other hand, with Dr Ludwig's date, he must have been thirty-five years old, an age which precludes, for an artist of the Italian Renaissance, any idea of immaturity, and leaves this curious inequality unexplained.

As to his artistic training, no documentary help is at hand; but if Dr Ludwig had done nothing else students of Venetian art would have owed him a great debt for settling this point decisively. Dr Ludwig has reconstituted a whole lost atelier of Venice, and one of considerable importance. To the older critics Venetian painting in the fifteenth century consisted of the Bellini and their helpers. Crowe and Cavalcaselle and Morelli began to differentiate the group of Muranese artists, and subsequently Alvise Vivarini, the leader of the group, was brought into full prominence by Mr Berenson. Meanwhile, Lazzaro Bastiani was regarded as an imitator of Carpaccio, to whom no one paid much attention. Dr Ludwig has at last done him justice; has shown that he was the master and not the pupil of Carpaccio; that he had a great position in his day, and that from his atelier came, not only Carpaccio himself, but Benedetto Diana, Mansueti, Vincenzo Bastiani, and probably a large number of nameless artificers. In fact the Bellini, the Vivarini, and Lazzaro Bastiani all held similar positions in Venice as the heads of large ateliers. Nor was the superiority of the Bellini so evident then as it is to-day, for we find one Antonio Corradi writing from Constantinople so late as 1473 to order a panel with a figure of Christ to be done by Lazzaro, 'but, if the painter be dead, Master Gian Bellini must do it'!

Such a judgment must surprise even us who are accustomed to grotesque inversions of the order of merit in

art; for it is not as though Lazzaro were an Edwin Long and Bellini a Rossetti; as though one were grossly 'popular,' and the other seriously imaginative; both were trying to do essentially the same thing—appealing to the same taste and the same religious instincts—only one was doing it with high genius and the other with praiseworthy industry; and yet one could have either the one or the other for the same price!

But Dr Ludwig's claim for Lazzaro Bastiani is, we think, fully made out. Lazzaro fills a most important position in Venetian art. It is indeed surprising that his position should have remained so long unsuspected, and it is one of Dr Ludwig's many services to the history of Venetian art thus to have cleared up the whole situation. And if Lazzaro was unequal in his inventions and frequently feeble in his execution, he, too, had his happy moments. The 'S. Veneranda,' of Vienna, shows quite as distinct a discovery in composition as Alvis Vivarini's great altar-pieces at Berlin, and the whole Carpaccian formula of narrative design is already present in the little pieces representing the story of St Jerome in the Brera and at Vienna, so much so indeed that when Carpaccio came to treat the same subject he had only to modify and, let us add, improve his master's conception. To have discovered, or rather to have quarried from Jacopo Bellini, that loose formula of composition so admirably adapted to pictorial narration is surely a noteworthy claim to remembrance. About one of the works, here attributed to Bastiani, there has already been some controversy. The great picture in the National Gallery of the 'Doge Mocenigo Kneeling before the Virgin' has always borne the name of Carpaccio. That it is strikingly Carpaccian in colour and technique is true, but none of the forms are characteristic of him, and there is every reason to think that it was painted at a time when Carpaccio had scarcely finished his training. Dr Ludwig is therefore, it appears, quite right in restoring to Carpaccio's master this dignified and serious work, which forms, indeed, his chief claim to recognition.*

Coming now to Carpaccio's early works, our authors

* In the list of works by Lazzaro Bastiani our authors omit to mention the 'Madonna and Child' which ~~Mr~~ Claude Phillips discovered a few years ago in a private collection, and which now hangs in the National Gallery.

dispose of Ruskin's idea that the eight curious panels in St Alvis are juvenile works by Vittore himself. They, however, give them very decisively to Bastiani's atelier, and suppose for them an early date. If they grant so much, it is a little difficult to see on what grounds they decisively reject that one of Bastiani's pupils of whose wayward and irresponsible genius they seem so delightful a foretaste. Frankly, unless we are to suppose with Mary Logan that they are quite late Carpacciesque pastiches, we know of no Venetian artist other than Carpaccio who had quite the humorous spontaneity, quite the reckless directness of narration that these panels evince. Moreover, the horse in the 'Fall of Jericho' is so absolutely Carpaccio's horse (compare, for instance, the horse in St Vitalis) that it must be either by him or after him. To us, at all events, these panels appear to possess the quintessence of Carpaccio's peculiar temperamental genius as yet unaffected by reverence for any conventions of style, of perspective, of drawing, or composition.

Carpaccio was occupied during the greater part of his life in carrying out extensive schemes of decorations for the 'common-rooms' of the minor *scuole*. These minor *scuole* were really very humble institutions, maintained by small tradespeople partly for charity, partly for that mutual support of their self-esteem which forms so strong a tie even to-day among the less cultivated circles of the middle classes. One could probably get a pretty clear idea of the tone of a meeting of these brethren of the minor guilds by attending at a Masonic lodge in one of the genteel outer suburbs of London. These good people probably 'knew nothing about art, but knew what they liked'; and they liked Carpaccio, which showed their honest good sense and freedom from snobism. They did not want Gentile Bellini, with his high and academic design, and they felt no compulsion, like the major guilds, to employ him because of his reputation with *cognoscenti*. But if their predilections are intelligible enough, it is hard to understand how our learned authors can have placed Gentile side by side with Carpaccio, as they have done, and then lectured Gentile for being an inferior artist, and critics for repeating, parrot-like, his praises. It is difficult to understand how, even accepting the examples they have chosen for comparison, they were not instantly struck by

the fact that Gentile, whatever his peculiarities, drew with a great sense of style, a feeling for the harmonious relations of lines (indeed he is singular among Venetians for his linear design), a rare, almost Whistlerian sense of tone relations and atmospheric quality, and a knowledge of composition, all of which things Carpaccio would never even have understood, much less have practised. It is not, as they seem to think, a question of priority—it may well be that Carpaccio did *genre* scenes before Gentile ever attempted them—but a question of artistic quality, and in this Bellini's superiority appears to me immeasurable.

But let us return from this æsthetic digression to Carpaccio's work at the *scuole*. Nothing could be more admirable than the patience and method with which Dr Ludwig has succeeded in reconstructing nearly the whole of these sumptuous decorations—finding out the exact measurements of the walls, now in many cases destroyed, the position of the windows, the incidence of light, and, in consequence, the sequence of the paintings in their original setting. It is really a delightful example of the best antiquarian research, and as a result we can now picture to ourselves the interiors of these various *scuole* as they were when Carpaccio first let in the impatient brethren of the guild to the 'private view.' One cannot doubt that a series like the St Ursula would gain immensely by being restored to a building of the old dimensions and lighting; even the 'Apotheosis of the Saint,' a horror in its present position and lighting, might become at least satisfactory in the dimness of the unlighted altar wall of such a small chapel as that which originally held it. Already a movement is arising for decentralising works of art; for replacing in their original surroundings those works of secondary and mainly decorative import which have lost almost all their charm by being huddled together in the vast cemeteries of State museums. We hope that the day may come when the chapel of St Ursula's school will be re-erected according to Dr Ludwig's plans under the shelter of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, and when Carpaccio's series of charming and care-free decorations may find once more its real *raison d'être*. The whole history of the school of St Ursula is traced by our authors with exemplary care, and good reasons are given for recognising in Carpaccio's paintings the portraits of prominent patrons of the guild

and of their relatives. For the most part, however, these people were much more interesting to the other members of the guild than they can possibly be to us, and the recognition of their portraits becomes almost an archaeological spot-stroke.

The decorations carried out for the other guilds were none of them so complete and extensive as the St Ursula, but the story of each of these small guilds, as told by our authors, has its special interest, such, for instance, as the guild of the exiled Albanians who decorated the front of their Albergo with a relief of the siege of Scutari. The whole façade remains to this day a delightful surprise to the pedestrian who threads his way through the narrow Calle towards St Vitale and the Accademia. For these Albanians, too, Carpaccio did his series of the 'Life of the Virgin,' now scattered throughout various galleries, and here brought together completely for the first time. In these there is already a marked change in his manner, the beginnings of a sense of style in composition of which hitherto he had been innocent. The birth of the Virgin at Bergamo is, indeed, a well-balanced and harmonious composition. It would seem as though about this period Carpaccio became aware of the existence of a whole body of principles in the art of design of which he had known nothing heretofore. This change is emphasised yet more strongly in the next series, that of the 'Life of St Stephen,' for the Scuola di Santo Stefano. Dr Ludwig and Signor Molmenti, occupied as they are primarily with antiquarian and historical interests, do not call attention to this remarkable change, which yet is full of interest for the student of Carpaccio's art. It shows him to have been able, when quite a middle-aged man, to learn from his contemporaries a new view of composition and a more strenuous standard of execution. This point will be evident if we compare any of the St Stephen pictures with any of the St George and St Tryphonius series. In the St George pictures there is, properly speaking, no composition, but instead a mere addition of one item after another as the fancy struck the artist. The narrative is told, it is true, and well told, because Carpaccio had a native gift of rendering the more obviously expressive gestures, but it is not told with any art, with any idea of emphasis or eloquence, nor is there

sufficient harmony between the parts to bring about even a satisfactory decorative unity. But if we turn to the 'Ordination of the Seven Deacons' at Berlin we find the story told with a certain dignity and persuasiveness; the figure of Peter is finely isolated and more nobly posed than any figure of the earlier series, and the figures surrounding him are related in groups with a certain rhythmical flow of line. In the background depth is obtained by a happier use of perspective than heretofore, and the various divisions of the landscape have less the air of being successive side scenes pushed into the composition from either wing. This is in fact a curiously orthodox, almost academic, composition for Carpaccio. The 'St Stephen Disputing,' of the Brera, has much of his native quaintness and odd charm, but it, too, is more held together, as well as more noble in its interpretation of character, more seriously imagined, than any of the earlier works. The 'Stephen Preaching' is again a finely thought-out composition, with a clear purpose shown in the massing and piling up of the buildings in the background; altogether a design such as one could not have augured from the helpless ignorance of such problems shown in the 'Triumph of St George.' Finally, in the 'Stoning of Stephen,' at Stuttgart, Carpaccio, so long the merely entertaining narrator, becomes for once seriously dramatic, and his native ingenuity and spontaneity help him to create a really moving design. So far from declining at the end of his life, as our authors suggest, it would seem that he was only just at the end learning to use his great native gifts, no longer in a haphazard and extempore fashion, but with deliberate purpose and newly enlightened mind. Even the very latest painting, the St Paul, brought to light by our authors for the first time, has a dignity and grandeur in the silhouette of which one could find no trace in his earlier work.*

What, one wonders, was the cause of this great change? We may perhaps guess that it came from contact with a new group of artists with bigger ideas and more scrupulous execution than had obtained in the Bastiani

* The very late painting of the 'Lion of St Mark' is also one of Carpaccio's most perfect works. For the reasons given above, the 'Dead Christ,' at Berlin, would seem rather to belong to the early or middle period of his career.

workshop. And there is this to support such a view, that there are traces of a familiarity with Cima da Conegliano's works. Without going into details of formal resemblances one may cite Carpaccio's 'Death of the Virgin,' at Ferrara, dated 1508 (i.e. shortly before the Stephen series), in which not only the main idea but individual heads are taken direct from Cima's version of the theme. Again, in the 'Presentation of the Virgin,' in the same series, there is considerable likeness with Cima's painting of that subject. Finally, in the 'Ordination of the Deacons,' the landscape is no longer of Bastiani's type, as heretofore, but definitely Cimesque, while the St Peter is also Cimesque in pose and drapery.

To some it may seem improbable that so strong an individuality as Carpaccio's would come under the influence of a more derivative artist like Cima, but if Cima lacked Carpaccio's ruder and more instinctive talents he was a far more scholarly designer and a more accomplished painter, and he possessed, moreover, a much more delicate and scrupulous taste, all of which qualities one may suppose Carpaccio to have been quick enough to perceive and wise enough to emulate.

To Dr Ludwig and Signor Molmenti, then, Carpaccio is merely a great artist. They scarcely endeavour to define the kind of greatness he exemplified. Mistaking the actual for the real, they speak much of the truth of his art, contrasting it with the supposedly false idealism of others. Now in all the greater truths of art, truths of construction, truths of dramatic feeling and expression, Carpaccio was singularly lacking. He had, on the other hand, an extraordinary native gift for mimicry, a quickness in observing, and a childlike directness in recording the more obvious aspects of pose and gesture. One feels him to have been simple, unreflecting, genial, and humorous. He reflects admirably the materialism of the Venetian temperament, but he colours it with a playful fancy which redeems it altogether from Philistine grossness. To him, however, it never becomes transfigured, as in Gianbellini, with deep imaginative sympathy or religious *rêverie*. His taste, in the matter of form, is constantly at fault; he inclines in all his accessories to a futile repetition of meagre units. As an extreme instance of this one may take the architectural background in his drawing

for the 'Presentation in the Temple,' in the Uffizi. But the same will apply to his treatment of all architectural accessories and furniture. On the other hand, in the matter of colour, he had both fine taste and rich invention. His colour, it is true, never becomes an organ for the expression of rare and exalted moods, as it does with Bellini and Giorgione, but it has extreme decorative beauty, and it has the common qualities of Venetian colour, its geniality, its glow and generosity, in rare perfection.

Such an artist as Carpaccio must always, one would think, appear delightful and lovable, like the fairy stories of our childhood, since, like them, he demands no intellectual effort on the part of the spectator, but only a kindly interest and curiosity in the thread of his story. Burne-Jones, in a letter quoted by our authors, summed up the situation admirably when he said that Gentile Bellini won his respect, but Carpaccio his love. We love him for the frankness of his failings as well as for the untouched spontaneity of his talent; but while we do well to love him, we should never confuse our sense of values so far as to offer him our respect.

If Dr Ludwig's work on Carpaccio stood alone it would still be a remarkable monument to his memory. But it does not. On almost every period and every branch of Venetian art he has thrown a flood of much-needed daylight; and when one reads in Signor Molmenti's pathetic preface of the terrible conditions of illness and suffering under which he accomplished this work, one cannot but join in his deep admiration of the man's character and in envy of the enthusiasm which carried him on till the very last, hopeful, eager, and disinterested; for his devotion to truth was absolute and entirely untinged by personal ambitions. He wanted to find out the truth, and he cared very little who got the glory of the discovery so long as the truth was made known. To myself it is a real pleasure to bear witness to his kindly helpfulness, his chivalrous generosity in communicating to a much younger and scarcely known writer the advantage of all the information which he had patiently excavated from archives or acquired in his frequent journeys to remote country places.

ROGER FRY.

Art. XI.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Catalogue of the Pamphlets, Books, Newspapers, and Manuscripts relating to the Civil War, Commonwealth, and Restoration. Collected by George Thomason, 1640–1661. Two vols. London: Trustees of the British Museum, 1908.

IN February 1849 Thomas Carlyle was called upon to give evidence before the Royal Commission then sitting to enquire into the management of the British Museum. His own experience had lain chiefly among the two great collections relating to the English Civil War and to the French Revolution, and of these two collections he speaks with characteristic picturesqueness and energy. He says of the Thomason Tracts, 'In value, I believe the whole world could not parallel them. I consider them to be the most valuable set of documents connected with English history; greatly preferable to all the sheep-skins in the Tower for informing the English what the English were in former times.' Alluding to Thomason's own catalogue in twelve folio volumes, he says, 'If a man wanted to do a beneficent act to England he ought to print the catalogue of these Civil War pamphlets; he might begin that to-morrow and send it away to all parts as soon as it could be printed.' Finally, he expresses his emphatic opinion that without a catalogue these collections 'might as well have been locked up in water-tight chests and sunk on the Dogger Bank as put into the British Museum.'

That Carlyle was right in his main contention is self-evident. An uncatalogued library is as exasperating as an unindexed book; but it is perhaps fortunate that his scheme of printing Thomason's catalogue as it stands fell through. Excellent as this catalogue is in many respects it has no sort of index, and the fact that the chronological sequence of the titles is continually broken by arbitrary divisions into folios, quartos, octavos, and so forth, would, in any case, have been a serious drawback to its practical use. At the time when Carlyle spoke, the General Catalogue of Printed Books was just beginning to take form and substance. The task of compiling and printing a

catalogue containing some four millions of entries has been no brief or simple task. Its completion at the beginning of the present century has at last rendered it possible for the staff of the Museum Library to turn their attention to more specialised forms of work, and to produce a catalogue which tardily but thoroughly justifies Carlyle's counsel.

We hope that the present monograph on the Thomason collection may be the first of a series of catalogues devoted to the many collections, historical, scientific, and literary, contained in the Library of the British Museum.

This catalogue consists of a list of all the books, pamphlets, manuscripts, and newspapers, arranged as strictly as possible in chronological order, a plan which has been rendered possible by the fact that Thomason himself dated each book as it came into his hands, followed by an elaborate index of the names of persons, places, political parties, portraits, and in fact any matter which its compilers considered useful. The preface gives all the information obtainable on the biography of George Thomason and the history of his collection.

Thomason had been settled as a bookseller in St Paul's Churchyard for fourteen years when, on the day of the meeting of the Long Parliament, November 3, 1640, he determined to collect the books, pamphlets, and newspapers which at that date began to pour from the press. Such a resolve could only have been formed by a man gifted in a remarkable degree with historical foresight and imagination; nor could anything short of heroic resolution have enabled him to continue the task without a single break through more than twenty years of constant strain and stress until he finally completed his collection with the record of the coronation of Charles II, April 23, 1661. In the year 1651 Thomason was seriously involved in the Presbyterian conspiracy known as Love's Plot, and was 'closely clapt up at Whitehall' during the months of April and May. Yet even imprisonment gave no check to his collection; the pamphlets and newspapers issued during these weeks were as regularly received and dated as at any other period. It was probably about this time, or perhaps a month or two earlier, when the discovery of the plot was imminent, and he had good reason to fear the confiscation of his property, that he sent his entire

collection up to that date to the Bodleian, where it was placed under the care of Thomas Barlow. The remainder was remitted to Barlow's charge from time to time. By this fortunate accident the books escaped the great fire of 1666, which destroyed Thomason's shop, the 'Rose and Crown,' and in fact the whole of St Paul's Churchyard as it then stood. In 1664 Thomason made his will, containing a clause in which he bequeaths his collection on trust for the benefit of his children, to his 'honoured friends' Thomas Barlow, Thomas Lockey, Barlow's successor as Bodley's librarian, and John Rushworth, the famous Secretary of the Army. Thomason was under the impression that Barlow was about to effect the purchase of the books by the Bodleian.

Unhappily for him, since his fortune seems to have depended entirely upon this sale, Barlow was unsuccessful, and the collection remained in his care for ten years after Thomason's death in 1666. In April 1676, when Barlow took possession of his see of Lincoln, he returned it to Thomason's sons, who disposed of it to Samuel Mearne, the famous bookbinder then holding the office of Stationer to the King. Mearne, with the assistance of the Thomason family, drew up an interesting advertisement which is printed in full in the preface to the new catalogue. The advertisement is just such a curious mixture of truth and romance as might be expected to attract a wealthy purchaser under the restored monarchy.

Negotiations for the sale of the collection seem to have been entered into between Mearne and Sir Joseph Williamson, Keeper of the Royal Library at Whitehall, but they came to nothing, and on Mearne's death the collection passed into the hands of his son-in-law, Henry Sisson, and ultimately to his granddaughter, from whom, in July 1762, it was purchased for 300*l.* by George III and presented to the newly-founded Library of the British Museum.

The collection consists of 22,255 pieces, bound in 2008 volumes. Of these 14,942 are books, pamphlets, or broadsides, 7216 are separate numbers of newspapers, and 97 are manuscripts, for the most part in Thomason's handwriting. The number of publications in each year differs considerably. The highest figures occur in 1642, when the total reaches 2134 separate publications, and in

1648 with a total of 2036. In each of these years the average output exceeds six publications for every week-day. The lowest figures will be found between 1655 and 1658 when the efficient government of the Lord Protector made the censorship something like a reality. After Cromwell's death the figures again mount rapidly from 332 in 1657 to 1144 in 1660.

Under these circumstances the enormous number of printers and booksellers who carried on business in London becomes intelligible. Taking the year 1648 as an example, the names of 168 printers and publishers, 157 of whom were citizens of London, will be found in this catalogue. But even these figures do not include the names of the unlicensed printers who are responsible for a large proportion of the literary product of the period, such as Nicholas Tew, of Coleman Street, or the wandering presses of William Larnier, printer in ordinary to John Lilburne and his disciples.

Such, in the briefest outline, is the bibliographical history of this wonderful collection. Let us turn now to a much more interesting subject, the contents of its two thousand volumes. A certain proportion of these consist of single books, usually treatises on Calvinistic theology or Biblical commentaries. Such volumes form the negligible quantity of the collection. Fortunately they are comparatively few in number. In the large majority of volumes from twenty to forty pamphlets and numbers of newspapers, bound together in strictly chronological order, will be found. Each of these volumes will contain three or four sermons; half a dozen controversial tracts; five or six Ordinances of Parliament; accounts of sieges or battles in the earlier volumes, in the later, letters from the army; reports of the Council of Officers or of the Agitators; John Lilburne's latest appeal against the tyranny of whatever Government happens to be in power at the moment; reports of trials; tales of apparitions or supernatural marvels; a tract or two on the unemployed or on vagabondage; finally, one or more poems or satires.

It will be seen at a glance what a mine of historical treasure is to be found in such volumes, which are numbered by the thousand. Most of the subjects contained in them explain themselves, but there are a few which deserve a word or two of comment.

Take, for instance, the large number of pamphlets on the treatment of beggars, vagabonds, and paupers. From these we can gather a vivid impression of the acute condition of the question of the unemployed, more especially in the years immediately following the first Civil War, when thousands of disbanded soldiers and discharged workmen wandered through the country vainly seeking employment, and finally begged or stole their way to London, to become a danger to peaceable citizens and an insoluble problem to overtaxed aldermen and justices. One of these tracts furnishes an excellent example of Thomason's manuscript notes, which add so greatly to the value of the collection. On the title-page of a pamphlet entitled 'A way to make the poor happy,' by Peter Cornelius van Zarick-Zee, Thomason writes, 'I believe this pamphlet was made by Mr Hugh Peeters, who hath a man named Cornelius Glover'—a very ingenious deduction.

Another question which is very fully represented is the position of women and the marriage tie. The claims of women to preach, to petition, or to address Parliament and the Common Council will be found here in abundance. The other side, the subjection of the female sex, is represented by Milton's 'Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce,' by many satires on the Parliament of Women, and so forth, and, to reach the lowest depth, by a solemn treatise of one hundred pages entitled 'The Husband's Authority unveiled; wherein it is moderately discussed whether it be fit or lawful for a Good Man to beat his bad wife.'

Poems and satires, printed or in manuscript, occur in nearly every volume. One example of a satirical poem, chosen rather for its brevity than for its merit, will suffice to illustrate the witticism of the period. It is entitled 'A Distik made upon the ffour Lords yt usually sate and made a howse in the yeare 1648,' and reads thus :

'Salisbury the valiant, a coward;
Pembroke the wittie, a floole;
Derby the chaste, a whoremonger;
Mongrave the prittie, a dwarfe.'

With the possible exception of Cromwell himself, no soldier or politician was so frequently satirised as Philip,

fourth Earl of Pembroke, the second son of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, 'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.' In 1630 Philip succeeded his elder brother, the famous Pembroke of Jonson's epitaph. The fourth earl was one of the richest men in England, which, with his professed Calvinism and his high birth, made him a personage of the first importance. Among his other honours he succeeded Archbishop Laud as Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Yet he was notoriously immoral, foul-mouthed, and boorish. Clarendon speaks of the 'extreme weakness of his understanding,' and Anthony Wood describes him as 'fitter, by his eloquence in swearing, to preside over Bedlam than over a learned Academy.' There are no less than thirteen prose satires upon this curious 'grandee,' most of which are in the form of mock speeches 'taken down word for word and oath for oath.' Whether or no all these were the work of one writer it is impossible to say. They bear a strong family resemblance, and are perhaps the only samples of real humour to be found throughout the entire collection.

But after all, these are but by-paths, and we must confine ourselves to pointing out one or two of the main points of interest which the collection as a whole offers to students of seventeenth century history.

The first of these is the evidence afforded of the practical freedom of the Press during the whole, or the greater part, of the period. The British Museum contains a vast collection of pamphlets and newspapers published during the French Revolution, formed by John Wilson Croker, much larger in extent than the Thomason Tracts, and hardly inferior to them in interest. In comparing these two great collections there is no contrast so striking as the evidence which they furnish of the liberty of thought and utterance during the Civil War, and the total absence of such liberty during the French Revolution. The whole tendency of the French writers seems to be to sail with, or in advance of, the flowing tide; that of the English to stem it. There are, of course, occasional exceptions; but, taking the French collection as a whole, we may fairly say that the one consistent motto of writers, speakers, and journalists is, 'De mortuis nil nisi malum.' Running through all is a wearisome flood of fulsome adulation of those in power

at the moment, and of overstrained, hysterical abuse of the fallen man or the lost cause. This is true of every party and of every notable personality. Before the ink which lauded to the stars the hero, the saviour, the sage, the virtuous citizen, has had time to dry, the subject of yesterday's eulogy has developed into the tyrant, the slave of Pitt and Coburg, the corrupt traitor, and so forth through all the gamut of vituperation. In a word, he has fallen; the rest is common form.

The Thomason pamphlets exhibit the exact contrary of all this. They illustrate in an extraordinary degree the frankness and freedom with which each individual expresses his own personal likes and dislikes, his criticism upon his rulers, his justification of a fallen cause. And this in the face of the fact that legally the Press was as far as possible from being unfettered. Twelve Acts, Ordinances, and Orders in Council are to be found in the Thomason collection, each confirming and strengthening the laws against irregular or unlicensed printing. There were laws enough and to spare to suppress every newspaper and pamphlet in the kingdom; but, as Edwards truly asserts in his Address to Parliament in 1646, 'Never were more dangerous unlicensed books printed than since your Ordinance against unlicensed printing.' A few notable writers—Judge Jenkins, William Prynne, and John Lilburne—were prosecuted or arbitrarily imprisoned, but they were never silenced.

Later on, from 1653 to 1658, under Cromwell's rule, which, if harsh, was at least efficient, the number of pamphlets, as we have already mentioned, fell from month to month, while the newspapers were reduced to a weekly issue of the same paper, which appeared alternately as 'Mercurius Politicus' and the 'Publick Intelligencer,' with occasional spasmodic efforts to establish rival journals. But from 1640 to 1652 there seem to have been no bounds to what could be printed and sold. The unlicensed printers had a changeful and exciting career, but they printed, and their work, in one way or another, found a market. There are in the Thomason collection few unique tracts; the great majority of them appear from time to time in booksellers' catalogues. If they are purchasable after the lapse of more than two centuries, we may be sure that they passed freely from hand to

hand when they were first issued. Examples of this practical freedom of the Press may be found in every volume of the collection, but perhaps the most striking illustrations are supplied by the publications which followed the death of Charles I.

No one can deny that those who turned the Presbyterian majority of Parliament out of doors, put the King on his trial and ordered his execution, were grim, determined men. They held, for the moment, a power both despotic and unlimited. Both in London and throughout the country they were numerically in a small minority. One would have supposed that as they had the power, they certainly had also the will to impose silence on the small group of writers and journalists who might turn the sombre acquiescence of the nation into active hostility. Yet they imposed no such silence. There are in the British Museum no less than twenty-three editions of *Εἰκὼν βασιλική*, published before the close of the year 1649. Some of these were printed abroad, but all were circulated in England. In addition to this famous book are a host of pamphlets, printed during the same year, 1649, bearing such titles as, 'A Panegyrick of King Charles,' by Sir A. Wotton; 'A Hand-kerchief for Loyall Mourners, or a Cordiall for drooping spirits groaning for the bloody murder of our Glorious King'; 'A Crown, a crime, or the Monarch Martyr'; 'King Charles no man of blood, but a Martyr for his People'; 'A Tribute of Tears paid after the sacred Hearse of Charles I, murdered at Westminster by his own subjects'; 'The Life and death of King Charles the Martyr parallel'd with Our Saviour.' One newspaper appears under the title 'Mercurius Pragmaticus, for King Charles II.' Another bears on its front page medallions of Charles I and Charles II. There must have been many in France who held much the same view of the execution of Louis XVI as these writers held of that of Charles I. But no such pamphlets were printed or circulated in France in 1793 or the succeeding years. In point of fact, to print, sell or possess one such pamphlet would have meant death to every person concerned and, probably enough, to his wife and family also.

In strange and significant contrast to the wealth of eulogistic literature which appeared after the execution

of Charles I, is the paucity of anything of the kind after the death of the Lord Protector. If we read through the titles in this catalogue following September 3, 1658 (vol. ii, pp. 214 *et seq.*), we cannot fail to be struck by the marked absence of comment on the death of Oliver Cromwell. The event occupies less space than the death of the Earl of Essex in September 1646, or the execution of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle in August 1648. There are among the Thomason Tracts, and in other portions of the Museum Library, fifty-one pamphlets, published before 1660, openly celebrating, in prose or in verse, the virtues of King Charles. There are eleven only in memory of Cromwell. In quality one of these, the 'Three Poems on the death of Oliver, late Lord Protector,' by Waller, Dryden, and Sprat, outweighs all the prose and verse dedicated to King Charles; but this does not make the disparity in quantity the less remarkable.

A second point of great importance is the light which this collection throws on the long and embittered struggle between the Presbyterians and the Independents. Here we have the whole contemporary literature of the eventful years 1646 to 1649, and we are able to see the gradual evolution of the Presbyterian system and to trace the causes which led to its rejection by the great majority of Englishmen; to note how the triumphant Parliament waned from day to day before the irresistible force of the Independent army, and to follow the course of that army along the devious road which led to the turning-point of the history of the period, Pride's Purge.

During the earlier years of the war the Presbyterians appeared to be masters of the situation. The forces of Parliament were commanded by Presbyterian generals, officered by Presbyterian gentlemen, and manned by Presbyterian soldiers. In Parliament, in the Corporation, among the higher class of the City of London, and in the Assembly of Divines, the Presbyterians were in an overwhelming majority. Presbyterianism had replaced Episcopacy as the established church of England. Its ministers had succeeded to a goodly heritage. They were in possession of the churches and parsonages, and had the full support of Parliament in substituting the Directory for the Book of Common Prayer,

and in enforcing the cast-iron discipline of the Sabbath and the monthly fast-days, two institutions which occupy a large place in the Thomason Tracts.

There are fifteen distinct Ordinances of Parliament and Proclamations of the Lord Mayor on the observance of the 'Lord's Day,' and twelve on the monthly fast. These laws forbid travelling by land or sea; the performance of any form of work, including domestic service; also games, sports, bell-ringing, profane music, walking in the churchyard or elsewhere. They order the destruction of Maypoles as a 'heathenish vanity generally abused by superstition and wickedness,' and they direct that every copy of the 'King's Book, and all other books that have been written against the sanctity of the Lord's Day, shall be publicly burnt.

In order to enforce these regulations, justices of the peace are empowered to issue warrants authorising churchwardens and constables to search taverns and, in certain cases, private houses. Parents and guardians, masters and mistresses, are subjected to a substantial fine for every child or servant convicted of profaning the Lord's Day by working, playing, or singing, unless they can prove before a justice of the peace that the 'child or servant so offending hath received due correction,' a clause which must have struck terror into many a nursery, and, had it been fully carried out (which it never was), should have materially raised the value of birch-trees.

So much for the negative portion of the Sabbatarian statutes. The positive clauses enact that every person shall, upon the Lord's Day and on every fast-day, diligently resort to some church where the 'true worship of God is exercised.' The only legal escape for man, woman or child is to obtain an exemption from a justice of the peace. Without such exemption, the minimum penalty for absence from the morning or afternoon exercise, is half a crown for each offence. Perhaps the strangest clause in these ordinances is that which enacts that:

'Whereas there is great breaking of the Lord's Day by rogues, vagabonds, and beggars, it is ordained that the Lord Mayor and all Justices throughout the country shall take order that all rogues, vagabonds, and beggars do, on every

Lord's Day and Fast Day, repair to some Church and remain there soberly and orderly during the time of Divine Worship.'

There is certainly room for conjecture as to the thoughts and feelings of these impressed worshippers as the third hour of the sermon dragged its wearisome course along. In the matter of the Lord's Day there cannot have been much distinction in kind between Presbyterians and 'Sectaries,' but the monthly fast was exclusively a Presbyterian institution. The fast-days were originally founded in January 1641 as special days of prayer on account of the Irish Rebellion, and were shortly afterwards adopted by the Presbyterians as a substitute for Christmas, Easter, and the other public holidays. The fast was appointed to be held on the last Wednesday of each month, and all the laws relating to the Lord's Day were applied to its observance.

There are two Ordinances relating to these fast-days, issued in October and December 1644, which are well worth recording. The title of the first of these reads :

'Two Ordinances of Parliament, one commanding that no Officer or Souldier by Sea or Land shall give any quarter to any Irishman who shall be taken in arms against the Parliament in England. The other for the better observance of the Monethly Fast, together with directions to the Officers within the severall Liberties, diligently to make search for all persons that follow their work or sit in taverns on that day.'

The second Ordinance relates to the December fast-day of the year 1644, which happened to fall on Christmas Day. On this account Parliament enacts that this fast-day shall be kept with more than ordinary severity,

'to call to remembrance our sinnes and the sinnes of our forefathers who have turned the Feast pretending the memory of Christ into an extream forgetfulniss of Him by giving liberty to carnall and sensual delights.'

There were unquestionably other and more worthy facets in the character of Presbyterianism, but we doubt whether a volume of formal history would better illustrate the reason why Presbyterianism failed than the sour compound of cruelty, intolerance, and asceticism of which these two brief ordinances are composed.

The Orders of Parliament as to the Irish papists were fully carried out by the Independent soldiers; indeed, after Naseby, and on other occasions, they went far to better their instructions; but in the matter of the fast-days, Parliament and the ministers met with no such obedience. Then, as in all other periods of history, the great mass of the people were more or less indifferent to exact forms of religious belief. They were neither Presbyterians nor 'Sectaries.' They acquiesced with joy in the abolition of the coercive authority of the Bishops, and with complacency in the substitution of the Directory for the Book of Common Prayer. But when it came to penalising the old festivals and holidays, they declined all acquiescence. They had not escaped from the whips of episcopal jurisdiction to submit to the scorpions of Presbyterian discipline. Riots, often of a very serious character, took place all over England at Christmas and Easter. Offenders arrested on Sundays and fast-days were rescued by mobs. The most dangerous disturbance which occurred during the occupation of London by the army, began with an attempt to arrest some boys who were playing tip-cat in Moorfields on Sunday April 9, 1648. The London apprentices presented petitions at frequent intervals asking for days of lawful recreation and plaintively pleading that five hours of horepreachment were an insufficient equivalent for the carnal sports of former years. In fact human nature, expelled by the Puritan fork, comes ramping back through every volume of these tracts. Eventually the Monthly Fast was abolished by an Act passed by the Independent House of Commons on April 23, 1649. This Act did not interfere in any way with the days of fasting or thanksgiving decreed on special occasions. Such days were equally cherished by both parties. There are no less than fifty Ordinances or Acts appointing fasts and thanksgivings between the years 1641 and 1661.

Little as the Presbyterian party realised the fact, it failed, even during its years of supremacy, to strike any actual root in the English character. Stronger and more determined men, holding newer forms of religious and political doctrines, were coming to the front to replace the common-place noblemen and gentlemen hitherto in power. They arrived there in the spring of 1645 when

the new model army replaced the Parliamentary forces, substituting for the obedient but not over efficient militia of the associated counties a professional army, composed of Independents and Sectaries, well-drilled and well equipped, equally ready to fight or to preach, willing to obey their own generals, but with no respect whatever for Parliament or Presbyter. Thus, by the autumn of 1645, when the first Civil War had been fought to a finish, England was divided into three hostile camps, the scattered Royalists, the Presbyterian Parliament and City, and the Independent army.

A mere glance through the titles in this catalogue will serve to show how complete a revolution had taken place between the years 1640-1641 and the period we are now considering, 1646-1649. In the earlier years the Press teemed with denunciations of the Bishops and the Prayer-book, of the wickedness of the papists and the cruelty of malignants. Now all is changed; Bishops and malignants are dead Satans. The old grievances of unvoted taxation and Star-Chamber illegalities have faded away before the burning controversy on toleration and the dread of army free-quarters and assessments. Presbyterians and Independents are face to face; and, if words are to be taken as meaning anything, the hatred between the two is as bitter as that between Puritan and Cavalier a few years earlier.

Before entering upon the controversy on toleration it is well to note how widespread was the belief in the supernatural, and how large a part superstition played in the history of the seventeenth century. Among the pamphlets of the years 1644-1647 we find fully set forth the tragic story of the rise, the greatness, and the fall of Matthew Hopkins, 'Witchfinder-general,' who, in the course of three years, caused the torture and slow doing to death of more than one hundred old men and women; and at last, to his own grievous annoyance, but to the infinite relief of the eastern counties, was hoist by his own petard and duly hanged in August 1647.

Witchcraft was a Presbyterian weakness and nearly disappears with the overthrow of the system, but the other superstitions remained in full force up to and after the Restoration. The experiences of John Bunyan are well known; but it would be a mistake to suppose

that his wrestlings with visible demons, and the mental agony through which he passed, were peculiar to himself. In writing his autobiography he expresses, with eloquent simplicity, the experiences of many of his silent contemporaries. Fifty-five pamphlets devoted to apparitions, portents, monsters, diabolical possession, and other tales of the same kind, are to be found here, and similar stories occur in every newspaper. Two examples, taken at random will suffice to show the general character of these narratives. The first is entitled

‘A true Relation of a boy who was entertained by the Devill about Crediton, and how the Devill showed him the torments of Hell, and what preparation there was made for Goring and Greenville against they come.’

The second,

‘A true Relation of a Whale pursued by divers Mariners of Weymouth, who did shoote the said Whale, which did strike upon the shore, where being opened there was found in the belly of it a Romish Priest with pardons for divers Papists.’

Such tales represent the harmless side of Puritan superstition, but accompanying them are many reports of religious fanaticism developing into homicidal mania. Here are two instances, both apparently well authenticated.

In December 1647 a family living at Kirkby moor-side, Yorkshire, consisted of a mother, son, daughter, and son-in-law. As the outcome of controversial discussions the younger members of the family sacrificed successively a cock, a hen, a calf, and their mother, whom they slowly put to death with a chisel, leaping and skipping around her for the space of half an hour and crying out, ‘Oh, the strength of Israel.’ When apprehended, they pleaded that they were commanded by God to cut her head and bruise her heel. The second narrative relates to a Kentish family named Champion, consisting of a Presbyterian husband, a Baptist wife, and a baby born in February 1647. The husband persisted in ordering that the child should be baptised, and the wife, rather than consent, cut off the baby’s head and gave it to her husband saying, ‘Christen the head if you will, but never the body!’

Had the Presbyterian controversialists confined themselves to denouncing such crimes as these, and the fanaticism which led to them, their cause would have called for nothing but sympathy from future generations; but their claim went immeasurably further than this.

We are so used at the present time to consider the toleration of all, or nearly all, forms of religious, social, or political belief as a necessary condition of civilisation, that we find it difficult to place ourselves in the position of the Presbyterian of the seventeenth century. Intolerance is to-day a word of reproach, tolerance a common but praiseworthy quality. To the Presbyterian of the date of which we write the words conveyed precisely the opposite significance. The toleration of error was to him a perfectly novel and absolutely wicked proposition, hitherto as undreamt of in any Protestant as in any Catholic country. 'Toleration,' says Thomas Edwards, 'is the grand designe of the Devil, his masterpeice and the chiefe Engine he works by to uphold his tottering Kingdome'; and again, 'As Originall Sin is the most fundamentall sin so Toleration hath all errors in it. Therefore I hope the Parliament, Assembly, City, and the whole Kingdom, considering the evill of a Toleration, will abominate the very thought of it.' Thomas Bailly was what we should now call a broad-minded and kind-hearted man, yet he expresses his amazement at the demands of one of the 'Five Dissenting Brethren in the Assembly of Divines' thus: 'He is openly for a full liberty of conscience to all sects, even Turks, Jews, and Papists.'

A dropping fire of controversy on this subject had been carried on since the meeting of the Long Parliament. Henry Burton, Roger Williams, Mrs Katherine Chidley ('a brazen-faced, audacious old woman,' according to Edwards; certainly a very able controversialist), and several others, had written in favour of toleration. The claims put forward by these writers, and by the 'Five Dissenting Brethren,' vary considerably. The majority of the Independents admit the necessity of a national church, but claim a 'limited toleration' for themselves and for other Protestant sects. Others go a step farther and would admit even Prelatists to worship God quietly in their own fashion; while a few extremists, such as

Roger Williams, are in favour of the abolition of endowments and tithes, and of absolute freedom of worship.

The Presbyterian claim admits of a perfectly clear definition. Presbyterianism is the one form of worship which is in perfect accord with the will of God. It is also the Church of England as by law established. It is therefore the duty of the State to enforce the absolute and entire conformity of the whole nation to the Presbyterian doctrines and discipline, to suppress all other forms of religion, and to punish all those who profess them. During the years 1645 and 1646 the Presbyterians, thoroughly alarmed at the strength given to their opponents by the embodiment of the new model army, opened a united attack on the Independents and 'Sectaries,' in which Prynne, Featley, Paget, and many other well known Presbyterians took part. The most notable of these controversialists was Thomas Edwards, a sort of seventeenth century Cobbett, gifted with a mordant pen, a genius for vituperation, and a hatred for all who were not exactly of his own way of thinking, so furious that it must have been sincere. We have already quoted from his 'Gangraena, or a catalogue and discovery of many of the errors, heresies, blasphemies and pernicious practices of the Sectaries of this time,' which appeared in three successive portions during the course of the year 1646. One more quotation will suffice to give a general idea of Edwards' style and the purport of his book.

'Things have growne to a strange passe, and every day they grow worse and worse. You have, most noble Senators, done worthily against Papists, Prelates, and Scandalous Ministers in casting down Images, Altars, and Crucifixes, but what have you done against other kinds of growing heresies, against Seekers, Anabaptists, Antinomians, Brownists, Libertines?'

and so forth for fifty pages. Edwards gives a list of some hundred and fifty current heresies. Many of these are commonplace, many others are startling enough, but that which will have the greatest interest to our own generation is Heresy No. 154, which is aimed against Milton's 'Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.' Milton's reply is contained in his sonnet 'On the New Forcers of Conscience,' in which he refers to Edwards thus:

‘Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
 Must now be named and printed heretics
 By shallow Edwards.’

The famous line which ends this sonnet—

‘New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large’

—is an exact and unexaggerated definition of the position to which the Presbyterian ministers aspired.

Edwards was the last man to foresee that he would owe his fame, such as it is, to these immortal lines. He probably regarded as infinitely more important the mass of answers, as bitter and envenomed as his own attack, which poured forth in quick succession. It is worth while quoting the titles of one or two of these, as fair examples of the quips, quirks, and conceits which the divines of the period borrowed or burlesqued from the later Elizabethan and Jacobean poets and dramatists whose works they professed to hold in horror. One is entitled ‘Cretensis, or a brief answer to an ulcerous Treaty lately published by Mr Edwards,’ by John Goodwin, to which a reply was issued under the title, ‘A Nosegay of rank-smelling flowers such as grow in Mr Goodwin’s garden.’ Another is Lanseter’s ‘Lance for Edwards’ Gangrene, or a ripping up and laying open some rotten, corrupt, stinking matter in Mr Edwards his Gangrene,’ by John Lanseter. One more title, somewhat less unsavoury, will suffice. ‘A plain and faithful discovery of a beame in Master Edwards his eye,’ by E. Draper. In May 1647 Edwards enjoyed the perilous distinction of being the one person denounced by name by the Agitators of the Army, who, in presenting their grievances to Parliament, ‘refuse to particularize any name, unless Mr Edwards for his Gangrene, which he is charged to put forth to make the army odious to the Kingdom.’ Edwards, after this, thought it wise to fly to Holland. He was probably well advised; but his departure and death a few months later made little difference. He left no lack of disputants behind him. In all this prolonged quarrel it is refreshing to find one sentence of good-humoured and sensible advice. It comes, of all possible people, from Hugh Peters, who writes, ‘I could wish we

that are Ministers might pray together, or, if that cannot be, let us speake, eate, and drinke together, because, if I mistake not, estrangement hath brought us up to jealousie and hatred.' Dinner as a therapeutic agent to assuage the disease of theological hatred is an excellent idea, but in this case quite impracticable, for behind the bitterness of doctrinal divergency lay the sting of social contempt. The Civil War tended in no degree towards the breaking down of the barriers of caste. Presbyterians and Independents alike dearly loved a lord, and valued their own gentility. The regular ministers were as little disposed as any other class to forfeit their social position of university graduates and ordained clergymen. It is true that the leading Independent ministers were of the same rank, but behind them were a motley throng of 'illiterate mechanical preachers, priests of the lowest of the people,' shoemakers, tailors, 'a comfit maker in Bucklersbury,' or 'a woman that sells lace in Cheapside,' and so on.

The struggle against toleration was by no means confined to the ministers. Petition after petition was laid before Parliament by the Common Council, the freemen of London, the eastern counties, and all the strongholds of Presbyterianism. After long delay these petitions bore fruit, after their kind, in an 'Ordinance for the punishing of Blasphemies and Heresies,' which passed the Lords and Commons on May 2, 1648. The framers of this law followed pretty closely the order laid down in 'Gangraena.' They divided the various heresies into two classes. The first consisted of the more serious errors. Those who preached or assented to these are liable to the punishment of death, unless they recant, in which case they remain in prison until they find two substantial sureties. If they again relapse, they shall be executed. The second class, consisting of such minor heresies as maintaining that 'Church government by Presbytery is unlawful,' is punishable by imprisonment until recanted. Had such a law been carried out, it is obvious that none but orthodox Presbyterians would have remained unhung or outside the prison walls; but it was passed by a moribund Parliament which had entirely lost the power to put its ideal system into practice, and there is no reason to believe that any prosecu-

tions were actually carried out under its drastic clauses. It remained on the Statute-book until August 1650, when it was superseded by a 'Blasphemy Act' of a milder character, aimed chiefly at the immoral tendencies of 'Seekers' and 'Ranters,' and at Messiahs and other semi-lunatics.

Step by step with the growing bitterness of the theological controversy, the political breach between Presbyterians and Independents widened and deepened with every succeeding year. It is not possible here to enter into the history of the complicated and tortuous negotiations which passed during the years 1646 to 1648 between the King, the Army, the Parliament, and the Scottish leaders. It must suffice to note the fact that, during this period, the army was moving steadily in one direction, the Parliament in the opposite. The superior officers of the army were still in some measure divided, some following the extreme views of Ireton, others adhering to the more conservative instincts of Fairfax; but the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people was meanwhile taking complete possession of the rank and file; loyalty to the Crown was daily being replaced by republicanism; and Charles himself was developing into the man of blood, who was to be called to account 'for the blood he had shed and the evil he had done to his utmost against the Lord's cause and people in these poor nations.'

The Presbyterians in and out of Parliament were moving as steadily towards a restoration. They had never been republicans; they were now ready to become enthusiastic royalists if only they could induce the King to accept the position of a covenanted figure-head to carry out their cherished scheme of universal, compulsory Presbyterianism. Their guiding motive was, after all, not so much loyalty to the Throne or personal devotion to the King, as terror and hatred of the Army—a sentiment in which Parliament and the Presbyterian ministers were entirely at one with the Common Council and the citizens of London.

Merely to read through the petitions and protests against the 'unchristian, scandalous, treacherous, rebellious, tyrannical, jesuiticall, bloody counsels and exorbitancies of this Army of Saints,' is to solve one of the

most curious paradoxes of English history—the hatred of a standing army, traces of which may still be found among a nation singularly devoted at heart to warlike methods and qualities.

Nothing in the whole collection is more remarkable than the evidence afforded by the tracts for the years 1647 and 1648, not merely of the hope, but of the confident expectation of the citizens of London in the success of the 'Personal Treaty' with the King, both before, during, and after the negotiations at Newport in the autumn of 1648. It may seem strange to us, with our wider knowledge of King Charles, of the Parliament, and of the leaders of the Army, that any sane person could have believed for a moment in the success of this 'Personal Treaty.' We know enough of Charles I to be confident that he was the last man in the world to play the part of a Venetian Doge, complacently sanctioning the action of a Presbyterian clique engaged in establishing a political and religious system every detail of which was abhorrent to him. We know enough also of the spirit of the army to be sure that no settlement made without their consent could have stood for a fortnight. There may have been a few at the head of affairs who realised the insuperable difficulties of the situation, but the citizen of London, the contemporary 'man in the street,' was in a different position, and the accumulated evidence of hundreds of newspapers and pamphlets is quite conclusive as to his conviction of the King's speedy restoration and the enforced disbandment of the army. That Charles himself was of the same opinion is clearly shown by his own words on the first day of his trial, January 20, 1649.

'I was' (he says) 'not long ago in the Isle of Wight. There I entered into a Treaty with both Houses of Parliament. I treated them with as much public faith as it is possible to be had of any people in the world. I cannot say but they dealt very nobly with me. We were upon the conclusion of the Treaty.'

The impossible position was solved by Pride's Purge, December 6, 1648, by which a hundred and forty members were excluded from the House of Commons and the Presbyterian majority finally crushed. Comparisons

between any given event of the English Civil War and of the French Revolution usually lead to the discovery of the absolute divergencies which underlie superficial similarities. But there is a curiously close resemblance between Pride's Purge and the *Coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor, an V (September 4, 1797). In each case the moderate majority was accused of aiming at a restoration of the royal authority and of enmity to the army. In each case the moderate party was destroyed and the extremists placed in power by an armed force, drawn from the regular army, and so powerful as to be irresistible. In each case the *Coup d'état*, after a short interval of anarchy and confusion, led to the despotic rule of a successful military officer. In point of fact this military officer in each case proved to be an able and just ruler; but this was a fortunate accident rather than a justification of a violent overthrow of the representative Government. In at least one detail the analogy is curiously complete. In a contemporary account of Pride's Purge appears the following passage:

'About three of the clock in the afternoon' (December 6, 1648) 'Hugh Peter, with a sword by his side like a boisterous souldier, came rushing in to see the prisoners and take a list of their names, when some of the prisoners, demanding of him by what authority they were thus imprisoned and kept from their duty, he answered, "By the power of the sword."'

When the members of the Corps Législatif, arrested on September 4, 1797, asked the officer who was conveying them to the Temple by what authority he dared to arrest the Representatives of the people, he replied, 'By the law of the sword.' There is not the smallest reason to suppose that the French officer had so much as heard of Pride or the Reverend Hugh Peters. In both cases the laconic answer was the simplest possible statement of the fact.

Here we must close. We have touched only on one or two of the many points of interest contained in this inexhaustible treasure-house; but we hope that enough has been said to justify Carlyle's dictum that the Thomason Tracts form 'the most valuable set of documents connected with English history.'

Art. XII.—GOLD RESERVES.

1. *Lombard Street*. By Walter Bagehot. New and revised edition, with notes by E. Johnstone. London: Kegan Paul, 1901.
2. *The Theory of the Foreign Exchanges*. By the Right Hon. Viscount Goschen. London: Effingham Wilson, 1903.
3. *The Royal Mint*. Thirty-fourth and thirty-seventh annual Reports of the Deputy-Master and Comptroller of the Mint. London: Darling and Son, 1904 and 1907.
4. *United States Mint*. Annual Report of the Director of the Mint for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1907. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1907.

THE strained condition of the money markets of the world throughout the whole of 1907, and the American 'raid' on the gold reserves of Europe during the last three months of the year have reawakened public interest in the question whether the gold reserves of the United Kingdom are altogether adequate for the work which they are liable to be called upon to perform.

The world's reserves of loanable capital are held in gold, and gold is the base upon which all operations in credit must ultimately rest. The predominant position which Great Britain holds in the trade of the world and the volume of her international financial transactions render this question one of peculiar interest and importance at the present juncture. Hitherto the matter has been treated as a purely banking question; but this is a mistake; the question is one of national importance, and it affects in a vital and practical manner the whole mercantile community. Bankers occupy such a peculiar position in the controversy that it may be questioned whether it is altogether reasonable to leave to them alone the solution of this difficult problem. They are called upon to reconcile many conflicting interests; they must look to the dividends of their shareholders, and they have at the same time to fulfil their obligations to depositors and borrowers. Then, again, there is evidence of a distinct line of cleavage between the interests

of the country bankers in this matter of gold reserves and those of the London bankers ; and, on the whole, it is not surprising to find that, with all these conflicting influences in operation, the progress of the movement in favour of larger gold reserves is exceedingly slow and ineffective.

Under the stimulus of costly credit the mercantile community have lately evinced a more general interest in the question, and the Chambers of Commerce are beginning to take it up. This tendency is a matter for congratulation as the question has a direct bearing upon the economic welfare of the people of the United Kingdom, and by them it should be ultimately determined.

In a general survey of the question it will be desirable to consider at some length the functions of a gold reserve, firstly, in connexion with internal currency, and secondly, in the adjustment of international financial and commercial transactions.

For all practical purposes the legal tenders of the United Kingdom are gold and Bank of England notes, which are, of course, convertible into gold at the holders' option. Various estimates have from time to time been made as to the amount of gold in circulation in the United Kingdom, the most important being as shown in the following table :

	£
Mr Newmarch's estimate, 1856	75,000,000
Mr Jevons' estimate, 1868 (under)	80,000,000
Mr Inglis Palgrave's estimate, 1883 (a wide limit)	110,000,000
The Royal Mint's estimate, 1888	102,500,000
The Chancellor of the Exchequer's estimate, 1892	90,000,000
The Royal Mint's estimate, 1895—	
In active circulation £62,500,000	
In reserves held by banks 30,000,000	
	<hr/> 92,500,000
The Royal Mint's estimate, 1903—in active circulation	63,500,000
Estimate of the Deputy-Master of the Royal Mint, 1908—	
In active circulation £84,000,000	
In banks 32,000,000	
	<hr/> 116,000,000

In his annual Report for 1903 the Deputy-Master and Comptroller of the Mint states that the estimate made by his department of the gold coin in active circulation in 1895 was arrived at by five distinct methods. It may be observed that the methods used in 1856, 1868, and

1888 would give maximum amounts, and the results of the recoinage of light gold coin show that the estimate of 1888 was too high, and that the estimate of 1895 was a closer approximation to the truth. In fact, all the estimates made prior to that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1892 were based on imperfect data, and must be regarded as excessive. In 1903 the Royal Mint estimated the minimum number of sovereigns in circulation at 45,216,000, and half-sovereigns to the value of 18,500,000*l*. This estimate included sovereigns in circulation in all parts of the world which are affected by the regulations as to the withdrawal of light gold coin. The number was in close agreement with the estimate of 45,000,000 made in 1895, and it may be inferred that prior to 1904 the amount of the sovereign circulation did not rapidly increase. Having regard to the enormous amount of gold coin issued by the Royal Mint between 1895 and 1903 in excess of the light gold coin withdrawn, it is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that the additions to the stock of gold in the banks and in circulation between those years should have been so small, and an interesting explanation of the discrepancy is furnished in the report of the Deputy-Master of the Mint above referred to. Starting from the Mint estimate of 1895, the following table shows the issues and withdrawals in the period that elapsed :

Mint estimate in 1895	£ 62,500,000
Issued 1895-1903	£57,680,000
Received from Australia	15,414,000
	<hr/> (say) 73,100,000
	135,600,000
Withdrawals of light coin 1895-1903	19,100,000
	<hr/> 116,500,000

Comparing this balance with the estimate of 63,500,000*l*. made for 1903, there remained a sum of 53,000,000*l*. to be accounted for other than by the withdrawal of light gold. The removal of gold coin from circulation cannot be accounted for with even approximate accuracy, but is attributed mainly to the following causes : (1) melting of sovereigns for the manufacture of jewellery ; (2) melting of coin for recoinage by foreign mints ; (3) melting of newly issued coin by bullion dealers ; and (4) additions to

hoards of individuals, banks or foreign Governments. Jewellery absorbs at least half a million a year of the gold coins issued by the Royal Mint; foreign mints are estimated to take from four and a half to five millions a year, including Australian coins, and the balance is probably accounted for by the transactions of the bullion dealers and the accumulations of foreign Governments.

The amount of our bank-note issue is defined by the provisions of the Bank Act of 1844. By this Act the Issue department of the Bank of England was established, and the Bank was authorised to issue a certain amount of bank-notes against Government securities, apart from its store of gold. This is called the fiduciary issue; for all the rest it must have bullion deposited. The Bank's first charter was dated July 27, 1694, and the original subscription was 1,200,000*l.*, which was raised for a loan to the Government at 8 per cent. This debt of the Government was subsequently increased by various amounts until in 1816 it reached 14,686,800*l.*; but one-fourth of this was subsequently repaid, and since 1860 the amount has stood at 11,015,100*l.*, on which the Bank now receives 2½ per cent. interest. By the Act of 1844 the Issue department of the Bank was authorised to issue notes to the amount of 14,000,000*l.* against Government securities (of which the sum due to the Bank from the Government was to form part), in addition to the amount of bullion and specie for the time being in the vaults of the Issue department. The authorised issue of bank-notes was raised by degrees to 15,000,000*l.*, at which figure it stood for a number of years until April 1881, when it was raised to 15,750,000*l.*, and it is now 18,450,000*l.* The addition made since 1844 to the amount which the Bank issues against securities alone has been due to lapsed country issues being taken up to the extent of two-thirds by the Bank.

In 1844 the currency included, as it still does, a certain amount of notes issued by country banks; but the addition made to the fiduciary issue of the Bank, 4,450,000*l.*, has not equalled the amount of the private issues which have lapsed since that date, the figures being as follows:

	Fixed issues of Banks under Act of 1844.		Total fixed issues of surviving Banks, January 1908.
<i>England—</i>	£	<i>England—</i>	£
Bank of England . .	14,000,000	Bank of England . .	18,450,000
207 private banks . .	5,153,417	12 private banks . .	482,744
72 joint-stock banks . .	3,478,230	14 joint-stock banks . .	912,308
Total for England . .	22,631,647	Total for England . .	19,845,052
<i>Scotland—</i>		<i>Scotland—</i>	
19 joint-stock banks . .	3,087,209	9 joint-stock banks . .	2,676,350
<i>Ireland—</i>		<i>Ireland—</i>	
6 joint-stock banks . .	6,354,494	6 joint-stock banks . .	6,354,494
Total for the United Kingdom . . .	32,073,350	Total for the United Kingdom . . .	28,875,896

It will be observed that the total of the fiduciary issue of the Bank of England and the fixed issues of the joint-stock banks is about 3,200,000*l.* less than it was in 1844. On the other hand there has, of course, been an increase in the amount of notes issued against bullion and specie. The average amount of Bank of England notes in circulation in 1872 was 25,523,000*l.*; the average note circulation for 1907 was 28,940,000*l.* The bulk of the increased note circulation is probably in the hands of the banks. Having regard to the enormous growth of the trade of the United Kingdom since 1844, the expansion in the amount of the note circulation of the Bank of England appears ridiculously disproportionate.

Summarising the conclusions arrived at above, it may be said that the approximate stock of money in the United Kingdom is as stated hereunder :

Gold coin—	£	£
In circulation.	84,000,000	
In banks (say)	32,000,000	
		116,000,000
Bank of England and other notes (uncovered paper)		28,900,000
Silver coin—		
In circulation.	18,000,000	
In banks	5,000,000	
		23,000,000
Total		167,900,000

The above estimate of 116,000,000*l.* as the amount of gold coin in circulation and in the banks includes, however, the circulation outside as well as inside the United Kingdom, and is therefore of course too high for the United Kingdom alone; on the other hand, there is a large amount (probably not less than 15,000,000*l.*) of

bullion and foreign gold coin held by the Bank of England which will to some extent set off the amount of British gold coin held abroad. Sir Robert Giffen estimates the total stock of gold in the United Kingdom, including bullion and foreign coin, at 85,000,000*l*.

This stock of money would be wholly inadequate for the purpose of conducting the financial transactions of this country were it not for the fact that there is in existence, in conjunction with it, a circulating medium of the most marvellous elasticity and capacity for expansion. England has attained her wonderful economy in the use of gold largely by the adoption of a circulating medium consisting of cheques. Some idea of the magnitude of the cheque circulation may be gathered from the fact that the amount of bills, cheques, etc., paid at the London Bankers' Clearing House during 1907 was 12,730,393,000*l*. High authorities estimate that the annual circulation is at least half as large again, and therefore the total amount of unsecured paper circulated during last year may be estimated at about 19,000,000,000*l*. From the available data with regard to the average life of bills, cheques, etc., it may be further estimated that the average face value of the cheques, etc., in circulation, lies between 65,000,000*l*. and 85,000,000*l*. In 1872 the total amount of cheques, etc., paid at the Bankers' Clearing House was 5,916,452,000*l*. During the past twenty-five years there has therefore been an increase of 115 per cent. in the circulation of uncovered paper in the form of cheques, etc. The growth of the amount of unsecured paper in circulation fully accounts for the comparative stagnation in the bank-note circulation, and at the same time it affords one of the most serious obstacles to the creation of additional gold reserves.

For internal currency purposes gold is yearly becoming less essential. The growth of the joint-stock banks and the tendency to concentrate business in the hands of the large amalgamating institutions is one of the most powerful influences which have tended to restrict the use of notes and gold for internal currency purposes. It is a striking fact that the six leading joint-stock banks in England control nearly one-third of the entire banking resources of the country. The rapid multiplication of branch banks has been one of the most marked

features of recent banking history. There are at present about 7700 banking offices in the United Kingdom, as compared with about 3000 in existence twenty-five years ago. The opening of branch offices has a tendency to increase to some extent the amount of gold and notes required for till-money; but this is quite off-set by the economy in notes and specie which results from the substitution of cheques as the circulating medium. The machinery for the adjustment of financial transactions by means of cheques and bills of exchange is perfect; and, so far as domestic transactions are concerned, we are approaching—if we have not already reached—a condition of affairs which has been aptly described as ‘a gold standard with or without a gold currency.’

The function of a gold reserve in relation to the internal currency of the country is to meet any extra demand which may arise from some sudden apprehension or panic. All the banks keep as till-money a supply of notes and gold which experience has enabled them to measure to a nicety. There is a certain extra demand at quarter days in connexion with the payment of salaries, etc., and there is also a drain of gold to the provinces at certain periods of the year; but these demands are largely seasonal and can be easily gauged.

As will be shown later on, the total liabilities of the joint-stock banks of the United Kingdom on current and deposit accounts amount to an aggregate sum of about 875,000,000*l.*, while the total stock of gold coin and bullion held by these institutions can hardly exceed 50,000,000*l.* At the first glance this would appear to be a wholly insufficient stock of gold; but when the fact is borne in mind that the banks’ depositors are to a very large extent the banks’ borrowers, it will be appreciated that the great bulk of the liability on deposits would be discharged by cross entries in the books of the banks. And further, the possibilities of a sudden large demand for gold, for internal currency purposes, are yearly becoming less. The banking business of the country is drifting rapidly into fewer hands, and the very magnitude of the remaining institutions renders it almost certain that in the event of trouble arising all the large banks would, as a matter of self-preservation, have to co-operate to prevent one of their number collapsing. At

the same time there is a certain danger which it would not be prudent to ignore, and the experience of the American banks during the past six months has brought out vividly the disastrous effects which follow a loss of confidence on the part of depositors. During the course of the recent crisis upwards of 40,000,000*l.* were hoarded.

The smallness of the metallic reserves of the United Kingdom is emphasised when comparison is made with the stocks of gold retained by the other great commercial countries; and the following figures, which illustrate this point, have been taken from the Report of the United States Mint Bureau for the year to June 30, 1907.

— ;	Stock of Gold—		Total.	Per capita.	
	In Banks and Public Treasuries.	In circulation.		Gold.	Gold, Silver, and Paper.
Great Britain .	£ 39,280,000	£ 58,060,000	£ 97,340,000	£ 2.2	£ 3.26
France . . .	104,020,000	81,260,000	185,280,000	4.71	8.17
Germany . . .	29,140,000	176,920,000	206,060,000	3.4	5.0
United States .	216,300,000	102,360,000	318,660,000	3.73	6.79

Of course these, at first sight alarming figures, must be considered in connexion with the somewhat different position of each country. There are special circumstances, for instance, in the case of Great Britain which have enabled this country to conduct its gigantic business on a gold base which is, comparatively speaking, of exceedingly small dimensions. The most important of these influences may be found to lie in the fact that we are the greatest creditor nation. Our income from investments abroad alone can be put at not less than 145,000,000*l.* per annum; and last year the gold-producing possessions paid the mother-country 37,000,000*l.* in gold. This annual tribute of gold is a great source of strength to our gold stock.

But if gold is falling into desuetude for internal currency purposes quite a contrary tendency is observable in connexion with its use in the adjustment of international balances. There are three methods by means of which a country can discharge its external indebtedness. Foreign debts may be paid (1) by the purchase and remittance of exchange and cable transfers; (2) by the export of gold; and (3) by the creation of foreign loans.

The foreign trade of this country is conducted chiefly by means of bills of exchange. In general practice the actual creditor in one country does not receive payment direct from his debtor in another. International claims are adjusted principally through the medium of the exchange brokers, who exchange the promises to pay of the merchants of different countries, and those bills for which British merchants are responsible ultimately find their way to London, and so with other countries. An exchange of debts takes place; foreign debtors pay foreign creditors, and home debtors pay home creditors. The exchanges between different countries are determined by the balance of trade. If the sum owing abroad by this country amounts exactly to the sum which is owing to it the accounts are settled without the exchange of gold. If Great Britain owes more abroad than is owing to her, gold is exported to meet the balance of the debt, which the outflow of exported goods has been insufficient to cancel, and the outflow of gold will continue until the balance is restored. On the other hand, if a larger sum is owing to this country than is payable by her, gold will flow into the United Kingdom. The most convenient medium for settling differences is gold, and the function of gold in international trade is the maintenance of this equilibrium of indebtedness.

During the past fifteen years there has been a marked increase in the movement of bullion in the settlement of international mercantile and financial balances. This is in some measure due to the growth of the foreign trade of countries whose economic development is backward, and to the growth of trade with countries which hoard gold, such as India and Egypt. No doubt it would be right also to ascribe no small share of the expansion to the increased output of the gold mines of the world since 1894.

The movements of treasure in connexion with the adjustment of the trade balance of the United Kingdom for the past fourteen years may be judged by the figures for the years 1894, 1899, 1904, and 1907 :

GOLD AND SILVER.

Year.	Imports. £	Exports. £
1894	38,578,000	27,812,000
1899	45,261,000	35,491,000
1904	45,564,000	46,308,000
1907	73,072,439	67,786,858

The imports and exports of gold and silver have increased in value since 1894 by the sum of 74,469,000*l.* or 112 per cent.

As the volume of foreign trade increases the reserve of gold, upon which all exchange and international financial operations are based, ought to be correspondingly increased; but when reference is made to the statistics bearing upon this aspect of the question it will be found that quite a contrary tendency has hitherto prevailed.

Unfortunately there are no reliable data available as to the exact amount of gold coin and bullion in the banks and in currency in the United Kingdom, but there is very good reason to believe that during the past twenty years the additions made to the stock of gold in the country have been comparatively small. In 1895 the Royal Mint estimated the amount of gold coin in circulation at 62,500,000*l.* and the amount in reserves held by the banks at 30,000,000*l.* The Deputy-Master of the Royal Mint estimates the amount at present in circulation at 84,000,000*l.* and in the banks of the United Kingdom at 32,000,000*l.* It must be borne in mind that this total of 116,000,000*l.* relates to gold coin in circulation in all parts of the world affected by the regulations as to the withdrawal of light gold coin. On the whole, it will not be unsafe to assume that the net addition to the stock of gold coin held in the United Kingdom since 1887 has not exceeded 10,000,000*l.*, or, say, 10 per cent. On the other hand, there has been a remarkable expansion in the volume of our foreign trade during that period, the figures being as shown hereunder :

Year.	Imports.	Exports.	Total.
1887. . . .	£ 362,227,504	£ 281,262,885	£ 643,490,389
1897. . . .	451,028,960	294,174,118	745,203,078
1907. . . .	645,904,176	518,176,737	1,164,080,913

Thus, while the stock of gold held by the banks and in circulation has only increased by about 10 per cent. since 1887, there has during that period been an expansion in the volume of our foreign trade of upwards of 80 per cent.

Not only has the practically stationary banking reserve of this country had to bear the strain of this enormous development of foreign trade, but it has, at the same time, been called upon to finance a still larger growth of the fixed capital issues in the shape of Stock Exchange securities. The extent of this growth is clearly indicated by the fact that the total value of the securities quoted in the official list of the London Stock Exchange, exclusive of foreign stocks (coupons payable abroad), has increased from 5,676,000,000*l.*, at the end of 1898, to 7,900,000,000*l.* at the end of 1907, a growth during the decade of 2,224,000,000*l.* The international financial operations which the creation and issue of the vast portion of this total, which relates to investments outside the United Kingdom, have involved must have contributed to an important extent to the state of extreme tension recently experienced by our money market. This country is now investing capital abroad at the rate of between 70,000,000*l.* and 80,000,000*l.* per annum. The immediate effect of a foreign loan is to increase for the moment our indebtedness to foreign nations.

It would be difficult to lay too much emphasis upon the fact that while our foreign trade and our international liabilities have been increasing by leaps and bounds, our banking reserve, that is to say, our stock of gold, has been practically stationary. At the end of 1898 the Bank of England held gold coin and bullion to the value of 29,337,841*l.* At the end of 1907 the stock of gold coin and bullion in the Bank was 30,745,846*l.* That amount has recently been raised, by the drastic remedy of a 7 per cent. bank rate, to upwards of 40,000,000*l.* This fact and the course of events in the money market during the past six months have once again proved that, while the Bank of England cannot prevent a sudden raid upon its store of gold, it possesses an effectual instrument by means of which it can speedily replenish its depleted reserves. That instrument is, of course, the elevation of its rate of discount. Experience has proved time after time that if the interest on money be raised high enough, money comes to London. Loanable capital, like every other commodity, goes where there is most to be made of it, and so long as British credit is good continental bankers and others will continue to send to this country

great sums of money as soon as the rate of interest indicates that this can be done profitably. For this reason, therefore, a rise in the value of money in London immediately brings gold to London.

But however efficient this instrument for the protection of the stock of gold held at the Bank of England may be regarded from a banking point of view, its operation is viewed with very qualified feelings of approval by the mercantile community. The point to which the Bank of England was recently compelled to raise its rate of discount, namely 7 per cent., has dislocated trade and resulted in enormous losses to the commercial interests of the country. This was perhaps to some extent unavoidable. So long as London remains the great centre of the monetary transactions of the world we cannot fail to be closely affected by the value of credit in the other great trading and commercial centres of the world; but there is good ground for the contention that if our banking reserves had been raised to an amount commensurate with the growth of our trading and financial business during the past twenty years, the monetary stringency which obtained during the latter half of 1907 would have been much less acutely felt in this country.

The production of gold has, of course, a most important bearing upon the question of gold reserves, and it will be of interest to review shortly the most salient features respecting the production of gold throughout the world. It may be recalled that, after the discovery of the Californian goldfields and the Australian goldfields in the early fifties, no fresh sources of supply were discovered until the early eighties, and there was no appreciable increase in the amount of the output between 1851 and 1882. As a matter of fact the production for 1882 was the lowest recorded since 1852 (the data relating to earlier years are unreliable). But from 1882 onwards new fields were rapidly opened up. Gold was discovered in New Zealand and Queensland, and then in India. In 1886 the Rand began its marvellous career as a gold producer, and a little later rich discoveries were made in West Australia, Alaska, and the Klondyke-Yukon district. Rhodesia began to add to the production in 1898, and West Africa, after centuries of production on a small

scale, took her place as an important source of supply in 1899, and quite recently Mexico has begun to produce gold on a large scale.

Owing to the discoveries enumerated above there has been a remarkable expansion in the production of gold since 1882. The value of the amount produced in that year was estimated at 19,960,000*l.*; the production for 1907 may be estimated at about 82,300,000*l.*, an increase of upwards of 300 per cent.

It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that the years which have witnessed the largest production of gold hitherto recorded should have been years of extreme monetary stringency. Two of the principal causes which have contributed to this result—the expansion of foreign trade and the vast multiplication of Stock Exchange securities—have already been indicated. The other important influences which have rendered the increased gold production of little avail in lightening the strain on the money markets now deserve attention.

The consumption of gold is a question which raises many instructive considerations. Reliable estimates place the value of the world's production of gold during 1906 at about 80,100,000*l.*, and from the summary of the coinages of the world contained in the Report of the Royal Mint for 1906 it appears that during that year gold to the value of 68,710,000*l.* was coined, thus leaving a balance of about 11,400,000*l.* uncoined. Apparently, therefore, the great bulk of the annual production is coined, but this by no means implies that there is a corresponding addition to the world's stock of gold coin in use for monetary purposes. Much of it is absorbed by the manufacturers of jewellery and the arts, and much is simply hoarded. The United States Mint Bureau estimated the world's consumption of the precious metal in 1906 for these purposes at about 24,300,000*l.*, and this estimate will be generally accepted. Of course the amount varies with the state of trade, but 18,000,000*l.* to 23,000,000*l.* is a fair estimate. The United Kingdom uses from 2,500,000*l.* to 3,500,000*l.* per annum in this way. Then there is the other great channel of consumption, the hoarding of gold by individuals, banks, and Governments. India is probably the greatest of all the hoarding countries; the tide of gold and silver has been flowing

into India for centuries. For the forty-eight years ending March 31, 1907, India imported and retained for hoarding and the arts gold to the value of 162,500,000*l.*, or at the rate of nearly 3,400,000*l.* per annum. Egypt, again, in common with all oriental countries, has always hoarded gold; but until the development of her cotton growing industry had reached its present important stage her annual absorption of the precious metal was not appreciable. Now, however, it has assumed formidable dimensions, and the Egyptian gold drain has added another anxiety to those which have hitherto attended the protection of our gold reserve. It is interesting to recall that, in acknowledging the presentation of the freedom of the City of London in October last, Lord Cromer alluded to this question, and pointed out that a great deal of the money that goes to Egypt never comes back again. During the past four years the imports of gold into Egypt amounted to 13,000,000*l.* more than the exports, or at the rate of 3,250,000*l.* per annum. As to what became of this vast quantity of coin his lordship said it was impossible to give an answer. A small quantity found its way into the interior of Africa, and a great deal was converted into jewellery; he was informed that no less than one and a half to two millions were thus disposed of in 1906. Hoarding was carried on to an extent which appeared almost incredible to Europeans, of which he gave a few instances. A short time ago an Egyptian gentleman died leaving a fortune of 80,000*l.*, the whole of which was in gold coin in his cellars. Then, again, Lord Cromer had heard of a substantial yeoman—a village sheikh, as he was called in Egypt, a class enormously increased in wealth and prosperity in recent years—who bought a property for 25,000*l.* Half an hour after the contract was signed he appeared with a train of donkeys bearing on their backs the money, which had been buried in his garden. Lord Cromer added that on the occasion of a fire in a provincial town no less than 5000*l.* was found hidden in earthen pots.

Then, again, the demonetisation of silver has thrown a heavy additional burden upon the gold stock of the world, and a large proportion of the increased output has been absorbed by the great countries which have adopted the gold standard since 1872. These include

the United States, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Argentina, and Mexico. The abnormal demands from these sources have been to some extent supplied, and there is good reason to anticipate that in future years the gold production will have a more appreciable effect on the money markets of the world than it has had in the past.

On the whole, perhaps, it is a fair estimate to assume that during the past decade not more than two-fifths of the production of gold has been available for purely monetary purposes. This point is fairly illustrated by some figures which are furnished in the last report of the United States Mint Bureau. From this report it would appear that since 1883 the world's production of gold was approximately 1,060,000,000*l.* while the additions to the stock of gold held by the principal banks and public treasuries of the world between 1893 and the end of 1907 was about 600,000,000*l.* Thus, during the period named, an approximate amount of 460,000,000*l.* was used in arts and manufactures, coined and put into circulation, or hoarded by individuals.

It is, of course, that portion of the world's stock of gold which is held by the banks with which we are mainly concerned in discussing the gold reserve; a word must therefore be said about the banks of Great Britain and the part they play in the matter.

The banking system of the United Kingdom is probably the most economical and efficient in the world, and a short account of the institutions which conduct the banking business of the country will be of interest. The principal institution, the Bank of England, is the oldest joint-stock bank in the country, and its first charter was dated July 27, 1694. Although the Bank undertakes many important duties on behalf of the State, it is in no sense a Government institution. It transacts the Government business, and has, among other privileges, the sole right of issuing notes within a radius of 65 miles around London. The powers of the Bank with regard to the issue of notes have been already fully described. The Bank receives annually from the Government the sum of 275,377*l.* interest at 2½ per cent. on the Government debt of 11,015,000*l.*, which forms part of the amount of the fiduciary issue of the Bank. The remuneration paid to

the Bank by the Government during the last financial year for its services amounted to 213,988*l.* which included 189,654*l.* paid from the Exchequer for management of the funded and unfunded debt. The payments received by the Government from the Bank amounted to 247,018*l.*, which included 186,593*l.* paid to the Exchequer in respect of the profits of note issue and 60,000*l.* paid to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue in lieu of stamp duty on the note issue. These figures of course take no account of the gain which the Bank derived from having the custody of the Government balances. The paid-up capital of the Bank is 14,553,000*l.*, and the dividends paid for the past four years have averaged 9 per cent., quite a small distribution for a joint-stock bank. The rest, or reserve fund, amounts to 3,782,287*l.*

The constitution of the Bank of England, like that of many other venerable British institutions, presents certain anomalies ; but on the whole it will be generally conceded that the Bank has in the past performed in an admirable manner the difficult and complicated duties which have fallen to its lot. There is one matter, however, with regard to which it would be a distinct public advantage if the Bank could see its way to introduce some change of policy, and that is as to the form in which the weekly statement of its position is presented. This statement could easily be made more intelligible ; and detailed information should be furnished regarding the assets held by the Banking department termed ' other securities.' Again, it is particularly desirable that the bankers' balances should be separated from the other deposits. The Bank of England is the bankers' bank. All the most important financial and commercial transactions of the country are settled by cheques and other paper promises of payment. These cheques are paid in to the Clearing-House, and the balances resulting are adjusted by transfers from the account of one banker to another at the Bank of England. The bankers' balances have been given in special returns, and, about 1877, were published in the Statistical Abstract through favour of the Bank of England ; but they have never appeared regularly in an official return. It has been pointed out that by a curious coincidence the figures of 1877 showed that four times during that year the Bank of England had no reserve beyond those

balances belonging to the London banks. During the autumn of last year a motion was made in the House of Commons for the renewed publication of the return, but it was opposed by the Treasury.

Invidious comparisons have recently been made between the position of the Bank of England and the Bank of France, and attention has been drawn to the fact that credit is much cheaper and far more uniform in value in France than it is in this country. But it must be borne in mind that the Bank of France has a comparatively simple duty to perform. She has the option of meeting her obligations in silver. Then the French people are not favourably disposed towards speculative transactions, and the investing classes of that country look to safety rather than to a high yield upon their investments. The large stock of gold which the Bank of France is able to retain is largely due to the willingness of the French people to use the notes of the Bank of France as the principal circulating medium. The notes of the Bank of France are held by the people of that country to a far larger extent than is the case with regard to our own Bank of England notes; and perhaps one of the most promising schemes for the strengthening of the gold stock of the Bank of England would be the substitution of Bank notes of a small denomination for a portion of the gold coin at present in circulation.

In addition to the Bank of England there are about ninety other joint-stock banks in the United Kingdom. These banks vary greatly in size; the scope of their business extends in some cases over very large districts, and in others it is comparatively small and local. Of the banks which conduct a metropolitan and country business, the principal are Lloyds, with 506 branches and total resources of 75,670,000*l.*, the London, City, and Midland Bank, with 494 branches and total resources of 63,541,000*l.*, and Barclay's Bank, with 452 branches and total resources of 50,373,000*l.* There are many large banks which carry on a purely provincial business, among the principal being the Bank of Liverpool, with 127 branches and total resources of 17,681,000*l.*, the Manchester and County Bank, with 100 branches and total resources of 12,591,000*l.*, and the York City and County Bank, with 178 branches and resources of 12,664,000*l.*

According to the figures contained in the banking supplement to the 'Economist' of October 1907, the total liabilities of all the banks of the United Kingdom, including the Bank of England, but excluding the Savings banks, may be estimated at about 1,091,600,000*l.*, of which the paid-up capital represented 79,717,000*l.*, and deposit and current accounts 874,500,000*l.* The manner in which this vast total is invested or employed is shown in the following table:—

	£
Cash in hand and money at call and short notice	242,792,000
British Government securities, where stated	115,632,000
Bonds, stocks, and other investments	98,110,000
Discounts (where stated separately)	76,922,000
Advances, loans, and other securities	513,330,000
Buildings and sundries	44,814,000
Total	1,091,600,000

The totals include the figures of the Bank of England, and there will, of course, be a considerable amount of money counted twice over.

The banking business of the United Kingdom is extremely profitable. All the banks do not publish profit and loss statements, but the amount of net profit earned during 1906 by fifty-six banks which do publish such statements was 8,418,644*l.*, or 719,171*l.* more than was earned for 1905. The profits for 1907 cannot fail to show a further large increase. The net profit of the fifty-six banks referred to was appropriated in the following manner. Dividends 6,962,233*l.*; amounts carried to reserve funds, etc., 1,455,412*l.*

The amount distributed in dividends by the English banks included in this statement worked out at about 15·3 per cent. on the share capital. By a policy of prudent and self-denying finance the banks of the United Kingdom have built up reserve funds which amount to the aggregate sum of 52,723,953*l.*, including undivided profit. These reserve funds really form part of the working capital of the banks, and perhaps it would be more accurate, in calculating the dividends paid by the above banks, to include their reserve funds; if this method be adopted the dividends paid work out at about 8·9 per cent.

This banking system has rendered incalculable assist-

ance to the development of British commerce. Its cheapness and efficiency is no doubt largely due to the perfection of its organisation and to the marvellous economy which it has attained in the use of gold; but it may be very seriously questioned whether the tendency to maintain a gold standard without a gold currency has not had the effect of allowing our stock of gold to remain at a figure which it is not unreasonable to regard as unsafe. It can hardly be maintained that a metallic banking reserve of 50,000,000*l.* is sufficient for the requirements of our domestic and foreign trades, and for the financing of the huge and complex monetary transactions which are daily conducted through London, and yet this is a favourable estimate of the amount of gold coin and bullion held by the banks of the United Kingdom, including the Bank of England.

The chief function of the banks is to circulate capital and to make credit uniform and cheap. It should be borne in mind that the financial stringency which results from overtrading in credit, or from a failure to maintain a sufficient metallic reserve, falls almost entirely upon the mercantile community, apart from the banks. The net profits of the banks of the United Kingdom for 1907 were higher than for many years past; and they were sufficiently large to enable most of these institutions to maintain their dividends and to provide to some extent for the depreciation which they suffered through the fall in the value of their securities.

It is the manifest duty of those who have the custody of the deposits of the people to maintain a sufficient reserve of gold to enable them to meet their engagements without violently disturbing the trade of the country. An adequate gold reserve is not a luxury; it is as vital as any other form of insurance; and if it be found that in order to retain 20,000,000*l.* or 30,000,000*l.* more gold in hand the banks must keep a larger proportion of their deposits idle, the cost should not be grudged any more than is the payment of fire or life insurance premiums. The case for the permanent enlargement of the gold reserves of the United Kingdom is, in fact, irresistible. Although a considerable and influential minority of bankers do not admit the need to be so urgent as to justify exceptional or legislative action, the universal

verdict of those not immediately connected with banking business is unquestionably in favour of the maintenance of larger gold reserves. In some quarters, however, there is a tendency to draw a distinction between what is termed a 'national reserve,' that is, a reserve available for the purposes of international exchange, and a banking reserve, that is, a reserve to be held by bankers against their own liabilities to their depositors. And the joint-stock banks naturally contend that the burden of maintaining the large store of gold which would constitute the national reserve should be shared by the State. But there is no more reason to call upon the State to maintain a large gold reserve in order to make credit cheap and uniform than there is to call upon it to provide a cheap and adequate supply of any other commodity. There are, however, certain circumstances which render it difficult to dissociate the State from all responsibility in connexion with the question of gold reserves. In the first place the State must maintain the convertibility of the note circulation of the Bank of England. The position of the fiduciary issue cannot be regarded as altogether satisfactory. Notes have been issued to the extent of 18,450,000*l.*, for which no gold is held by the Bank. There is in ordinary times no likelihood that all the notes issued by the Bank will be presented simultaneously to be exchanged for gold; but still it cannot be questioned that this fiduciary issue constitutes one of the weakest spots in our currency system. The State's share of the profits derived from the uncovered note circulation amounts to about 190,000*l.* per annum, and the legitimacy of the State's policy of treating this as profit may be seriously questioned. ✓

Sir Robert Giffen has recently directed attention to another important matter in connexion with which the State is closely concerned, as to the maintenance of larger gold reserves. This country has no war chest such as is possessed by certain of the other great Powers. Sir Robert Giffen fears that, in the unfortunate contingency of a great European war in which this country might happen to be directly involved, there would be a breakdown of the entire credit system, and this would be followed by unprecedented calamities and dangers. It would, however, hardly be a reasonable policy for the

bankers of this country to conduct their business in times of peace on a war basis; and Sir Robert Giffen realises that no preparation which could be made would be adequate to prevent the indescribable financial disturbance which would follow the outbreak of a great war. At the same time, as he rightly points out, it is the duty of the State to take such measures as are practicable to provide that in such a contingency the financial disturbance shall be as small as possible; and for this reason he claims that the State should take a share of the burden of keeping larger reserves of gold at the Bank of England. He makes the ingenious suggestion that the State should apply the profits which it derives from the uncovered note circulation to this purpose, and this suggestion is an equitable and a practicable one.

Then there is a clear obligation laid upon the Government with regard to the provision of adequate cash reserves in connexion with the Post Office Savings Banks which it shows no great anxiety to fulfil. In reply to certain questions recently addressed to him, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has stated that the total amount due to depositors in the Post Office Savings Banks at the end of 1907 was estimated at 157,518,000*l.* The amount of consols held on account of the fund at December 31, 1907, was 59,072,319*l.* The cost price on balance of this stock works out at 103*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.* per cent. The deficiency in the income account of the fund for the year ended December 31, 1907, was estimated to amount to 88,190*l.*

The total amount due to depositors in the Trustee Savings Banks at the same date was estimated at something over 52,000,000*l.* The amount of consols held on account of the Trustee Savings Banks fund at December 20, 1907, was 17,347,487*l.* The cost price on balance of this stock works out at 94*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* The deficiency in the income account of the fund for the year ended November 20, amounted to 7328*l.*

On the whole the State has little reason to congratulate itself upon the position of its own banking business. It will be observed that, at the present market price of consols (88 per cent.), there is a serious deficiency on capital account in respect of this investment alone; and no doubt a further large deficiency would be revealed if the relative figures were furnished with regard to the

other investments of the savings banks. Until the year 1904 it was the practice to make an annual valuation of the assets of the savings banks funds on the basis of the current market price of securities. When the assets, according to this valuation, were less than the liabilities, the amount of the deficiency was included among the contingent or indirect liabilities of the State, and shown in the annual return of the national debt. On the recommendation of the Select Committee on the savings banks funds a change of law was made and the Savings Bank Act, 1904, directed the discontinuance of that method of valuation. This is a somewhat unsatisfactory position; and it would be a rather anomalous proceeding for the Government to bring pressure to bear upon the banking companies of the United Kingdom to disclose their daily transactions and position, while at the same time withholding even an annual statement of the position of the savings banks. Those who allow the savings banks to hold practically no reserve gold are in a weak position for preaching to others. Of course the conditions appertaining to Post Office Savings-bank business are quite different from those relating to commercial banking; these banks have behind them the credit of the United Kingdom; at the same time this does not imply that the possession of a cash reserve is unnecessary, and there is a strong case for the application of more businesslike methods in the conduct of the affairs of savings banks. The position of the Trustee Savings Banks is different again, because their depositors have not the assurance of a national guarantee.

But on the whole there is very good ground for the contention that the bulk of the cost of maintaining the additional gold reserves necessary should fall, in the first instance, upon the joint-stock banks. They are the custodians of the loanable capital of the country, and they derive their not inconsiderable profits from the re-lending of these deposits. It may therefore fairly be claimed that they should keep in hand, in gold, such a proportion of their deposits as will place them in a sufficiently strong position to obviate the necessity of their having to sacrifice the interests of their clients by cutting off credit or making it very costly in the sudden effort to obtain gold. Moreover, it may be safely assumed that in the long run the

banks will be able to adjust their charges in such a manner that the depositors and the borrowers of the banks will bear their fair share of the burden.

The simplest and most practicable method by which the banking business of the country can be placed upon a satisfactory footing is (1) for the joint-stock banks to increase their deposits with the Bank of England, and (2) for the joint-stock banks to increase the stock of gold in their own vaults. The Bank of England holds what may be termed the national reserve, and if that reserve could be permanently and appreciably augmented it is not unreasonable to assume that the likelihood of credit becoming suddenly extremely costly would be to a large extent removed. The stock of gold held in the vaults of the joint-stock banks is slowly increasing, but it cannot be said that it bears a satisfactory ratio to the deposits. These banks cannot be expected permanently to increase their deposits with the Bank of England unless they have some reasonable assurance that the increased deposits will be retained by the Bank of England and not used in competition with them.

It is almost impossible to lay down any rules as to what proportion of their deposits the banks should retain in cash. The proportion which might be safe for certain banks under certain conditions might be quite unsafe for other banks under other conditions. The banks vary much in the relative amounts of current and deposit money they hold. With some institutions the proportion of current accounts to deposit accounts is perhaps three or four to one, and in others the proportions are nearly equal. It is obvious that a percentage which constitutes a satisfactory cash reserve for a bank holding most of its liabilities on active current account would be an excessive proportion in the case of a bank the bulk of whose liabilities consisted of deposit money. The London banks are daily engaged in foreign monetary transactions which involve a liability to sudden demands for gold on a very large scale, and consequently it will be found that the London banks keep in hand a much larger proportion of cash or Government securities than the country banks. Moreover, if a minimum percentage of cash to be held was fixed by statute, that minimum could not be reduced in times of great monetary stringency, and we

should simply reproduce some of the defects which have lately been revealed in the constitution of the national banks of America. The proportion of gold to be held must be left to the individual banks and to the pressure of public opinion. Any attempt to fix the ratio by statute cannot be too strongly deprecated. There are, fortunately, other and less objectionable influences by means of which the banking reserves can be sufficiently strengthened.

Of the many schemes submitted during the past three years for increasing the stock of gold, the two most practicable and effective suggestions are (1) that the banks should be compelled, by statute if necessary, to publish monthly statements showing the average deposits and cash reserves, etc., and (2) that the banks should arrive at a general agreement amongst themselves that any future additions to their shareholders' reserve funds should be made in the form of gold coin or bullion.*

With regard to the first suggestion, namely, that the banks should be required to publish each month a statement showing the average amount of cash deposits, etc., the opinion is widely held that this course would result in a large addition being made to the stock of gold held by the banks, and it would have the further great advantage that it would render the so-called 'window-dressing' impossible. The existing arrangement with regard to the publication of balance-sheets by the banks of the United Kingdom is unsatisfactory. Sixteen years ago twelve of the leading London banks decided to publish monthly statements of their position on a certain day, and one bank, the London and County, has recently decided to give the daily average of its holding of cash. All the banks publish annual or half-yearly statements of their position on a certain day, usually the end of December or the end of June. The pressure for money that exists at these periods of the year is largely attributable to the calling in of cash for the purpose of making the figures, as to the cash resources, as favourable to the banks as possible. If the banks were obliged to furnish statements based on weekly averages this practice, which

* This proposal was first made in the 'Economist.'

is wholly unworthy of the tradition of English banking, would be rendered impracticable.

It cannot be questioned that many bankers of experience, both in London and the provinces, are quite opposed to the publication of their daily averages upon the ground that it would not produce the advantages to the public which its proposers claim, but that, on the contrary, it would prove a public misfortune. It is asserted that the publication of these figures has induced the banks named to curtail the employment of their floating and loose balances, and to show at the end of the month a larger reserve of cash than they formerly held (this is not borne out by the average figures published by the London and County Bank). This increase of reserves, it is further maintained, is not made available even to the bankers themselves by the very fact of publication, because the average figures must be upheld even if pressure comes. There is a good deal of truth in this argument, but the advantages of publication seem decidedly to outweigh the disadvantages.

In any case, the desirability of a more general and more adequate statement of the daily transactions of our banks cannot be questioned. Why, it may be asked, do the banks publish a statement of their position at all? It is because they feel the necessity of furnishing the public with an exact statement of their business. But if the process which is termed 'window dressing' is practised to any appreciable extent—and the financial stringency which is always experienced about the time when the banks are preparing their figures for publication rather confirms the view that it is widely practised—it cannot be claimed that the annual and half-yearly balance-sheets now submitted are correct statements of the business carried on by the banks. The very fact that there is such a strong feeling of opposition to the publication of monthly statements based on the daily averages is the most convincing evidence which could be adduced as to the accuracy of the charges of 'window dressing.'

Uniformity in the method of drawing up statements or balance-sheets is also a pressing necessity. It should be clearly understood that 'cash' means gold and Bank of England notes. The greatest differences are noticeable in the form in which balance-sheets are prepared.

The item 'cash at call and at short notice' is subject to remarkable variations. Some banks enter securities such as consols under these heads. The amounts held with the Bank of England and the notes and specie in hand should be stated separately, and it is also desirable that the amounts held on deposit and current accounts should be entered separately.

It may be hoped that the banks will have the good sense to act on their own initiative in the matter of furnishing monthly statements, and that they will not wait for pressure from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is obviously a matter which cannot be undertaken without fair notice. Estimates have been made that if all the banks were to retain a stock of gold bearing the same ratio to their deposits as do those of the twelve London banks which publish monthly statements, it would mean the withdrawal of perhaps 30,000,000*l.* to 40,000,000*l.* from active occupation in commercial and financial transactions. For reasons already indicated, it is not practicable to suggest what ratio of cash the banks should hold, but it is easy to understand the extreme delicacy and difficulty of this question from the bankers' point of view.

The second immediately practicable method by which it may fairly be hoped that the banks' reserves of gold could be substantially strengthened is that all the banks should in future make additions to their so-called reserve funds and their depreciation funds, etc., in the form of gold, that is to say, that they should purchase for these funds gold instead of securities.

It has been pointed out in an earlier portion of this paper that during 1906 the joint-stock banks added the aggregate sum of about 1,130,000*l.* to their various reserve and depreciation funds, and the annual average sum so appropriated out of profits for the past five years works out at well over 1,000,000*l.* It will be seen, therefore, that in quite a reasonable time it would be possible for the banks in this way to accumulate substantial additions to their gold stocks, and indeed some of the banks have already adopted this plan on a small scale.

Of course such an arrangement has its drawbacks. The reserve funds of the banks have hitherto been generally treated as part of their working capital, and if future

additions to these funds are simply to take the form of bullion which is to be put away in the vaults of the banks concerned until a severe monetary crisis occurs, it is evident that there will not be that expansion in the amount of loanable capital which has obtained in past years. Again, from the banking companies' point of view, there is the important disadvantage that the portion of their shareholders' reserves invested in gold will not bring in any interest. The experience of past years points to the conclusion, however, that this will not involve any great hardship, for if all the additions made to the reserve funds of the various banks during the past decade had been invested in the purchase of gold instead of securities, the banks would not have had to provide such large sums for depreciation as they have lately had to find. In the case of one of our leading joint-stock banks, the chairman recently announced that they had written down their investments by 1,200,000*l.* since 1899, a sum which represents nearly 4 per cent. per annum on the amount of their reserve funds during that period.

Higher gold reserves cannot be obtained without some sacrifices being made ; and, on the whole, there is reason to believe that the mercantile community would derive greater advantages from the assurance of a moderate supply of credit at rates which are not likely to fluctuate violently or suddenly than they obtain under the present system, which involves the possibility of credit becoming suddenly very costly. The business of the country is conducted so largely upon borrowed money and upon such a narrow margin of profit that uniformity in the cost of credit is almost as vital to the commercial community as the volume of the supply.

EDGAR CRAMMOND.

14.

Art. XIII.—THE HEROIC IDEAL OF THE FRENCH EPIC.

1. *Histoire poétique de Charlemagne.* By Gaston Paris. First edition. Paris: Franck, 1865.
2. *Les Épopées françaises.* By Léon Gautier. Seconde édition. Four vols. Paris: Société Catholique, 1878–1894.
3. *Le Origini dell' Epopea francese.* By Pio Rajna. Firenze: Sansoni, 1884.
4. *Histoire poétique des Mérovingiens.* By Godefroi Kurth. Paris, 1893.
5. *Epic and Romance.* By W. P. Ker. London: Macmillan, 1895.

THE books whose titles stand above may be said to represent the most important work that has been done on the medieval French epic. A complete bibliography of the subject would contain many hundred titles of books and of special articles by French, German, and Italian scholars who have devoted themselves to the subject since 1820. These scholars, however, have been occupied with the question of origins, and with the critical analysis of the texts and variants, rather than with the literary and social interest of these old poems dealing with 'reges et proelia.' Even in France, where acquaintance with medieval literature is still an affair of the savants, Léon Gautier and Gaston Paris alone have felt any concern to interpret the noble epic message of their ancestors for Frenchmen of to-day.

If this ignorance of the French national epic may properly be made a reproach to France, it is needless to say that to even the cultured man in England and America the old French poems are practically unknown. There are reasons for this. To read the language of these poems requires, of course, a special training; further, many of the texts are rare and accessible only in large libraries; and finally, the Breton romances of adventure, in their Old French form, have absorbed all the attention which our literary men have devoted to medieval French literature. We are not complaining that it should be the case; but the fact remains that in popularity Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table have definitely triumphed

over Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers. With the exception of the 'Song of Roland,' the poems themselves have not been translated, nor has their message been interpreted to the modern world. To all but the scholar an enormous collection of documents bearing upon the evolution of modern ideals has thus remained sealed.

It is time, then, for a statement of the value of the French epic. One might have hoped to find such a statement developed in Professor W. P. Ker's admirable volume of studies entitled 'Epic and Romance.' One might wish that in a study begun upon such broad lines the author had not devoted so much space to the *sagas*—which, as he concludes, 'have had no influence'—at the expense of the *chansons de geste*, which 'belong to the history of those great schools of literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries from which all modern imaginations in prose and rhyme are descended.' But though the *chansons de geste* were contemporary with the twelfth century school of romantic poetry in France, they have no logical connexion with it, nor have they had any share in the popularity accorded to medieval romantic poetry by the nineteenth century. The fact is that the value of the so-called French epic is rather historical than literary. Hence, while modern critics have rightly searched the contemporary romances of adventure for the origins of the modern novel, the historical epic poems have been comparatively neglected. On the other hand, the historian of the period in question delves among the Latin charters and chronicles of the time rather than in the popular literature in the vulgar tongue. Upon the whole, the French epic may be said to have fallen between two stools; it has been neglected by the historians of society even more than by the historians of literature. Its message has not been sought for nor discovered. In common with other remains of medieval literature in the vulgar tongues, the French epic has been staked out as the private domain of the philologists.

In these days of ancestral research it is fitting to pay our tardy respects to our French ancestors, and to see what messages of enduring import they have left to us from the days of feudal struggle and strife. Can we, by searching, find some modern note in these old poems which will bring us and them into sympathetic touch?

Some three or four score French epic poems have been preserved in a complete form, to which must be added a score or two of fragmentary or mutilated poems which have not yet been published. The complete poems embrace from two thousand to ten thousand verses, of ten or twelve syllables each, arranged in assonance. As their name implies, they are songs of deeds—*chansons de geste*. They pretend to be historical accounts of national and feudal events which happened during the reigns of Charlemagne and of his immediate successors. Following Gaston Paris, we may sufficiently characterise their historical reliability by calling them 'poetical history.' As a matter of fact, we have no specimens of the primitive French epic, founded as it must have been upon heroic ballads sung by the contemporaries of the Carolingian monarchs. The 'Song of Roland,' dating from the eleventh century, is universally held to be the earliest and worthiest example extant of what the French national epic must have sometime been. Even the 'Roland' is visibly modernised to suit the naïve taste of the eleventh century. Composed during a period which, of all others before the Renaissance, was pregnant with political, social, and literary changes, it is not strange that the later poems of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries should reflect in some degree the momentous evolution of the times. For to say that there is no difference in spirit between a version of the eleventh and a version of the thirteenth century would be untrue. Yet the French epic was a conservative *genre*, and always remained faithful to the traditional material. It was corrupted, but never assimilated, by the more frivolous *matière de Bretagne*—the poetic tissue of that seductive young Celtic muse who so quickly captivated the new chivalry of France. The popular poets, these anonymous *trouvères*, who cast the poems in their present shape, have in reality left us a picture of the humanity and the ideals of the eleventh and early twelfth centuries. They never weary of proclaiming that their stories are true, reproaching certain of their contemporaries who delight in romances of adventure which are fantastic and false. Their claim of veracity is justified by their works, but not in the sense they intended. They affected to believe that they were telling the truth about Charlemagne and

his great vassals whom they had not seen; in reality, they have left us, all unconsciously, the true reflection of the spirit of their own times which they had seen.

Nowhere, then, better than in the *chansons de geste* can we find a vast body of material wherein to study the medieval standards and ideals of what Montaigne has called the 'average man.' Our hero is the average man of the earlier crusades, a contemporary of those Normans who were carrying into England the best features of European civilisation.

When a student of the French epic considers what is most worth saying concerning the vast quantity of material to which reference has been made, he must reject several methods of treatment. Our subject must be carefully defined. We want to get at the *spirit* of these poems. We must, then, leave out of consideration their literary value, the question of their authorship, their philological value, and their historical accuracy as chronicles of the events which they pretend to narrate. So much, at the outset, is beside our present purpose. The material is thus greatly circumscribed. Even so, sufficient documentary proof remains to establish our ethical connexion with our Norman ancestors in the twelfth century, the moment when medieval civilisation reached its highest point. Our purpose is to show that the *chansons de geste* of seven centuries ago give expression to the ethical standards of conduct under which we live to-day; that the Frenchman of the early twelfth century, more nearly than any other epic character, foreshadows in his fundamental traits the Christian gentleman of our own day.

In the first place, the characters in the *chansons de geste* are all human beings, men and women of flesh and blood like ourselves, tried by the same temptations, and victorious over sin through the same faith. From the standpoint of human interest this fact is of vast importance. In the French epic there are no gods, no spirits, no fairies, no monsters, no unhuman *dramatis personæ* of any kind. This means that, unlike the Homeric poems, the French epic presents no complicated aristocracy of immortals who take sides and hasten to the aid of their human favourites with unsportsmanlike participation in the fray. Surely the god of Charlemagne could have stepped in and saved Roland at Roncesvalles and Vivien

at Aliscans against the pagan hosts of Mahom. But there is no *deus ex machina* here. Events take their course. First treachery, then carelessness and foolhardiness have their inevitable consequences. Roland is overwhelmed and dies gloriously—the great tragic death of medieval literature. So it is everywhere; the marvellous is practically eliminated. We do not recollect any case where deserved punishment is averted by divine interference. To be sure God is always felt to be on the side of Charlemagne and the French in the great religious strife with the Saracens; but, in the long run, defeat comes to the Christians quite as often as victory. The path to success is littered with failures in the epic as in man's daily experience. There is no monopoly of success, no subsidised divine aid which guarantees against the wages of sin and folly.

The essential humanity of the characters in the *chansons de geste* further differentiates all these poems from the contemporary romances of the Breton cycle and from the later Italian court epic. In the Italian court epic we are at once transported to a fairyland where anything is possible. An air of enchantment hangs over all the contestants. Personally, we have never been able to feel that it was quite fair. A hero who can disappear through the air when the fight becomes too hot, or who can anoint himself with some health-giving salve, is like the man with bullet-proof armour in modern warfare. He is interesting for a moment as a novelty, but one soon feels that he is not playing fair. The French epic hero has to stay on the ground and trust to his own good sword and horse. If his opponent is too much for him there is no fairy at his beck and call, no spiritualistic disappearance possible; he must commend his soul to God and die.

There is also a radical difference between the epic poems and the contemporary romances of adventure: the epic not only puts into play real men, but it shows them engaged in real work. They have not the leisure to search for such an illusive treasure as the Holy Grail, or to serve as professional agents for the suppression of cruelty and vice. They are far too busy to go on spiritual quests, to fight at tournaments, or to scour the lands and seas in search of adventure. The French

epic poems present a society at war, primarily against the Saracens, and secondarily, in the intervals of repose from this congenial task, at war against itself. One gets the impression from the *romans d'aventure* that, despite Arthur's vigilance, there was in certain quarters a good deal of leisure of a very unedifying sort. Happily the characters in the heroic poetry are kept busy, and thus avoid the effeminacy and corruption that one feels at times in the Knights of the Round Table. While the romances of adventure depict the age of chivalry in artificial and seductive colours, these poems are nevertheless effete, the conventional response to the literary taste of a refined aristocracy. We claim for our rugged epic poems a truth and vigour which leave them many faults, but which give them that earnestness and moral virility which cannot be taken from them. The life of these feudal heroes, so much nearer to the heart of the race than the irresponsible wanderings of the romantic *chevaliers*, appeals to us the more because it was a life of necessary action. Society is depicted in the epic poems as it was, not as it would like to be.

Something has been said of the humanity of the characters in the *chansons de geste* and of the human interest which is aroused by their activities. They are not supernatural heroes. Indeed, they are not, with rare exceptions, heroes at all. They are heroes, as are those of our own day, simply because they are men and have high ideals. We come now to the really essential trait which puts the French epic into a class by itself as a national epic: it is a *Christian* epic. These heroes of whom we have been speaking were all Christians, fighting in most cases for a purely religious cause and living under the dictates of an advanced system of Christian ethics. This fact at once distinguishes our poems not only from the Homeric poems, but from all those popular epics which are of pagan origin and inspiration. The medieval Christianity behind the French epic entails, to be sure, an absence of mythological personages, a lack of exotic flavour, of unhampered imagination, of mysterious charm, of literary finish and artistic perfection. All this is granted. But with the simple, rudely sketched medieval Christians of the French epic we recognise our relationship as with no other characters in all epic literature. They

lived under the same religious and ethical system as ourselves. They were neither gods nor saints, but average men with high ideals.

After comparing other forms of medieval French literature, one may affirm that the religion shadowed forth in the *chansons de geste* is the religion of the average crusader. A great quantity of the literature which has survived from the feudal age in the vulgar tongue is avowedly and, as it were, professionally religious; there are, for instance, the mysteries, the miracles, and the saints' lives. These are all didactic *genres*, written in most cases by clerks who held up an ideal of worldly self-sacrifice and asceticism which rarely could have been aimed at or attained by the average man. The *chansons de geste*, on the other hand, show us simply the sturdy faith of the Christian warrior, and narrate the works accomplished by that faith. It is our purpose to point out the salient features in the code of a medieval French warrior. We shall show the average warrior as he was before the refined subtleties of Provençal and chivalric poets had changed him into a knight engaged solely in woman service.

The foremost and most constant element of the hero's character is his *trust in God*. This trust is unwavering; it is availing under all circumstances; it invites to bold undertakings, and it comforts in adversity. A few quotations from the poems themselves will serve to show that the heroes had a working faith. When Aymeri offers to guard his city of Narbonne for Charles, the Emperor reminds him that he is poor and will need money. But Aymeri replies with a practical trust:

'Is not God above in His Heaven, who is powerful for ever without end? I believe in Him unfeignedly that He will aid me, and that right early.' ('Aymeri de Narbonne,' 762-765.)

When the hero, Gaydon, is about to engage in single battle with the traitor Thiebaut, Riol comforts Gaydon with this assurance:

'I know of a truth that you will defeat Thiebaut because God and the right will be on your side.' ('Gaydon,' p. 28.)

Again, when Guibert is restored to his baptised Saracen bride, Agaiete, she betrays her natural anxiety for their

future. But Guibert comforts his solicitous spouse with the confident words :

'Lady, that is in God's hands.' ('Prise de Cordres,' 2529.)

More mystic is the faith of the thoroughly religious Naimon who, when hard pressed by the Saracens, assures his men :

'In Paradise the Lord God awaits us. I hear the angels, who are round about us and waiting for our souls.' ('Aquin,' 1578-1575.)

So at Roncesvalles, at the moment of the supreme struggle, the fighting Bishop Turpin blesses his men and tells them :

'If you die you will be holy martyrs and will have places in Paradise.' ('Roland,' 1184, 1185.)

Thus, everywhere faith in the God of battles urges on the Christian warrior to do his best and die in the struggle. Yet there is no divine interposition, no infraction of natural laws. Without exception the French leaders are men of prayer. They pray, not in expectation of a miracle, but to voice the 'soul's sincere desire.' Not only in times of sorrow and heaviness, but in the flush and excitement of personal combat, the hero takes time to pray and to partake of Communion. These prayers and ceremonies of Communion are recorded with touching simplicity. They show how bound up was the hero's faith in a God who compassed him about and who was a very present help. To strive for this God, to fight in the defence of His righteous cause against the infidels, is the primary motive of the action in the majority of the *chansons de geste* which have been preserved. The French epic shows mankind believing in a personal God of infinite power, whose aid may be invoked in any righteous cause. For such a God the average warrior would cheerfully lay down his life. No other faith can account for such an unparalleled enterprise as the Crusades.

Next to his unwavering faith, the most notable trait of the feudal hero, as depicted in our poems, is his *loyalty*. This essentially feudal characteristic is the basis of dealings between men. Under the feudal régime loyalty was hardly a virtue ; to keep faith was a

necessity. The moment that faith was broken between lord and vassal the chain of social and political relationship was interrupted. It was as if credit should cease in modern business methods. But it is of something more than an unsentimental conformity with a social *modus vivendi* that we are thinking. It is of a type of loyalty which was profoundly sentimental, and which was far too noble to be practised for revenue only. Indeed there is no more frequently recurring verse than this: 'A man finds out his friend in time of need.' The commonest form of loyalty was, of course, that shown by the warrior to his king or overlord. The 'Roland' is full of such expressions of unflinching loyalty. Just before the battle Roland says to Oliver:

'It is right for us to be here for our King's sake. For his lord a man ought to suffer distress, and endure great heat and cold, and, if need be, lose his skin and his hair.' ('Roland,' 1009-1012.)

The translation is literal, and the last detail leaves little doubt of the completeness of the self-sacrifice. Turpin more briefly states the same creed:

'My lords, Charles has left us here. For our King's sake we must die like men.' ('Roland,' 1127-1129.)

Upon another occasion Fierabras refuses to avoid danger with the assertion:

'He who forsakes his lord has no right to open his mouth. Because I see the French turning in flight, if I should do the same where then could any trust be placed? It is in times of stress that one can test his friend.' ('Fierabras,' pp. 7, 8.)

The whole code of personal loyalty between vassal and lord is most beautifully imaged forth by that grand old hero Guillaume d'Orange:

'Cursed be the tree planted in the vineyard which gives in summer no shade to its master.' ('Les Enfances Vivien,' 335, 336.)

The kind of loyalty which has just been described was probably the most natural expression of the trait to the medieval Frenchman because it was the key-stone of the system under which he lived. Treachery was the unpar-

donable sin of feudalism, to be wiped out only by death. But alongside of this political loyalty stood another, still more admirable and more modern in tone. It was loyalty between sworn friends—*compagnons* as they were called in the language of the period. This comradeship was a voluntary relation, into which two men entered. Such relationship is not without precedent in classic literature; but here we find it hallowed by the bonds of Christian brotherhood. Roland and Oliver are, of course, the names which will occur to every one in this connexion. But there are other examples of this voluntary and utterly uncalled-for fraternity. We intentionally choose the most extraordinary instance of this brotherly love between friends with which we are familiar. In the poem of 'Amis et Amiles' Amile discovers that only by a bath in the blood of his own two sons can his friend Ami be cured of the dire disease with which he is smitten. He instinctively recoils from resorting to such a remedy. It is the heart-breaking sacrifice of a father's love to the duty of friendship. Amile consents, in these words of unwavering steadfastness, to perform his duty toward his friend :

'In order that you may gain your health I would do anything, I say it without reserve. For it is in time of need that one can test who is his friend and who it is that really loves him.' ('Amis et Amiles,' 2854-2857.)

It is a pleasure to find the editor of the poem in accord with our conviction that 'the moral of the story is that loyalty between friends, even to the sacrifice of one's own life, is well pleasing to God.' Note that there is no asceticism or romance in this sacrifice. Saints and martyrs are common enough in medieval literature who are willing to lose their own life here below in order to find again their own life in a better world; and knights a-plenty there are of those of the Round Table who will risk their life for a lorn lady in distress or for the more futile bauble of victory in a tourney. But here we are dealing with an average father, who surrenders his own sons to heal a friend. No further insistence upon the medieval conception of heroism is necessary. It begins to appear that the medieval Frenchman not only knew what was an availing faith in God; he had also a very

clear conception of a fundamental relationship in modern society—'friendship, the master-passion.'

No more incumbent upon the hero is it to possess faith and practise loyalty than to preserve his own fair name untarnished. Here we touch upon the great medieval sentiment of personal honour. It is not a peculiarly Christian sentiment, nor is it exclusively manifested in French literature. It was common to European chivalry, and has been handed down to us in its essential traits as a precious heritage from our medieval ancestors. A study of medieval literature leads us to suppose that 'honour' was writ large as the first article in the medieval code of ethics. It was the first sentiment to be instilled in the heart of the young warrior by the society which surrounded him. All his later education and experiences only deepened the conviction that all could pardonably be lost save honour. When we remember that to many men of our own day honour is their only religion, it is worth while to enquire the value which the Middle Age put upon a sentiment which was destined to play such a part in safeguarding modern institutions. We may find that there was a little too much conceit, a little too much pride in this jealousy of honour; but we must admit that the influence was thoroughly wholesome in a time of great license, and that the medieval cult of honour made possible the modern gentleman.

To guard one's honour evidently meant originally to keep one's reputation unspotted from the charge of cowardice. To be brave was the prime virtue in an age when fighting was a business. To be pointed at as a coward was the greatest humiliation man could receive. Better die a thousand times than survive to be ridiculed in mocking verse as a coward. That this solicitude for reputation was a potent incentive to physical and moral courage will be made evident by the following passages. Roland, speaking with Oliver just before the battle, reminds him :

'Now let each see to it that he deal valiant blows, so that no mocking song may be sung about him. The Pagans are in the wrong and the Christians are in the right. A bad example shall never be given by me.' ('Roland,' 1018-1016.)

When urged to sound his horn, the same Roland refuses:

'God grant that my family may never be ashamed for me, and that fair France may never fall into opprobrium.' ('Roland,' 1062-1064.)

Still more vigorous is the declaration of one who rises from a bed of sickness to fight:

'I should rather eat my precious steed than that any evil counsel should proceed from my mouth.' ('Garin le Loherain,' i, 279.)

We may note, finally, the defiance hurled back from the walls by a proud vassal who has been summoned to surrender his castle:

'In vain you address me. For if I had one foot in Paradise and the other in my castle of Naisil, I would draw back the foot from Paradise and fix it in the castle of Naisil.' ('Garin de Loherain,' i, 232.)

There was and there is nothing more appealing than bravery. Doubtless it has always been a quality which found favour in men's eyes. In our day we place moral courage above physical bravery because we are seldom called upon to defend our position by force of arms. The great victories nowadays are the moral victories. But in the Middle Age the common method of maintaining one's rights, whether moral or physical, was an appeal to arms. Hence physical bravery was a necessity. In that society a fight was the recognised sequel to an infringement of right. The next best thing to winning was to die bravely. Arbitration had no place. Consequently vengeance and retribution followed close upon insult and injury. Frightful cruelty followed as the instrument of vengeance, as always in more primitive societies, showing us that the charity which 'suffereth long and is kind' was an unknown virtue to the average man. Love to all men will perhaps be the last lesson in the Christian code to be learned by poor humanity.

We have now a sufficient outline of the character of a medieval French warrior. We have seen that he had a practical faith, that he was loyal to his friends, and that he was a jealous guardian of his personal and family honour. The traits we have noticed do very well for a

fighting man, fighting in the defence of a just cause. But perhaps it will seem that the portrait is incomplete. Was there nothing but fighting in the life of an average man? We should like to know what our hero would do under other circumstances. Without indulging in a lengthy exposition it is possible to fill in some of the missing details by reference to the later *chansons de geste*. Here, as has been said before, we shall find that our hero has been somewhat affected by the growing popularity in literature of knight-errantry and woman service. He is more elegant, refined, and self-conscious. But his business is still the same as of old—fighting the enemies of his God and all traitors. Herein lies the ineffaceable distinction between the epic hero and the adventurous chevalier: the former fought because he had to do so, and because it was his business; the latter fought occasionally, for pleasure, because no gentleman's reputation was good otherwise. The chevalier was a dilettante, fighting at tournaments for prizes; the epic hero fought to defend his country, his family, or his God. However, we shall see now how the later poems reflect the refinement that passed into feudal society in the twelfth century.

Upon the departure of a young warrior from his father's house it was customary for his parents to give him some sage directions for his guidance in the larger world into which he was about to enter. These pieces of advice were called *chastiements* or *enseignements*, and contain the details we need to complete our conception of the social code of a gentleman. The instructions given to Laertes by Polonius in 'Hamlet,' i, iii, are a medieval survival, and offer an interesting parallel with the following *enseignements*. In a late poem the mother of Huon de Bordeaux dismisses him and his brother with this counsel:

'My boys, you are going to court. I beg that you will give no heed to wicked flatterers. Make friends with the best men. Remember to go to church and to show reverence and honour for the clergy. Give gladly to the poor. Be courteous and generous. So shall you be loved and held the more dear.' ('Huon de Bordeaux,' p. 18.)

More detailed is this extract from the advice given to young Aiol by his father:

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'My son, don't play chess or checkers. . . . Don't make love to another man's wife, for that is a sin displeasing to God; if she loves you, let her alone. And take good care not to get drunk, for know well that drunkenness is vile. If you see an honest man, serve him, and get up if you are sitting down. Honour all men, the small as well as the great. See to it that you mock no poor man, for in doing so you would lose rather than gain.' ('Aiol,' p. 165 f.)

Continuing, the father bids his son avoid traitors, to eat plenty but not to drink too much, to care well for his horse, and commends him thus into God's keeping.

When his father dismisses Doon de Maience upon a certain occasion he gives him three pages of practical suggestions for his guidance.

'Ask your way always of honest people, but don't trust a stranger. Every day go to Mass and give to the poor all you have, for God will return it twofold. Be open-handed with all men, for the more you give the more honour you will acquire and the richer you will become. . . . Salute every one whom you meet, and if you owe anything you must pay it willingly. . . . My son, do not mix in your neighbour's business, nor quarrel with him in the presence of others, for if he knows anything against you he will tell it, and some will hear it who will put you to shame. . . . Honour all the clergy and speak to them politely; but let them get as little as possible of your money; for the more they get of it the more ridiculed you will be. . . . And if you wish to save your honour, do not become involved in something about which you know nothing, nor pretend to be master of a subject before you have learned it. And if you have a servant, don't let him sit beside you at table. . . . And when you have something which you wish to keep secret, be sure and do not tell it to your wife, if you have one. For if she knows it, you will repent of what you have done the very first time you displease her about anything. . . . Above all else, remember this.' ('Doon de Maience,' pp. 73-76.)

It will be noted that these details fit in fairly well with the character that has been outlined in the preceding pages. There are no glaring inconsistencies. The details just quoted show that our hero was unromantic, that he knew how to take care of himself, and had a working code of ethics for his government in even the most commonplace situations.

It is time to review the results gained by this method of examination. It is a suggestive method to apply to any mass of popular literature, but especially so when the material concerned is the popular and naïve expression of a society of which we are undeniably the heirs. It is further appropriate to study the ideals of the *dramatis personæ* in the *chansons de geste*, because these poems delighted for more than two centuries, in their present form, a people who were the leaders in medieval civilisation. To this people our debt is incalculable.

The literary influence of the *chansons de geste* is negligible. They have left no direct literary inheritance. The material which they treated has not reappeared in modern dress. They were at first influenced, and then superseded, by the romances of adventure. Like the society which they delighted, they ceased to exist about 1300. Dealing exclusively with events, they are realistic, and hence not suited to such a spiritual treatment as has been happily accorded in our own day to the French romances of adventure at the hands of Tennyson. Instead of imagination and of artistic finish, they offer us the unflattered portrait of the medieval average man—a man without the frills of a later and more corrupt society, but a good man and true withal. Men of the type of Roland, Oliver, Naimon, Guillaume, Vivien, and Ogier are men of the right stripe. Because of their high-mindedness they would be an ornament to any age. Their characteristic traits are not hard to outline, for their vices, like their virtues, were deep-dyed. Above all, they were men of principle, such as would be quick in our day to fight the battle of righteousness. They were faithful allies and uncompromising opponents. The French epic poems bear abundant testimony to the statement that, for the type of Christian gentleman who quits himself with honour in the stress of life, we must seek the literary origins in the twelfth century.

WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT.

Art. XIV.—TEMPERANCE, JUSTICE, AND THE LICENSING BILL.

1. *A Bill to Amend the Licensing Acts, 1828–1906.*
2. *Licensing Act, 1904.*
3. *Licensing Statistics, 1905, 1906, 1907.*
4. *Royal Commission on Liquor Licensing Laws, Minutes of Evidence and Appendices.*
5. *Alcohol: its Place and Power in Legislation.* By Robinson Souttar, M.A., D.C.L. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1904.
6. *Drink, Temperance, and Legislation.* By Arthur Shadwell, M.D. London: Longmans, 1902.
7. *The Temperance Problem and Social Reform.* By J. Rowntree and A. Sherwell. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1901.
8. *The Taxation of the Liquor Trade.* By J. Rowntree and A. Sherwell. London: Macmillan, 1906.
9. *The Drink Problem.* Edited by T. N. Kelynack, M.D. London: Methuen, 1907.
10. *Licensing and Temperance in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.* By Edwin A. Pratt. London: Murray, 1907.

PROPOSALS for drastic interference with the trade in alcoholic liquor have once more been brought before the Legislature of this country and have promptly produced a tremendous hubbub. The market-place is filled with cries pitched in many keys, cries of delight, disappointment, expostulation, dismay, and defiance. They come from many quarters—from politicians, parsons, publicans, 'reformers,' brewers, workmen, investors, lawyers, financiers, economists, and publicists. And we may expect the turmoil to go on and gather strength for months. It is the first and inevitable result of the Licensing Bill of 1908. The Government must have expected something of the kind, though they evidently miscalculated the extent and character of the commotion certain to be caused by this latest attempt to 'solve the drink problem' by legislation. They evidently underestimate or misunderstand it still. It is a way that Governments have, although the past is strewn with warnings. Experience shows that in this country no object of legislative activity is beset by so many difficulties and fraught

with so much danger to our administration as the liquor traffic, with the sole exception of religion, as some astute statesman—Disraeli, was it not?—once observed. The reason is not any collusion or alliance between the two—that gibe has been worn threadbare by silly-clever scoffers—but the fact that both are intimately associated with the lives of the people at large; you cannot touch either without touching the daily habits or the cherished convictions of an unknown multitude, which is silent, passive, and therefore overlooked so long as it is let alone, but intensely conservative and passionately attached to personal freedom in maintaining the customs, sanctioned by law and hallowed by tradition, which are bound up with its daily thoughts and acts. Reformers who touch these things rudely with the heavy hand of legal compulsion do not know what they are doing. And of the two the liquor traffic is the more dangerous to touch, because religion is split up into creeds and sects which can watch with something more than equanimity each other's discomfiture, and have as yet no common enemy powerful enough to unite them; whereas the beer-jug has no grudge against the wine-cup, nor does the whisky drinker seek to humiliate his brother of the brandy bottle; and they have a powerful common enemy who never rests in the effort to sweep them all into oblivion.

To ascribe the commotion caused by a sweeping Bill like the present solely to the machinations of 'the trade,' as its supporters do, indicates inability to observe or interpret the actual conditions. The trade is, of course, wicked enough to defend itself when attacked, like the Church or the Nonconformist conscience, and it is powerful enough to defend itself with effect; but it is only powerful because it is a legitimate trade, which has grown great under the sanction of the law and with the consent of the community, by supplying the people with something that they want. That is the point; and really it is time for politicians and reformers to understand what it means. A trade which is the spontaneous growth of centuries in a free country, specifically recognised by the law and fostered by the natural play of supply and demand into a great economic and social entity, cannot be suddenly overthrown or seriously injured without a

very great commotion ; not because it resists, but because it is rooted in the habits of the people and has run out a network of innumerable connecting fibres, social and economic, which penetrate the whole organism of our corporate life. They are so intertwined with others that they cannot be torn away without a general disturbance. These are matters of fact ; they have nothing to do with the desirability or undesirability of the trade, which is a matter of opinion ; but they have everything to do with practical problems of dealing with it. They are implicitly recognised by temperance reformers, who want to abolish the trade precisely because it is bound up with the habits of the people and is a great economic entity. What reformers do not understand is that a thing occupying that position cannot be successfully treated with a high hand merely because some people think it undesirable. The habits of the people cannot be suddenly changed by compulsory means ; no power exists that can do it. They can be voluntarily changed, and suddenly, by a wave of emotion, but that does not last ; even a voluntary change, if it is to be permanent, must be gradual. Violence merely arouses resistance. It is equally impossible to destroy a large factor in the existing economic fabric without shaking the rest and exciting general alarm and opposition.*

Now the present Licensing Bill aims at doing both these things. Its ostensible end is to change the habits of the people, and the means whereby it seeks to accomplish that end is a revolutionary change in the constitution and conduct of the liquor trade. It has therefore two aspects—a moral, or social, and an economic one. We will examine them both.

The evils attending the consumption of alcoholic liquor have been recognised ever since the sons of Noah were ashamed of their father, and attempts to check them are as old as literature or history or tradition. They have never met with positive and general success, save when imposed as religious ordinances in warm countries. Montesquieu has a chapter on the latter point

* The Peckham election is still ludicrously misinterpreted. The public are neither the slaves nor the dupes of the publican, nor do they love him more than other tradesmen. It is not interference with him, but interference with themselves that they resent.

in the 'Esprit des Lois,' which still holds good. He draws attention to the difference between *ivrognerie de nation* and *ivrognerie de la personne*, and points out that it is mainly a matter of climate.

'Ce sont les différents besoins dans les différents climats qui ont formé les différentes manières de vivre, et ces différentes manières de vivre ont formé les diverses sortes de loi.'

The broad truth of these observations is incontestable. There are drinking countries and sober countries, and the most constant conditions accompanying this difference are climatic. Even in the same country the habits of the people differ widely between north and south. Climate is not the only factor, and its influence is often modified by others, but it is a fundamental one and always operative in some degree. A 'scientific' study of alcoholism should begin with it, though the 'fourteen medical authorities' who have composed the volume entitled 'The Drink Problem' have not thought it worth their attention. It explains the success of the moral laws of Mahomet and Buddha in warm countries, and the comparative failure of the Christian law, which also enjoins sobriety, among the drinking peoples of northern Europe and North America, although it has called to its aid many other agencies, including the secular law. Implicit faith in the efficacy of the latter is still held by many people with a touching confidence, in spite of its world-wide and century-long failure. More legislative ingenuity has been expended on the practice of drinking than upon any other object whatever, except taxation. The most diverse methods of dealing with it, from absolute prohibition to absolute freedom, have been devised, advocated, and tried in different countries. Innumerable experiments have been made, and are still being made; and though the advocates of each method claim complete success for it, they have one and all failed to prove their case so as to secure any general and lasting conviction among the nations afflicted with this constitutional weakness. The result is that after centuries of experiment we see to-day each drinking nation with its own system or systems of legal control, all differing, none accepted elsewhere, none unchallenged in its own home, none thoroughly settled and stable, most undergoing frequent

change, all in a state of uncertainty and constant or recurrent agitation. The purveyors of patent remedies run up and down the market-place shouting their own and crying down each others' wares; and every now and then politicians, goaded by their importunity, take up one or other of them, while the public, stupefied by the clamour, looks on in puzzled and half-angry bewilderment.

We are just at one of those moments when the politicians, goaded by the importunity of the noisiest groups of reformers, have taken up their remedy and offered it to a puzzled and mostly indifferent public, which has begun to scrutinise it, and is rather startled as the nature of the thing and its probable effects are revealed. What sort of a measure is this? What is it likely to do for temperance? and what else will it do?

We do not lack experience by which to judge it in this country. Attempts to check excessive drinking go back as far as the earliest records that we possess, subsequent to the Roman occupation, and for 350 years a method of controlling the sale of drink by licensing has been continuously in force. It has undergone innumerable changes, great and small, but the broad underlying principle has been always the same. Under this system the sale of drink is permitted, but is confined, under the law, to persons and premises authorised by a duly constituted judicial authority. Permits are granted on certain conditions to private persons desiring to carry on the trade for their own profit. On the whole, that method of dealing with the question has recommended itself more widely and permanently than any other; it has been adopted, in some form or other, and with variations in detail, by more countries than any alternative method, such as sale by the State, or the municipality, or by private persons not trading for profit, or free sale by anybody, or total prohibition of sale, or local prohibition decided by vote. These are the principal alternative methods that have been tried in various forms, but none has been at all generally adopted, whereas some form of licensing prevails in most European countries, in most parts of North America, and generally in British dominions. It has not prevented a large consumption of liquor and a great deal of drunken-

ness in any of these countries, nor has any alternative method in any country where *ivrognerie de nation* prevails. Those who still cling to a belief in the Scandinavian system of 'disinterested management,' which has been the most extolled as a panacea, are recommended to read Mr Pratt's book on 'Licensing and Temperance in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.' It is the latest, and, in many respects, the most complete study of the subject, and the inclusion of Denmark makes it particularly instructive. Licensing exercises a certain degree of control by limiting the number of persons engaged in the trade, and imposing conditions under which they shall carry it on. Its efficacy depends upon the nature of the restrictions imposed, and upon the way in which the law is administered.

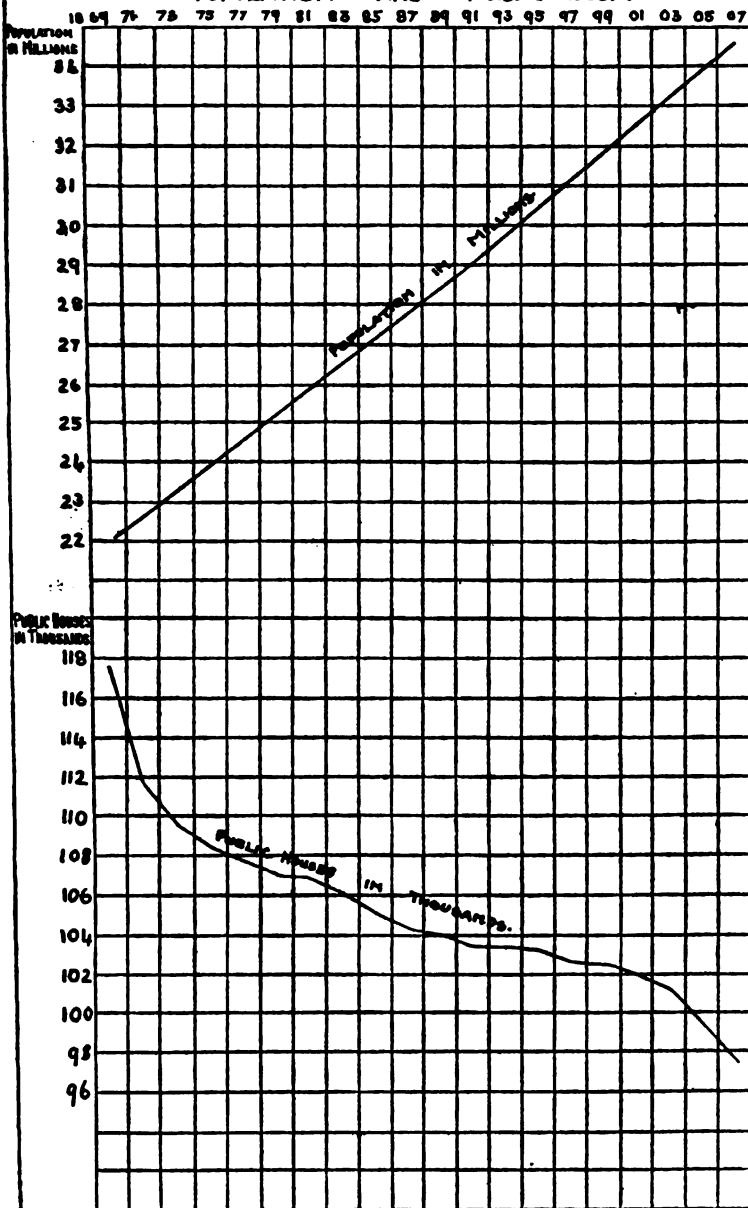
In this country both the law and its administration have undergone many changes and wide fluctuations, and these have been sometimes accompanied by well-marked effects, which give us a measure of what can be done by such agencies to influence drinking and some insight into the principles that govern their action. On a broad review two salient features emerge. These are the comparative success of moderate restriction and the failure of departure from it towards either extreme. Whenever the law or its administration has diverged suddenly towards laxity or severity, the evils arising from drink have patently increased. And that lesson of the mean between two extremes is reinforced by the experience of other countries with other systems, which have been examined by many investigators, but most comprehensively by Mr Rowntree and Mr Sherwell in 'The Temperance Problem and Social Reform.' What it means is that laws, to be effective, must bear a harmonious relation to the times; they must be in keeping, as Montesquieu pointed out, with external conditions, with the habits, thoughts, and desires of men. That does not mean stagnation, but the reverse, because all these things are constantly changing, little by little, and the law should keep pace with them. It does not cause such changes, it only reflects them, helps to establish them, and seconds their influence. Thus repressive laws act by bringing the recalcitrant few into line with the general standard. If too feeble or feebly administered they will fail to do so; if they overshoot the mark and offend against the general

sense of the community, the result is worse; evasion becomes general, the disorderly elements are encouraged, law is brought into contempt, and wide-spread demoralisation ensues. It follows that sudden and violent changes in the law are dangerous because other conditions never change suddenly, but only by degrees. The improvement in the habits of the people in regard to drinking, which is universally admitted to have taken place in recent years, is really due to a great number of gradual changes, material, social, intellectual, and moral, which affect the whole tone of the community and determine the public standard.

Set thus in the light of experience and reason, how does the present Bill appear? Apart from sundry minor provisions, its important features are: (1) a very large and immediate reduction of licenses on a fixed numerical scale, to be completed in fourteen years; (2) at the end of that time a total change in the system of licensing, which would deprive the remaining license holders of their property.

Since temperance is the ostensible object, and the Bill is described as a 'great temperance measure,' we will consider that aspect first. It seeks to promote temperance by a very large reduction of licenses, and without any doubt that is the provision which appeals to many of its supporters, and particularly to members of the Church of England Temperance Society, which has long advocated a numerical standard in proportion to population. Now limitation of numbers is one of the means of control properly exercised by a licensing system, and if there is reason to believe that the numbers are excessive they should be reduced. But it is to be observed, in the first place, that reduction has been going on steadily for a great many years. It began in 1870 and has continued ever since, so that this is the thirty-ninth year of the movement. During that period the population has increased by over 12,000,000, while the public-houses, that is, fully licensed houses and beer-houses licensed for consumption on the premises, have been reduced from 117,488 to 97,554. The proportion of licensed houses to population has thus fallen from 53·3 to 27·9 per 10,000, a reduction of nearly one-half. The statement will surprise some readers who have been taught to believe that public-houses were increasing, at

ENGLAND AND WALES POPULATION AND PUBLIC-HOUSES.



any rate down till 1904; for it is a deplorable feature of this question that temperance legislation is systematically promoted by the suppression and misrepresentation of the facts. To remove any doubt, it should be added that the figures are taken from official returns by the Inland Revenue department. The accompanying chart indicates graphically the movement of the population and the public-houses.

The chart shows that this reduction of public-houses has proceeded continuously, but not at a uniform rate. It began by a very rapid fall, which slackened after 1873, and then proceeded at a varying but generally slow pace, but again became accelerated towards the end. The acceleration, it may be observed, began before the Act of 1904. The mean rate of reduction for the whole period is 524 per annum. The movement has two great merits. After the first two or three years it has been gradual; and until recently it has been adjusted to circumstances and directed to checking disorder and improving the standard of public-houses by weeding out the ill-conducted and disorderly ones, which is precisely what the law can and ought to do. The rapid fall at first was due to the sweeping away, under the Act of 1869, of a large number of disorderly beer-houses which had accumulated as a legacy from the Act of 1830. Emphatic testimony to the great improvement thus effected was borne by the Select Committee of the House of Lords in 1876. It is a natural consequence, and a proof of success, not of failure, that the pace of reduction should slacken with the elimination of the worst houses. But it did not really slacken so much as the returns show, because a new class of licenses was introduced in 1881, which are included in the figures, though they are not public-house licenses. That, however, is a minor point. The main thing is that the reduction was gradual and purposeful. And it was clearly as much as could be done with advantage in that direction, because, towards the end of the period, alternative channels of drink began to multiply rapidly in the shape of clubs.

A great deal of evidence about clubs, their rapid increase, the disorder caused by them, the trouble which they gave the police, and the difficulty of dealing with them, was presented to the Royal Commission of 1896.

For obvious reasons that section of temperance reformers to whom the abolition of the public-house is an end in itself has always been at pains to make light of the new factor introduced by the growth of clubs; and even those who recognise it and insist on control do not realise its full bearing on the problem. It is one more warning that what we are really dealing with is the habits of the people at large, which cannot be coerced or changed at will. They will always find an outlet, and if diverted from one channel will certainly find another. People recognise that clubs form a leak which must be stopped if further pressure is to be applied elsewhere; but they do not see that such a leak is a symptom, and that stopping it is a mere palliative which does not cure the case. There is room for an unlimited number of leaks, and as fast as one is stopped another may open. Moreover, leaks are more difficult to stop than regular outlets, and they are apt to get more and more difficult. An attempt was made to stop this one in 1902; it has failed; and the present Bill proposes to try again. But it is obvious that no regulations can prevent clubs from being formed, and so multiplying facilities for drinking. Nor can they be subjected to such strict control as public-houses. The same conditions as to hours, or doors, or arrangement of premises, or many other things, cannot be imposed. The attempt to do so would be a fatal experiment for any Government. Englishmen will have their privacy respected to some extent. So the new channel is much less amenable to control than the old; and, if too much compulsion were applied to it, others still less amenable would infallibly take its place. It is quite easy to devise them, and the possible modes are infinite. People who do not know that know neither human nature nor the British workman, and for them history has been written in vain.

Between 1887 and 1896 the number of clubs increased, so far as could be ascertained, from 1982 to 3655, representing an annual addition of 190 (returns made to Royal Commission). This is as much as the average diminution of public-houses during the same period. What then becomes of the numerical reduction of 'facilities'? There is evidently a mere exchange from more to less controlled facilities. But the warning passed quite unnoticed. Re-

formers clamoured for a much more rapid process of elimination, and sympathetic benches listened to them. A new ground for refusing to renew licenses came into vogue—that they are ‘superfluous.’ That word may be interpreted in different senses. If houses are superfluous, in the sense of being so numerous in any locality that the police cannot properly supervise them, or that excessive competition tempts or forces them to illegal practices in order to attract custom, those are tangible and logical grounds for reducing their number. It was on those grounds that the Royal Commission recommended a large reduction. But that is not the meaning now attached to ‘superfluous’ as commonly used. Nor does it mean that a house has no custom—which is the true test of superfluity; when that is the case it is generally surrendered. The word really means that somebody wants to diminish the number of public-houses and cannot find any other excuse. Since a good many people are in that position the idea caught on. But then the obstacle of fair-play or a sense of justice intervened. It seemed hard to deprive an innocent man of his livelihood or his property, and magistrates hesitated to do it. So, in order to help them, the principle of compensation was introduced in 1904.

The idea was that when a ‘superfluous’ house is suppressed the remaining ones in the neighbourhood get the benefit of its custom and so can afford to compensate the dispossessed owner or license-holder. This, it may be observed in passing, involves two tacit assumptions—one, that the house has a custom, and is not superfluous in that sense; the other, that its suppression will transfer the drinking done there to other houses in the neighbourhood. However, the object was to enable suppression to be carried on without hardship to individuals. The reduction of licenses has thereby been greatly increased. During the three years the Act has been in operation the net decrease has been :—

NET DIMINUTION OF LICENSED HOUSES.

1906.	1906.	1907.	Total
—	—	—	—
584	1340	2010	3934

This represents a marked acceleration in the process of

reduction, and most of it is due to compensation. Out of a total number of 4111 old licenses either lapsed or refused renewal during the three years, 2805, or seventenths, were refused on grounds entitling to compensation; that is to say, they were not refused on the ground of ill-conduct, or unsuitability of premises or character, but solely on the new ground of superfluity. The step is of doubtful value; it has been accompanied by a renewed upward movement in clubs, in spite of the control instituted in 1903, which has caused a good many to be struck off the register. The net increases during the last three years have been 132, 186, and 240, and the number on the register is now about 7250. Moreover, the increase of membership has been still more rapid. But at any rate the Act of 1904 did retain the principle of adjusting administration to the actual conditions of the trade in each locality. It enabled each licensing bench to reduce the number of houses or not according to the best of their judgment, and it may very well be that in some places a thinning out of the number has been distinctly beneficial.

The present Bill introduces a totally different principle, which has never been accepted before, though long proposed and often demanded. It provides for a reduction of public-houses on a fixed numerical scale in proportion to population, without regard to any other circumstances. This is to be completed in fourteen years; and it is calculated that it will mean the suppression during that period of over 30,000, or one-third of the existing licensed houses. It works out at an average of about 2300 a year, or 1000 a year in excess of the average reduction under the Act of 1904. It must be admitted that this would be an extremely drastic interference with the uncellared classes by the cellared. That, of course, constitutes its merit in the eyes of some supporters, but to thinking persons it requires a corresponding amount of justification. If the case were desperate, if things were going from bad to worse, if public-houses had been increasing, and drinking and drunkenness with them, there would be at least a *prima facie* case for drastic remedies; but the facts are all the other way. It has been shown above that the facilities for drinking have been diminishing progressively for forty years, and that they have fallen by one-half in

proportion to population. If the movement has not been accompanied by an equal diminution in consumption and drunkenness, that merely proves that the number of public-houses is less important than other factors, which is no argument for a much larger reduction, but the contrary. Nor is it enough to say that things are still very bad, and strong measures must be taken. That may be enough for persons who do not think and are merely impatient to try something, no matter what; but to those who take a serious and responsible view of the problem it is in the highest degree unsatisfactory. The friends of a sick person always want something to be done, but even they expect the doctor to have a very good reason for doing it, and they would not think much of him if he said 'Very well, let us stick a knife in here, perhaps it will do some good.' We have a right to know what reasons there are for sticking a knife in.

If the object is to promote temperance, then it must be shown that there is some connexion between numbers and temperance; for if intemperance depends upon other causes, reduction of numbers *per se* cannot affect it. The official licensing statistics afford the materials for examining this point. The proportion of licenses and convictions for drunkenness are given for each of the counties and county boroughs. Convictions for drunkenness are apt to vary somewhat capriciously and cannot be safely used for minute comparisons between one place and another or one year and another; but if we take the whole country in large groups they form a reliable guide, as well as the only one. The several localities are so grouped in the returns. Let us take the counties first. They are grouped in four almost equal divisions, having respectively (1) under 30, (2) 30 to 40, (3) 40 to 50, (4) over 50 licenses per 10,000. The average number of convictions for each group is given in the table below. The figures are for 1905; if another year is taken they vary a little but tell the same story.

PROPORTIONAL LICENSES AND DRUNKENNESS—COUNTIES.

Licenses per 10,000.	Under 30.	30 to 40.	40 to 50.	Over 50.
Convictions per 10,000 . .	57·39	36·74	40·0	33·22

Here, it will be observed, the mean drunkenness is almost in strict inverse ratio to the number of licenses; and since each group contains all classes of counties the comparison is quite valid.

In the case of the county boroughs there are five groups, there being an additional one for boroughs having less than 20 licenses, and the groups are less equal in number. The City of London must be eliminated; it stands quite apart from the rest, as the census population, which is the basis of the calculation, being a night population, is only a fraction of the real population, and consequently bears no true relation to the number of licenses and cases of drunkenness.

PROPORTIONAL LICENSES AND DRUNKENNESS—COUNTY BOROUGHES.

Licences per 10,000.	Under 20.	20 to 30.	30 to 40.	40 to 50.	Over 50.
Convictions per 10,000 . .	71·05	55·89	62·4	36·6	35·27

The table exhibits a singular correspondence with the previous one in the general relation of licenses to convictions. Broadly, the fewer the licenses the more the convictions. The progression is not quite regular, being interrupted by one group in each table. But if Tyne-mouth be eliminated from the county boroughs the progression in that table then becomes quite regular, thus: 71·05, 55·89, 45·3, 36·6, 35·27. And Tynemouth is an exceptional case, having nearly three times as much proportional drunkenness as any other town. The reason is that it is quite a small place, but the pleasure resort for the whole of Tyneside, so that a small population has to bear the burden of the holiday drunkenness of half a dozen towns with a population of over half a million.

It would be easy to argue from these statistics that temperance would be better promoted by increasing than by diminishing the number of licenses, and that conclusion might be more strikingly emphasised by taking individual localities and showing, for instance, that Cambridgeshire, with 77 licenses per 10,000, has only 12 convictions, while Northumberland, with 20 licenses, has 146. But it would not be an honest argument, though the advocates of suppression, who use statistics when they are favourable

and decry them when they are not, would make the most of these figures if they went the other way. Such devices may be left to them. The real meaning of the general correspondence between paucity of licenses and prevalence of drunkenness, and the reverse, is that in hard-drinking localities the magistrates have generally kept down the number of licenses, and in sober ones they have let them alone. In short, drinking has determined the licenses, not licenses the drinking. The result, which is that the one class has not been made sober nor the other drunken, conclusively proves that the mere proportion of public-houses is an insignificant factor compared with other influences. There are therefore no rational grounds for expecting any benefit from reduction according to a hard-and-fast numerical standard, which would take most effect where it is least needed.

The Licensing Bill tries to meet this obvious objection by a graduated scale according to density of population. The idea is derived from the compiler of the licensing statistics, who has laboured to establish a correspondence between density of population and drunkenness. It is a hopeless muddle. Even when the calculation is confined to county boroughs there are as many exceptions as cases conforming to the rule. How little correspondence there is will be seen from the following table, which is parallel with that given above. The grouping is that given in the Licensing Statistics.

DENSITY AND DRUNKENNESS—COUNTY BOROUGH.

Density of Population.	Under 10,000 per sq. mile.	10,000 to 15,000.	15,000 to 20,000.	20,000 to 30,000.	Above 30,000.
Convictions per 10,000 . .	56·5	42·5	50·8	91·2	56·3

The highest density has exactly the same drunkenness as the lowest, and the middle groups see-saw up and down. To call density the 'dominating factor' and to base legislation upon it is grotesque. The whole thing exhibits profound ignorance of local conditions. Density, that is, area divided by population, is a most capricious factor, depending on the extent of the municipal boundary and the amount of open or otherwise uninhabited space, both

of which vary enormously in towns of the same character. The real factors which dominate drunkenness are totally different ; density happens to coincide with them sometimes and that is all. They are the character of the population, whether working-class or residential ; its age and sex constitution ; the occupations of the people ; and the geographical position.

It follows from all this that there are no rational grounds for expecting this measure to promote temperance in the smallest degree. There is more ground for fearing that it may do the opposite by stimulating the transference of drinking from licensed to unlicensed premises. We have dealt with the question of clubs above and will not go over the same ground again. But, to show that the fear is not chimerical, we may here add the testimony of the Home Secretary. Asked in the House of Commons, on March 14, 1907, whether he was aware that at the recent annual licensing meetings in Yorkshire 'the justices referred in strong terms to the urgent need for further legislation in regard to clubs where intoxicants are supplied, and whether the general purport of the opinions expressed by the justices was that any new enactment which might be made by Parliament on the licensing question would be futile in promoting temperance if it did not provide for the further regulation and supervision of clubs?' he replied, 'I am aware that the first paragraphs in this question accurately represent the views generally held by benches of licensing magistrates throughout the country.' Fresh regulations are proposed in the new Bill, but they are being strenuously opposed by workmen's clubs on the one hand, and denounced as totally inadequate on the other.* Of course they are inadequate ; regulations do not meet the point at all. The whole argument for this part of the Bill is not that public-houses are ill-conducted, but that reduction of facilities will promote temperance ; and the reduction is illusory so long as clubs and their membership increase indefinitely as they are doing and will do.

We have dwelt at length upon this aspect of the Bill

* While supporters of the Bill are insisting that the regulations must be strengthened, the clubs have demanded their relaxation, and with more prospect of success. Mr Asquith has already virtually promised modification.

because, if it were really likely to promote temperance, objections urged against it on other grounds would lack much of their force in the eyes of many who earnestly desire temperance ; whereas if it is not likely to promote temperance, and may even promote intemperance, such persons are bound to consider very carefully what else it will do before they support it. There is one thing at least which is more important than temperance, and that is justice. Is the Bill just?

It proposes that at the end of fourteen years one-third of the existing licenses having been extinguished with compensation levied on the trade, the rest shall then be surrendered for nothing to pave the way for local veto. The last point does not appear to have attracted much attention, but it is quite clear. Under the Bill new licenses are to be subject to local veto, and after the expiry of the 'time limit' of fourteen years all licenses will be new ones ; so that local veto will be automatically established. Here we have two distinct objects, neither of which has anything directly to do with temperance. One is appropriation by the State of the property in licenses, the other is so-called popular control of the liquor traffic, whereby a bare majority of the ratepayers in any locality are to decide what is good for the whole population. The country expressed its opinion of the last time-honoured proposal in unmistakable terms not many years ago, and there is no reason whatever to suppose that it has changed its mind. The first proposal—the time limit—has also been familiar for years, but it has never been definitely before Parliament or the electorate, and most of the present controversy has raged round it.

It has long been realised that the property in licenses or licensed houses is an insuperable obstacle to the adoption of any of those foreign schemes for dealing with the liquor traffic which are so enthusiastically advocated by some persons here, although they have not been any more successful in making people sober in the countries which have tried them than our own system of licensing. To make way for them it is necessary to get rid of existing license-holders ; and though ardent reformers would not hesitate to turn them out neck and crop, and would even love to do it, the step of depriving

a large body of citizens, including many women and children, of their livelihood or their property, and for no fault, has always offended the sense of justice and right inherent in the community at large. At the same time nobody was prepared to pay them compensation, not because they were held to have no claim, but because nobody except the reformers was at all desirous of the change. So the plan of a time limit was devised by the latter to meet the difficulty. It is a notice to quit after a certain time which is allowed as an 'act of grace.' The argument is that licenses have become extremely valuable through the limitation exercised by the law, which has converted the trade into a monopoly, and through the established practice of renewing them annually (unless forfeited by misconduct), which has created a vested interest; but that the value so created is a 'present' from the State, which the license-holder has not earned, and that there is no legal right to annual renewal. Consequently it is lawful and right to take away the license without any compensation, but that, as a concession to popular feeling, and to avoid any hardship, a period is allowed during which license-holders can recoup themselves for their eventual loss out of the trade meanwhile.

A complication was introduced by the Act of 1904, which recognised the right to compensation for licenses taken away solely on the ground that they are not required. It is true that the compensation is paid by the trade and costs the public nothing, but the Act gives statutory recognition to the principle of compensation. The extreme anger and opposition excited in the temperance party by this step plainly show that they care much less about temperance than about damaging or destroying the trade. The Act of 1904, whatever it might do for temperance by reducing public-houses, was in their eyes worse than no reform at all, because it strengthened the moral, if not the economic and legal, position of the trade. The present Bill is designed primarily to undo it; but since it would hardly do to stop the reduction instituted by the Act (which would offend that section of the temperance party which really cares for temperance), or drop compensation altogether (which would offend the general public), we have the proposal

of an accelerated reduction, with an attenuated compensation and the time limit as well. It adroitly reverses the Act of 1904 and combines the several demands of the more important sections of the temperance party, while maintaining an appearance of fairness.

But what is the real position in which the owners of licensed property are placed by this ingenious combination? In the first place, two-thirds of the trade have to compensate the other third for suppression, and then be suppressed themselves without any compensation. The theory of compensation by the trade itself, as already stated, is that the survivors profit by securing the custom previously enjoyed by the suppressed houses, that is to say, they pay for the enjoyment of this additional custom. They may not get it all, but they get something. The new proposal is that, having done so, they then shall be deprived both of what they have bought in this way, and of their own as well. The proposal is plainly ironical. It would be more straightforward to subject them all alike to the time limit. That the arrangement is merely a trick intended to give an appearance of justice, is evident from the fact that the compensation is whittled down to derisory proportions. Under the Act of 1904 compensation was assessed on the market value of the license, which is the basis on which death duties are levied by the State on the same property. The new basis is an intricate calculation, which has been estimated to work out at about one-fifteenth of the rate allowed by the Act of 1904. It is certain that the amount is very small; and this shows what value is really placed on the time limit by the Government. Since the compensation is supposed to represent the loss sustained on those licensed premises which are denied the privilege of living out the time limit, it must, conversely, represent the supposed value of that privilege to those which do enjoy it. It measures the estimated profitableness of the business. If it is fair and reasonable the business must be held to be worth no more; if the business is worth more it is not fair and reasonable. Apparently the Government reckon this loss of the suppressed trade at 4 per cent. per annum on the value of the licensed premises as assessed for income tax *minus* their value unlicensed. At this

rate, if the surviving license-holders were to set aside the whole of their income at compound interest for the whole period of the time limit, they would still have lost 30 per cent. of their capital at the end. Thus, on the Government's own showing, the scheme means financial ruin; nor can any calculation make it anything else. Sir T. P. Whittaker, in a letter published in the 'Times' of January 27, suggested that if there should be any financial difficulty, which he ridiculed, in a time limit, license-holders could easily get over it by raising the price or lowering the quality of the liquor sold. What does the consumer, who is the uncared public or the working man, and what does the Church of England Temperance Society think of this suggestion, which is a direct invitation to practice adulteration? It might open the eyes of that body to the character of their allies and to the direction in which they are going. For nothing can be more certain than that the financial stress avowedly and even exultingly placed upon the trade will tempt and almost force publicans to make all the profit they can in every possible way while they have the chance. They are doomed men; a little sooner or a little later makes no difference. Why should they care for the law when the law cares nothing for them? They would have every inducement to go wrong and none to keep right. They would have far more inducement to malpractices than under that superfluity of houses and consequent competition which the scheme of reduction is professedly intended to remedy. Thus reduction is made to defeat its own object when that object is lost sight of and the means is made an end in itself.

And the matter does not end there. The whole tendency of this proposed legislation must inevitably be to demoralise the trade. Insecurity of tenure must drive out the most solid, careful, and respectable people, as it invariably does. The business would become purely speculative, and would attract the worst. The fear of forfeiting a substantial stake by misconduct, which is the chief hold the law has over the conduct of a licensed house, would disappear. Whatever prospect there might be of promoting temperance by reducing facilities—and we have shown how slight and illusory it is—the last vestige of hope is destroyed by the financial provisions.

The only possible results, so far as temperance is concerned, would be to transfer drinking from licensed to unlicensed premises, and to lower the character and conduct of the licensed premises that remain. The whole process of raising the standard, which has been going on for forty years, would be arrested and reversed. Nor would extension of the time limit appreciably affect these results; it would slightly mitigate the hardship suffered by the owners of licensed property, but it would not alter the position, and it would still leave them deprived of that consideration which is extended to every one else, and was even extended to slave-owners.

It is contended that they are not entitled to such consideration, and that the terms of the Bill err on the side of generosity. The grounds for that view have been stated above, and we will now briefly examine them. The first is that the high value of a license is due to the monopoly, not to the license-holder, who receives a valuable gift for nothing. That might have been true once, but it does not apply to the great bulk of license-holders. New licenses have been very sparingly granted for many years, and since the Act of 1904 the full monopoly value has been charged. The vast majority of licenses have changed hands since the original grant, either by purchase or inheritance, and appropriation by the State of property which has been bought in the open market, or has been inherited, is sheer confiscatory socialism. If it is allowed, no property whatever is safe. The same process might be applied to any other trade or business. Socialists have been quick to see the point, and have already applied the principle to all kinds of property in anticipation. Once it is established all their difficulties vanish. You have only to set a time limit and take over anything you please for nothing. On the morrow of the introduction of the Bill the 'Daily News' gave prominence to a letter in which the writer said: 'We must thank the Government for its bold action, and trust that in other matters of monopoly—such as land, railways, mines—this period of fourteen years will never be exceeded.' The large sums which may be made out of the liquor traffic by dispossessing the license-holders without compensation are no doubt very tempting, as Messrs Rowntree and Sherwell indicate in their book on 'The

Taxation of the Liquor Trade'; and so are the large sums which might be made by breaking into the Bank of England. And this is 'temperance reform'!

But, says the second argument, this property in licenses is not a real property; there is no right to continuity; licenses are only granted for a year, and therefore only have an annual value; persons who have given more for them, relying on renewal, have been very foolish. It is a purely forensic argument. There is no legal right to renewal, but there is an expectation which in practice comes to the same thing; and it is quite beyond the law because it lies in the nature of things. Licensing laws presuppose the granting of licenses, and the grant is periodically terminable in order to retain control of the license; but unless an entirely fresh set of premises is licensed every year there must be renewals. Further, most of the licenses must be renewals, because most of the applicants are old license-holders, and the licensing authorities prefer, and ought to prefer, applicants whom they know and who have proved satisfactory. And there is no power in earth or heaven which can make a renewal the same thing as a new license, any more than it can make this year last year. 'Not Jove himself upon the past has power.' Thus the practice of renewal has grown up and become confirmed by time and usage; it is in the nature of things. It has also been confirmed by Parliament, which has repeatedly and expressly recognised the difference between a renewed and a new license in several ways—with regard to notice of application, attendance at the sessions, right of appeal against refusal, and necessity of confirmation. It has been consistently recognised by the State, which levies death duties on licensed premises on the assumption that the license is an enduring property; by local authorities, which assess upon the same assumption; by licensing benches, which have frequently ordered large and expensive alterations of premises; and by the High Courts of Justice.*

* For instance, in the case of *Belton v. London County Council*. This was a case of valuation of licensed premises for compulsory purchase under the Arbitration Act of 1889. It turned on the probability of renewal. The question was whether the arbitrator, in estimating the reversionary value of the house after the expiry of a twenty-six years' lease, should take into account its then market value as a licensed house. Counsel for the County

It has recently been recognised by the War Office, which last year sold some licensed premises worth (without the license) about 2000*l.*, and put a reserve price of 10,000*l.* on them ('Times,' March 13, 1908).^{*} If, therefore, investors in licensed property have been foolish in relying on the expectation of renewal, it is because all the great State institutions in this country have combined to deceive them as well as the money market, which represents the business consensus of the community. Moreover, it must be remembered that far more than the value of the license would be taken away; very large sums expended on building and fitting premises for the trade would be lost.

The legal argument is as fallacious as it is mean; but if it were perfectly sound it would in no wise justify the wide-spread distress which must result from the bankruptcy of a business in which capital estimated at 240,000,000*l.* is employed. The owners of this capital are not a few rich men; they include many thousands of ordinary investors and small people wholly dependent on the income from shares for their livelihood. Many are entirely innocent and helpless, women and children who live on debenture shares left them for their support. The insurance companies, as Lord Rothschild has pointed out, and other great corporations have invested in the same securities. Then there are the persons employed directly and indirectly by the trade whose number cannot be estimated, because, apart from those engaged in the whole-

Council contended that he ought not to take the probability of renewal into consideration. The Court (Mr Justice Day and Mr Justice Collins) decided against him without calling on the other side.

Cocks v. Lady Henry Somerset. The trustees of an estate applied for a declaration to prevent the tenant for life from inserting in the lease of a licensed house a provision that would involve the loss of the license, on the ground that it would damage the property. Mr Justice Chitty granted the application, thereby recognising the probability of renewal and the enduring property in a license; for if there were none the trustees could have no right of interference.

These and other cases have been decided since *Sharp v. Wakefield*, which clearly does not dispose of the enduring property in a license based on probability or expectation of renewal. See the 'Law Quarterly Review,' January 1908.

^{*} The average profits derived from this house for several years were 3½ per cent. on the purchase price. The best offer obtainable after the introduction of the Licensing Bill was 4400*l.*, representing a depreciation of 56 per cent. The value of the time limit can be judged from these facts.

sale and retail trade, there is hardly an industry in the country, from agriculture to brass-work, that would not suffer. And there are also the pensioners and the benevolent institutions, the schools and orphanages, maintained by the trade; they would be thrown on to the poor law.

These considerations will not be disposed of by sneering at 'debenture widows,' or repeating that this is a 'great temperance measure.' Why is it a great temperance measure? To the calm looker-on, with no interest in the trade and no sympathy with it as such, the most remarkable feature of this controversy is that no one has made the slightest attempt to show *how* the Bill will promote temperance. Its supporters are like the Ephesians; all with one voice about the space of six weeks have cried out, 'Great is the Bill of Mr Asquith.' And that is all. Mr Lloyd George has informed us that unless it is passed 'England is fated to the squalid doom of the drunkard.' When a clever Cabinet Minister is reduced to such ridiculous nonsense it is because he has nothing better to say. The plain truth is that the Bill contains some minor, mostly rather doubtful, provisions bearing on temperance, but its main purpose is purely political. A great temperance measure would not ignore Scotland and Ireland, which are far more drunken than England, and it would not ignore the so-called grocers' licenses, which mean home drinking and are another alternative channel.

A real measure of licensing reform would be quite different; such a measure is needed and has long been overdue. The entire scheme of licensing is obsolete and should be recast to suit conditions which have changed out of all harmony with it. We still live under the Act of 1828, which was itself a consolidating Act embracing much earlier provisions. Meantime vast changes have occurred in all the conditions of life, and with them the liquor trade has become differentiated into several well-marked classes differing widely in character and purpose, and requiring differential treatment which cannot be applied because the law takes no cognisance of the facts. The Pig and Whistle is on the same legal footing as the Carlton Hotel, the Prince's Restaurant, and the Franco-British Exhibition. This very Bill, when it comes to administrative details, is compelled to recognise distinc-

tions which have no existence in law; but that method of proceeding can only lead to confusion. A complete readjustment of the law to actual conditions is essential to its efficiency; that is true reform, and the indispensable foundation for others. A bare mention of it must suffice at the end of this too long article, but one way in which it would work may be indicated. It would bring in the law as an auxiliary force in promoting the movement for substituting places of rational refreshment for mere drinking bars, and would thus enable it to exercise its proper function of levelling up in harmony with public opinion. That is done in Germany where they have pot-houses, too, though the ordinary traveller does not see them; but they are discouraged by being treated more stringently than the *café* and the beer-garden, which the ordinary traveller does see and admires. Is it not time for us to apply a little 'clear thinking' to the question of temperance?

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